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THE BOOKMAN

JOHN FARRAR, *Editor*

THE POINT OF VIEW

THE ABOMINATION OF DESOLATION

THE desolation wrought by Helen Woodward, together with the assault of other tired and retired copy writers, has well nigh made a public wreck of the gilded temple of advertising. What is worse, the esoteric knowledge of the cult has been strewn broadcast and every manicurist now knows why the Queen of Roumania gets excited over a certain brand of vanishing cream and why she may commend a certain brand of tires on her trip through America. The saga that an Egyptian chieftain comes all the way to America to get a particular make of cigarette has little effect upon the liberated American public, other than that of inciting suspicion as to his financial rating. The indigent count who married an heiress a generation ago now has a son who recommends American soda water. Perhaps we once saw through a glass, darkly, but now we know, even as we are known.

Secrets divulged by Mrs. Woodward, however, have to do with promotion copy for the sale of books. It is in this field that she adds her bit to that advertising lore now the common property of man. Hers were the adroitly devised ads that sold O. Henry to the man down the street, and Robert Louis Stevenson as a man who put the pure spice of sex into his works. Hers were the ads maliciously, knowingly concocted to bring a maximum return from the great American public. "Through Many Windows" she shows the reader how it was done. Here again the stock and trade and method of the advertising craft is laid bare.

The chances are many that all this publication of the hitherto esoteric will have certain profound influences upon future advertising. The chief faults of advertising have been its posed sincerity and its obvious disingenuousness. The uplift impulse has nowhere been more conspicuous than in advertising. A salve could not be presented as a mere ointment good for colds; it must be of a constituency which countless benevolent doctors worked decades to perfect *just for your child*. A set of books could not be trumpeted as a

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simple collection of good writing; their contents must be shown indispensable to business success and the one preventative of intellectual dry rot. Every commodity must represent some personal, benign impulse upon the part of manufacturers. The whole scheme of advertising has been pathetically serious in its nature, and the advertisers, or most of them, apparently have thought that their fustian was being taken seriously.

And it was. But the portents of a new day are discernible. Advertisers may be forced into a more ingenuous presentment of their wares. How successful this will be cannot be determined at the present. It seems, however, that the method ought to be a happy one at this time. A newly established book corporation announces that it will not "strive to beguile readers by ardent expressions" but will keep to mere statements of fact. Another corporation is saying frankly that it likes its own books and is willing to back them with all the advertising force it can muster. There is something fresh about this announcement to the jaded reader of manhandling sales talks put on paper. And it is safe enough to say that many intelligent prospects will purchase the books of the latter corporation out of sheer respect for the honesty and absence of guile which the announcement portrays. At any rate, the old order changeth, as even King Arthur knew, and the cult of advertising cannot stand much more publicity from its priests and priestesses.

BOOKISH ATHLETES

THE jibes of the sport analysts at Gene Tunney's alleged reading proclivities are of no more consequence than were their prognostications of the fight. When a heavyweight admits that he cares to read books, it is of course news of the first order and the chroniclers would be expected to give the singular occurrence proper space and attention. But the important question occurs, Why is it news when a prizefighter reads? The answer seems to lie in two directions.

For one thing, sport writers and the more athletically minded seem to take reading as a token of effeminacy. It was most curious, then, to find a man audacious enough to meet Mr. Dempsey confessing that he was fond of books. This athletic view of the literary life pervades American thinking to an amazing degree. The greatest fear a young man has in college is that of becoming bookish, and the athlete who is so bookish as to do more than the required curricular work is used as a pulpit illustration. That youth who is adept in any of the strenuous sports feels almost obligated to eschew conspicuous literary activity lest he queer himself with his fellows in the sport. (Our closest male relative came near disrupting our home the day he learned that we intended to be a damned poet. He need never have feared.) Hitherto, and no doubt fortunately, the idea of muscular prowess has not been associated in the public fancy with the reading of Dreiser and his predecessors.

On the other hand, some book people view the news of Mr. Tunney's reading as the herald of a new intellectual epoch. There are those who derive as much pleasure from the news as would the clergy if officials of the American Continuous Towel Company should vote to attend church en masse. It seems a vindication of the literary life, an evidence that virility and intellectuality can dwell together in the same body. For, whatever their scoffings at the

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he-man, intellectuals by and large are anxious to remain a virile lot. So the intellectual, vaguely or articulately, rises to a high appreciation of Mr. Tunney's confession that he reads. It is not improbable that the golden day will come when as many pugilists read books as musicians do now; if a man cares for reading, he has an imprescriptible right to do so, whether his profession be that of greasing car tracks or doping out heavyweight bouts for the syndicates.

There is doubtless good reason for the hiatus between books and athletic prodigies. It may be summed up in the principle: every man to his own art. To achieve a dexterity requisite to punching a giant about the ring, to master the side step and drop kick, to work out the triple somersault backward — these are achievements quite as worthy as spending a winter evening with "The Silver Stallion", and we cannot well expect the person adept in any of these forms of amusement always to be appreciative and apt in the remainder of them.

It was only by accident that the announcement of Mr. Roosevelt's nomination to the presidency caught him reading Plato instead of mauling a punching bag or doing any of the other strenuous stunts for which he was noted. But, then, it does not do for too many of us to imitate this rough rider.

MARRIAGE AND CAREERS

BOOK after book for the last two seasons has dealt with this problem which is apparently of such great importance to the American woman. Hard pressed heroines struggle over the kitchen sink when they would like to be joining their husbands at the office, or so we are told. The babies are run over by automobiles while mother takes a turn as soapbox orator, and flapper daughter is seduced by the chauffeur while mother is writing a short story for fame and fortune. Has it ever occurred to you that marital happiness does not necessarily depend on a wife's having a career or not having a career? That a lot of time is wasted in discussing the independence of women while multitudes of women are being independent and not talking about it? A happy marriage is based upon things other than careers or no careers, and a properly adjusted domestic relation would not be disturbed even if the husband were by some chance put into the nursery and the wife sent out to sell bonds.

Most husbands who refuse to allow their wives careers would refuse to allow them anything they really wanted. Most wives who find careers interfering with the bringing up of their children would have brought their children up abominably anyhow. How many women of your acquaintance are constantly talking about what useful lives they could lead if their husbands did not insist on their running an elaborate social establishment? Suppose their husbands had insisted on their running an elaborate business, what then? When Mrs. X. turns from bridge and golf to politics and business, it makes little difference to her children who are brought up largely by governesses and tutors. When Mrs. Z., deciding that she prefers office work to washing dishes, drives her family to the restaurant, it may make a slight difference in the family's digestive apparatus; but even so the change may be for the better, because if she hated cooking, ten to one she was an abominable cook.

Proper mating is not a question of careers. It is not even a question

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which concerns the Lucy Stone League. It is a question purely of mating. When we remember the fatalities of "This Freedom" we find ourselves bound to say that it would have been a pretty kettle of fish anyway, freedom or no freedom. However, all these books make interesting reading. So many people like to find a reason for their unhappiness, and the change in the status of womankind is just as good a reason as any other if you really believe it has anything to do with the case.

A LETTER TO AN AUTHOR

WHAT kind of letters do authors most like to get? Letters of praise? Perhaps. If they are not too foolish. Letters of drastic criticism? Hardly! But there are letters that suddenly light up a tiny space in the darkness of outside life. Such a letter is carefully preserved by a young American novelist among his epistolary treasures. It is from an inmate of an Old Ladies' Home. She says, apropos of one of the author's novels:

"I suppose anyone can remember when the struggle to escape from intolerable surroundings made emotional havoc of life. I broke my bonds at an early age, and now when I am an old woman, surrounded by hundreds of other derelicts, I am glad that I have some wild oats to remember."

That letter — he says — is a novel in itself.

STANDARDIZATION OF INTELLIGENCE

IS it true that we all think according to pattern in America? It is, we know it is, and we do nothing about it! The employment department of any large concern will tell you that out of hundreds of letters of application for positions only one or two have the veriest hint of a personality behind the writing. Personality must be there in more cases; but it has been pressed out, smudged out, garbled into business molds by the English department or the "Sell Yourself" department of some college just like some other college over the length and the breadth of this land of freedom and individuality. We want rules for every inch of procedure. We wish to be told what is the best book to read, what are the best plays. We marry according to the book of etiquette and we make love according to the dictates of the day's most popular psychologists. The village schoolhouses in the towns from New York to San Francisco might all have been ordered from a Sears Roebuck catalogue, and the teachers emerged sweet girl graduates from the same normal school. Our colleges are coming more and more to be administered by business men. The great danger which faces America today is the regimentation of our minds by the mediocre intellects. We have what amounts to a passion for reform in education, yet every move we make seems to be in the direction of standardization. The individualists in education are most of them forced into journalism by their need of self expression.

Even more alarming than the observable tendency is the established fact that legislation for the control of elementary school education is fast increasing. When the control of school curricula passes totally into the hands of politicians, we may well have fears as to the mental development of our children. The temptation of those who believe that certain subjects should or should not be taught in our schools is

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great, for their most obvious action is to secure a passing of laws for the furthering of their ideas. Yet other folk with other ideas and with equal political influence may as readily go about inspiring legislatures. This violation of the sound principles of education is as dangerous as Bolshevism, and its effect is anything but the one desired.

If you will turn to "Legislative Control of the Elementary Curriculum" by J. K. Flanders, you will find an accurate survey of a subject which should be of interest to every American who believes that the educating of our children is of any importance whatsoever. This book sets forth the actual facts of the case, but its import is far wider than any collection of laws. It reveals a national tendency to coerce the training of the mind which frightens one almost into the belief that we shall soon be thinking according to the manual of arms, that individuality will be as rare as are real brains in the political control of the nation.

MUSTARD PLASTER MENCKEN

ONE of the easiest things in the world to do is to write an editorial praising or damning H. L. Mencken. He is the critic extraordinary of our day. He has no real love of literature; for no man who does not know a poem from a hole in the ground can by any stretch of the imagination be called a literary critic. He is purely and simply a mustard plaster! As such he is extraordinarily useful. He will be useful just so long as the mustard is efficacious — and that depends only on H. L. Mencken. All praise be to him. Yet mustard plasters are not pleasant companions. There are other ways of administering to colds, pleasanter and even more efficacious.

It is almost time that Mr. Mencken stopped being an irritant and turned to more useful pursuits. He has a good mind. He is an excellent editor. He has a large hearing. Why doesn't he do something more useful than reddening the surface of the American, nay even the British skin? If H. L. Mencken should take a year off in which to study the moods of literary America he might conceivably have something to say about our letters worth hearing. At the moment, so far as books are concerned he is bawling out the same headline damnations in which he has indulged for years. It is time he matured. There are moments when he seems to be the hero of American youth, but he cannot continue to be that forever; in a few more generations young men will be shouting at other doors, and then what will become of him? Like his opponent Paul Elmer More he will be silent, and some other giant of obloquy will have arisen to supply the sting in the patented plasters of H. L. M.

Have you ever tried applying a mustard plaster two nights in succession? The Mencken method has certain similarities. Only so much of it has the desired effect. Yet even the repetitiousness of the Mencken manner is not so annoying as is the style of his many imitators. On every newspaper in the country are young men striving to imitate his blatant adjectives and his grandiose jibes. This is sincere flattery. It is important to Mr. Mencken; but it is dangerous. The great critic must always be careful not to become merely stylish. He must have a philosophy and a creed. He must believe in something. If Mr. Mencken at sixty writes his "World of H. L. Mencken" — why, Heaven preserve us from that world!

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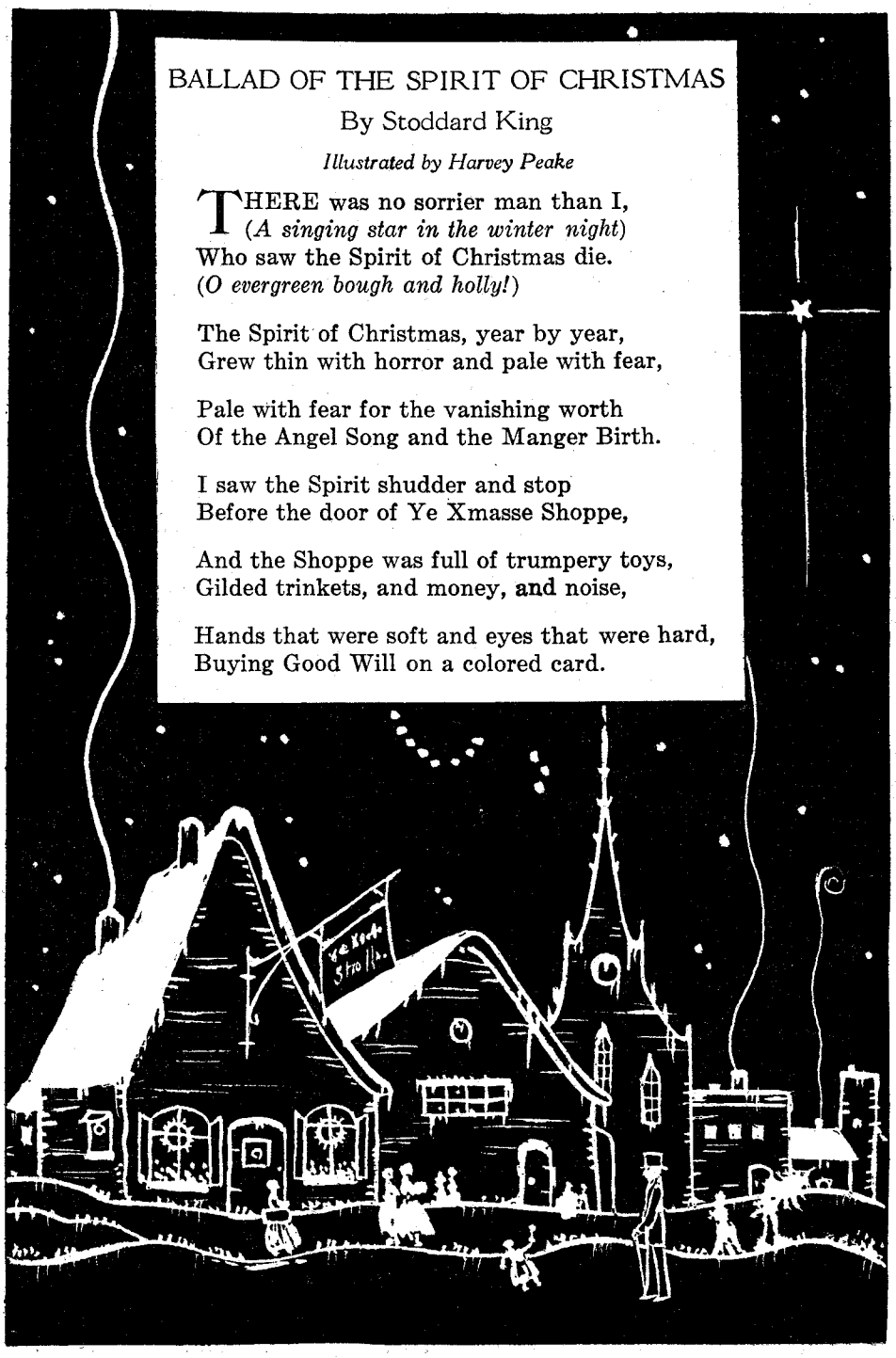

BALLAD OF THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

By Stoddard King

Illustrated by Harvey Peake

THERE was no sorrier man than I,
(*A singing star in the winter night*)
Who saw the Spirit of Christmas die.
(*O evergreen bough and holly!*)

The Spirit of Christmas, year by year,
Grew thin with horror and pale with fear,

Pale with fear for the vanishing worth
Of the Angel Song and the Manger Birth.

I saw the Spirit shudder and stop
Before the door of Ye Xmasse Shoppe,

And the Shoppe was full of trumpery toys,
Gilded trinkets, and money, and noise,

Hands that were soft and eyes that were hard,
Buying Good Will on a colored card.

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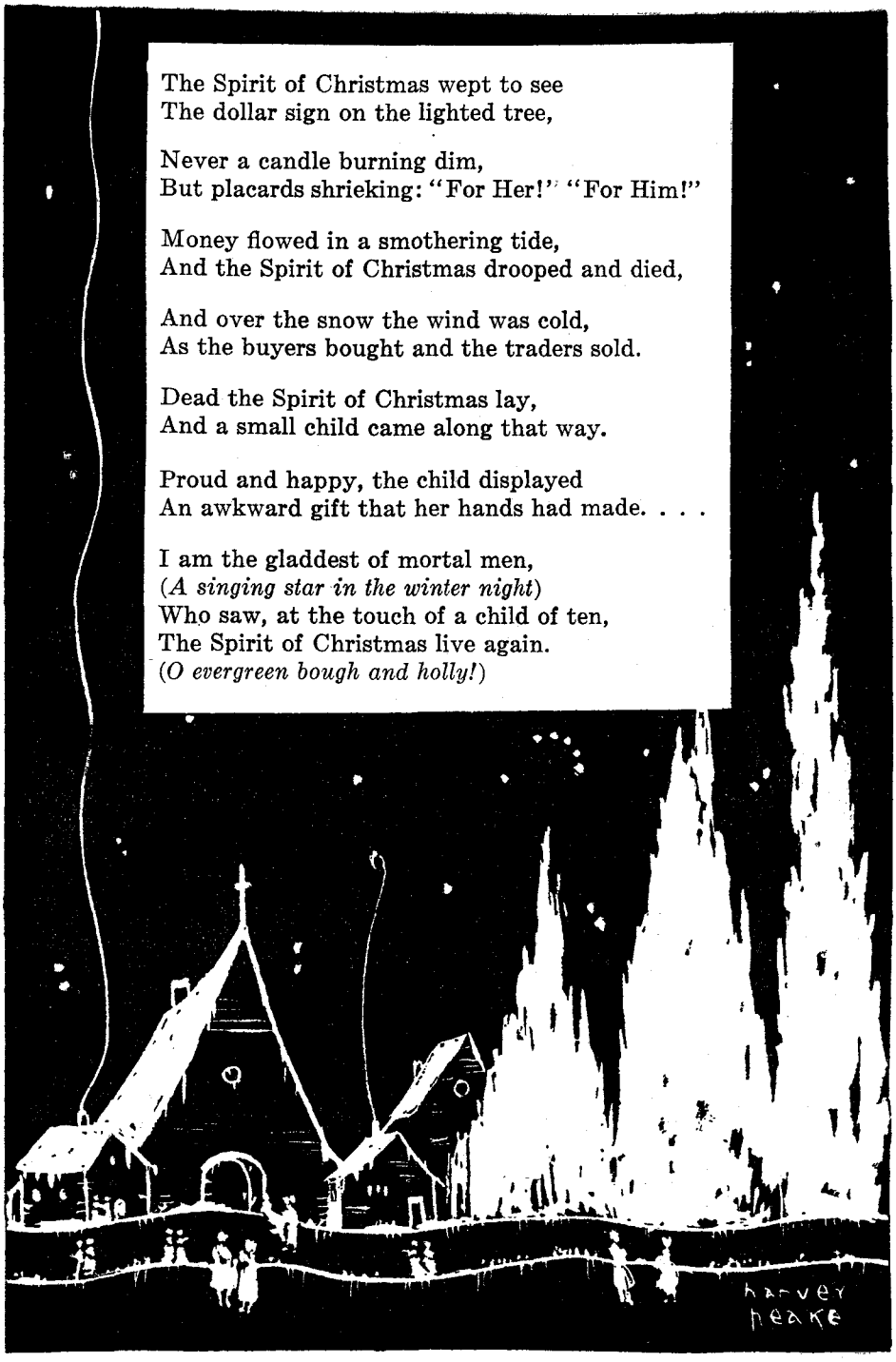

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IS PHILOSOPHY DOOMED?*

By Will Durant

IN a recent magazine article Dr. John B. Watson remarked casually (the subject being of no importance) that philosophy is dying, and within fifty years will be dead. As a practitioner of philosophy, to whom *vivere* stands in a vital connection with *philosophari*, the undersigned wishes to offer a different diagnosis, and to suggest an operation for the rejuvenation of philosophy.

Why does Professor Watson think that philosophy is doomed? Because it is unscientific, because it makes unprovable assumptions, and because its methods are not confined to external observation, physical tests, and mathematical measurement. Having found no way of using introspection in his study of animal behavior, Dr. Watson is convinced that introspection in the study of human behavior is worthless, inaccurate, and immoral (for occasionally it lies like a statesman). Having found no way of accounting for consciousness on the assumption that all life is mechanical, Dr. Watson denies the existence of consciousness, and suggests, without a twinkle in his eye, that thinking is merely a windy process in the larynx. Having made up his larynx that this is an exclusively material world, mechanically determined in all its parts and operations, he concludes that all things are open to study by mechanical methods and instruments, that no other method can give us any valuable information, and that philosophy must take the viaticum and give up the ghost. Philosophy has existed for a little more than three thousand years (not to speak of the Aristotles of Altamira and the Cro-Magnon Croces); but now that psychology has discovered that its subject is human behavior, philosophy must die.

As the recent recipient of certain kindly remarks from Dr. Watson, the present writer feels considerably embarrassed in the operation of his *odium philosophicum*, and cannot find it in his heart to attack with a buttonless foil this murderer of metaphysics and undertaker of philosophies. Perhaps the politest way of meeting the assault is to open one's arms, surround the enemy, and welcome him as an unconscious philosopher.

A philosopher is a man who has a theory about the nature and operation of the world. He insists on filling out with unprovable assumptions the gaps in our verifiable and scientific knowledge of the universe. He makes, perilously, an imaginative and hypothetical completion of the reports brought to him by his senses and his viscera. He need not do this willingly; he may protest, like Comte, that he is a positivist, and wishes to limit himself to precise facts; or, like Spencer, that he is an agnostic, and does not know the ultimate nature of things; but in the very utterance of his protests he makes unverifiable assumptions, and becomes a philosopher despite himself, *un philosophe malgré lui*. If an agnos-

* A paper read at the Sixth International Congress of Philosophy, Harvard University, September 16, 1926.

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tic could live so neutrally as to conceal his secret belief or unbelief, he might achieve a moratorium on philosophy, a state of anti-philosophic coma, a cosmic unconsciousness. But even the greatest skeptic finds this impossible; he must take sides in the game and gamble of life: he may talk agnosticism or positivism; he may assure us, with transcendent clairvoyance, that certain phases of reality are unknowable; but he must none the less live *as if* he accepted one or the other horn of those awful dilemmas which constitute philosophy. He must make up his mind whether this earth is the work of a designing intelligence, or the unguided struggle of molecules and morons to avoid an inevitable death. He must make up his mind whether he is a machine cohabiting with another machine for the generation of baby machines; or the exuberant vehicle of some *élan vital*, the possessor of a certain creative spontaneity, the transient crucible of a divine fire. He must make up his mind whether the precarious processes of reason, or the majestic immediacy of "intuition", shall be his guide to reality and his test of truth. He must make up his mind whether he shall be faithful to his wife, or undertake a more expensive distribution of his energies. He must make up his mind whether he comes to an end with his funeral, or merely enters therewith upon a loftier existence. He must make up his mind whether he has any, or has only a philosophical larynx.

These are all vital problems; and philosophy might be defined as a matter of life and death. On every one of these problems Dr. John Broadus Watson has made up his windpipe. He assumes that all forms of reality — sticks and stones, kindness and prayers — are subject to physical measurement; it is a magnificent assumption, quite beyond verification, and constitutes him a philosopher. He assumes that materialism is correct, and announces his *philosophy* with laudable simplicity. He assumes that the world is a mechanism, and that he is a machine mechanically and unconsciously meditating upon the superfluous evolution of consciousness in the machine; that is, he has a theory about the world which is as yet unprovable, and which merits the name of philosophy given to the theory when we find it in Democritus or Lucretius, in Hobbes or La Mettrie. He assumes, of course without scientific proof, that there is no spontaneity in life, that every action of every being, and every note in the Choral Symphony, was determined and written out indelibly by that famous primæval nebula which has taken the place of the Garden of Eden in the mythology of science. He assumes that mind is matter, and that God is dead.

Now these are all possible and consistent assumptions. Every philosopher — and no scientist — has a right to make them, or their opposites. We have to make them, or their opposites; and in doing so we soar beyond all scientific proof that we are wrong, or right. Life demands that we make assumptions about the nature of things and the destiny of man. *Non fingo hypotheses* is the fit motto of a corpse, and an immodest remark on the part of a Newton who makes a flying hypothetical leap from his orchard to the moon. We shall always make hypotheses, and the lure of the absolute will draw us ever on. That is why (among many reasons) philosophy is more interesting than science: it is an adventure into the unknown, a tour of the infinite; by the side of this exciting voyage of discovery science is as alluring as the multiplication table, or double entry bookkeeping.

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We are all metaphysicians then; we go bravely beyond the limits to which our bewildered physics can reach; and the only difference between a confessed metaphysician and a professed positivist is that the former (in this regard) is an honest man. Dr. Watson must bear with us patiently if we call him a philosopher. His larynx is choked full with marvelous hypotheses about the universe; he is a self suppressed metaphysician; and the best thing we can do for him is to remove his agnostic phobias, reveal to him his "subconscious" assumptions, and psychoanalyze him into a healthy and fearless philosopher.

Having made this *argumentum ad hominem* (which can be directed against every positivist), let us face honestly the difficulties which turn realistic minds away from philosophy. A hasty glance at the history of speculation tempts the lazy soul to conclude that every philosopher contradicts every other, with a final result of zero.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about; but evermore
Came out by the same door wherein I went.

Now this famous quatrain, like most things beautiful, is false; we do not come out by the same door wherein we enter, unless we have left our brains outside. A man cannot make even a half adequate study of the great philosophers without changing his mind on a hundred vital points. Such a man will change his mind even about the contradictions of the philosophers; for he will discover that on nearly all of the fundamental problems nearly all of the philosophers agree; their differences being due rather to the terminology of their time than to the hostility of their thoughts. If such a man is also a student of the history of science he will discover that it is in science, much more than in philosophy, that theories and unchangeable dogmas kaleidoscopically change. Fifty years ago our cosmic history began with the nebular hypothesis of Laplace; now it begins with the planetesimals of Mr. Chamberlain (or has that fashion altered too?). Fifty years ago "The Origin of Species" was the Bible of biology; now none so poor to do it reverence. Evolution by continuous variations was displaced by the improved and accelerated method of mutations; mutations were found to be the illegitimate offspring of hybrids; and now we are groping back with Mr. Kammerer toward Le Chevalier de Lamarck and the neck of the giraffe. Newton established certain laws of motion, and Einstein has dethroned them. Mayer and Joule and Rumford and Davy and a hundred others proved the indestructibility of matter and the conservation of energy; and Messrs. Soddy and Rutherford and L. Poincaré begin to cast slurs upon these ultimate dogmas of modern science. Another Poincaré tells us in French, and Mr. Pearson tells us in English, and Herr Mach tells us in German, that the "exact" knowledge of science is merely a shorthand description of approximate probabilities, and that the eternal and immutable laws of nature are only the statistical averages of the observed habits of matter. (What shall we do with a science that has become as uncertain as philosophy, and with a nature whose laws are as reliable as statistics?) Mathematics was once a system of rigidly exact and infallible truths; suddenly the dimensions began to breed, the infinites began to include one another, the part became as great as the whole, and Einstein demonstrated that a straight line is the longest distance between two points. Francis Galton and Karl Pearson complained

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that we had "put our money on Environment, when Heredity wins in a canter"; Mr. Wiggam announced this brilliantly to the world; and now Dr. John B. Watson informs us, after hatching two hundred babies, that the environment of the embryo and the child is the chief factor in determining character and history, and that heredity is a minor item, with a negligible influence. Every good historian proves that history is "a Mississippi of falsehoods"; every good Egyptologist has a new ladder of dynasties and dates, differing from the others by only a few thousand years; every good anthropologist laughs at Tylor, and Frazer knows nothing about primitive religion now that he is dead. The scientific experimental laboratory psychology of Messrs. Wundt, Külpe, Ebbinghaus, Cattell, and Stanley Hall is cast into the cemetery of dead infallibilities; and we must learn the same things all over again in brand new terms of conditioned reflexes and vocal cords. Dr. Watson does his best to be polite to these antediluvians; but he cannot write a page of the latest and only scientific psychology without scattering the entrails of his predecessors to all the constellations of the zodiac. It is a merry circus for a philosopher.

Having pointed out this beam in the enemy's eye, we can afford now to admit a mote or two in our own. Yes, philosophy is obscure; but so is Shelley, so is science, so is woman; so is anything interesting. Worse, philosophy is sometimes dishonest; we dress up the beloved prejudices of our hearts, or the theology of our aunts, in the garb of a sternly objective Reason. "Metaphysics", says Bradley, "is the finding of bad reasons for what we believe upon instinct; but to find those reasons is no less an instinct." Sometimes it is the finding of bad reasons for what we should like our neighbors to believe. It is hard to tell whether some philosophers have been simpletons or diplomats. The mechanist seldom behaves as if he thinks he is a machine; as Bergson showed, he laughs when he catches himself behaving like one; and only by a certain self deception can he cling to his theory. The idealist seldom behaves as if he thinks that his room ceases to exist when he leaves it, or that he himself ceases to exist when he lies asleep, unperceived by any mind. Undoubtedly some of the obscurity of philosophy is due to the lies it has told. Truth is clearer than fiction.

Half the charges against philosophy are due to its modern preoccupation with the problem of knowledge. In the effort to refute materialism the philosophers, who were only half secularized theologians, resorted to a wild attempt to reduce matter to mind; from the simple proposition that we perceive matter only when we perceive it, they concluded stealthily that it exists only when it is perceived. Any attack on this German-fairy-philosophy, and any rescue party formed to recapture philosophy from the caves and bogs of epistemology, will have the blessing and imprimatur of all real lovers of the "dear delight". As Whitman said to Traubel: "When you hit a landlord and I don't say 'Amen', it's because I didn't see you." If some clever surgeon can remove the diseased epistemological appendix from philosophy, and turn it over to the behaviorists as properly belonging to psychology, the situation will be improved on every side.

But after all, what is the use of philosophy? A shameful question to ask: you do not ask it of poetry, which is also an imaginative construction of a

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world incompletely known. In a strictly American sense, philosophy is useless; it will not swell your income, or help you to trade horses, or guide you in your selections at Saratoga or on the Exchange. It may even make you a little careless and unambitious about these things. But what if, after winning at Saratoga or in Wall Street or in Washington, you find yourself ignorantly naive, coarsely unfurnished in the head, brutal in behavior, chaotic in desire, and blindly miserable?

Well, philosophy should give you, first, unity of mind. We are all so slovenly and self contradictory in our thinking; we need a little coherence and consistency; let us pull ourselves together and rise to that *total perspective* which is philosophy. And then through unity of mind should come unified desire, and through this that unity of character which is personality, and through this that unity of life which is the secret of such modest happiness as humanity can maintain. *Philosophy might be defined as unified knowledge unifying life; it is not philosophy if it is knowledge alone, scholastically insulated from affairs.* A philosopher is a man who remakes himself toward his great desire; he achieves that self discipline without which we are inevitably the slaves of other men.

But finally, philosophy is not merely a study of systems, it is an ennobling intimacy with great men. It is one of those winding and hilly roads which lead to that Eden in which geniuses never die, that Country of the Mind where Socrates and Plato and Epicurus, Raphael and Leonardo and Angelo, Bach and Beethoven and Wagner, Goethe and Shelley and Keats, await us with a grateful welcome, glad to speak to us as long as we will listen, and careful to give us only of their best. In this City of God inexhaustible treasures lie open to our hands; we need only seek and we shall find. We cannot live long in that air without becoming, despite ourselves, a little finer through the company we keep. Perhaps if we lift ourselves to those clear heights we too shall some day be keen enough of eye to see new truth and beauty in the world, and skilled enough in speech to reveal it to men. Let us climb.

PRODIGAL

By Marion Francis Brown

THERE must be one love
A little, little fickle.
There must be one sheaf
Tough to the sickle.

There must be one song
Without rhyme or metre.
There must be YOU for me,
And for Christ — Peter.

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PRIVATE THOUGHTS ON EUROPEAN HOTELS

By Arnold Bennett

THE worst thing that can happen to a hotel visitor, as such, is to ring the bell, in his room, and to get no answer. You understand: *no* answer. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour, even three quarters of an hour: no answer. Such things occur. They reduce the visitor to disappointment, resentment, fury — then the sense of impotence.

He is marooned in his room. If by chance the valet has made off with indispensable garments, he is as much a prisoner as though he were in a cell, guarded by turnkeys who have lost their keys. And even if he is fully clad, he will hesitate to cross his threshold. A hotel corridor is inhospitable, unfriendly, dangerous, a sort of no man's land. In it, perambulating its horrid length, the visitor may have the luck to meet a servant, but if he does the chances are a hundred to one either that the servant comprehends no known languages or that the servant affects a perfect ignorance of, or non-responsibility for, the matter in hand. Satisfaction is rarely obtained; full satisfaction never.

The just fate of any hotel in which this, the worst of hotel tortures, can happen is clear and indisputable. It ought to be burned to the ground, and the charred corpse of the manager ought to be discovered next day amid the ruins.

Idle to say that I am discussing trifles. Hotels have become one of the leading phenomena in life, and their importance in the modern scheme of existence is still growing rapidly. The efficiency, which means the comfort, of hotels is now a major concern of the civilized world. No one who moves over the earth's surface can be indifferent to it. Last season two hundred and fifteen thousand citizens left the United States for Europe. Every one of them was bound to be interested in the functioning of hotels, and every one of them would certainly be ready, and anxious, to converse at length about the defects and the qualities of hotels. Yet hotel management, an absorbing subject full of actuality and touching the welfare of millions, is apparently disdained by the entire press, save in advertisement columns, where its treatment is apt to be slightly more romantic than realistic. I am prepared to assert that no reputable writer in a reputable organ of opinion has ever before broached the topic of plaintive, repetitive, monotonous, unanswered hotel bells, which nevertheless must be within the experience of practically every traveled reader.

And today nobody is untraveled.

Again, there is the general torture of the hotel bell rung by another guest. Everybody is aware that when you have reserved a room beforehand, the door of that room is nearly always opposite either a lift with a clanging door, or a bellboard (complete with bell). The board displays forty, fifty, a hundred discs, and each disc corresponds to a room whose occupant has the right to set the bell in motion and

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does set it in motion. Consequently privacy is destroyed. No one on that floor can manifest a desire for anything without your knowing that he or she has manifested a desire. Everybody's business is perforce yours. The bell begins to ring as early as seven thirty. At eight thirty it is ringing almost continuously. Toward ten o'clock it has lapsed into intermittence, but it never takes a serious rest until eleven P.M. If you wish to sleep late you cannot; if you wish to sleep early you cannot; if you have the admirable habit of the afternoon siesta, the habit is quickly broken for you. All of which is monstrous, barbarous, and will be inconceivable to the hotel visitor of thirty years hence. Yet it exists in thousands of hotels having the impudence to describe themselves as first class.

And I have known worse degrees of horror. I have paid heavily for a sleepless pillow opposite a bell which was suddenly resuscitated at thirty minutes after midnight and continued to sound until half past one A.M. I went out into the corridor and took the active number. The next morning I interviewed the management and inspected the hotel register. The ringer was an Englishwoman.

I said:

"You will kindly speak to that lady and teach her manners."

Yes, the management assuredly would; I might rely on the management. I had the creature pointed out to me in the dining room. In every detail she resembled a perfect lady.

The next night the phenomenon was exactly repeated. Either the management had shirked the lesson in manners or the perfect lady was not to be taught. I went forth in many bright colors and traversed long corridors and descended multitudinous stairs and at last came to the night porter. I had often wondered what night porters do with themselves. This one was dusting an office. He explained that there was an apparatus by which between eleven P.M. and seven A.M., whenever any bell was rung, a warning light was lit in his lair and his duty was to mount until he found the bell and to answer it. The apparatus, however, was out of order. (Still he was proud that it existed.) I informed him of the floor and the number.

He said:

"I will stop her."

He did stop her: how, I never knew. I know that she left the hotel. I know what she wanted: alcohol.

It may be praiseworthy on the part of a perfect lady to want alcohol for sixty minutes in the middle of the night and not get it; but it was not praiseworthy on the part of a management to force all her neighbors to know that she was in a state of unsatisfied thirst. No bell ought ever to be heard by any visitor in any hotel. Audible bells are utterly out of date; they have been superseded by electric illuminations and other devices, and if hotels were not chiefly populated by sheep and by simpletons every hotel containing audible bells would be empty and would stay empty until they were abolished. Of course in the United States audible bells are to be seen only in the museums of prehistoric archæology. At any rate, listening to Americans, one would think so.

In some hotels which describe themselves as possessing an *installation moderne* you enter your bedroom, and as soon as you have recovered in solitude from the spellbinding of the reception clerk you look about and find that there is no bell push anywhere, nor any printed explanation of the absence of

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bell pushes, nor any printed matter at all except an announcement that you will be held responsible for whatever damage you may do and further that you will be fined unless you take at least one meal per day in the hotel. You then perceive an inconspicuous telephone but no instructions with regard to the same. And you gradually realize that the suspended, precarious, and capricious instrument is your sole link with the organization of the hotel. The audible bell has been abolished, it is true, but the situation is appalling; and it is appalling because in Europe the telephone is hated and not understood. In America the telephone is loved and comprehended. In America, sooner than do nothing, people will actually talk into a telephone. In Europe the telephone is black magic, and Europeans have not yet got over the miracle of it.

In Europe no telephone order from a hotel bedroom is ever under any circumstances correctly executed. You ask for coffee and receive tea — if you receive anything. The fantastic unseen telephonist at the other end of the wire tells you what you want before you can tell *him*. He knows better than you do, and he always has his way. Personally I hold the hotel telephone in horror. I have had terrible, heart-rending scenes with telephones. Determined to meet my fellows face to face, I have said on the telephone:

"I want the waiter."

Retort: "But what do you *want*?"

Answer: "I want the waiter."

Retort: "But what do you want him *for*?"

Reply: "Well anyway I don't want to eat him for breakfast. I want to open my heart to him fully on the subject of the fine shades of my desires concerning breakfast."

Cut off. British humor is fatally diminished in a foreign tongue. I have to begin again in a humbler spirit, and with far less appetite.

The rage for mechanical devices may be the ruin of a once good hotel; for the basis of righteousness in a hotel is not mechanical devices but personal human contacts. If the waiter is agreeable, the valet obliging, and the chambermaid friendly, the guest is immediately reassured and says to himself: "This hotel is all right." If not, not.

Moreover, mechanical devices induce a dangerous pride, even conceit, in the manager and staff. They meditate on their mechanical devices, and are thereby led to think that in receiving you they are doing you a favor. Of late I stayed in a hotel where by pushing a button at the bedside you bolt or unbolt your bedroom door. The contrivance was really marvelous; it was the last word in hotel management, and it completely undermined the reason and sense of the manager and staff. If you complained of the coffee's being cold you were reminded: "Ah! But you can bolt your door while in bed." If you pointed out that odd boots had been placed in front of your door you were quickly put in your place with the boast: "Possibly, but have you forgotten that you can unbolt your door while in bed?" And thus and thus.

Hotel managers are apt to be illogical — and they never suspect it. You ask for a quiet room. You explain that if you cannot have quiet you cannot sleep and that if you cannot sleep you are likely to die. Certainly; the management is most sympathetic. It understands your feelings. It can offer you rooms of which the tranquillity is absolute. You inspect one. You learn that it is high up and overlooks a courtyard which is as noiseless as the grave. You are shown that the

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corridor is thickly carpeted and that there are no doors on the other side of the corridor and that the perambulant staff wears slippers. Further, you are assured that there is no such thing within half a mile of you as an audible bell.

You smile, happily. You take the room, without even inquiring the price. You retire to bed. You sleep. You are awakened. You discern four slits of blinding light at one side of the room, forming an oblong. You then hear conversation. You hear every word. You hear everything that is said and everything that is done in the next room. Nothing is hid from your ear. The effect is that of X-rays. In effect you see through a brick wall. It is one A.M. and a man has just come home from Monte Carlo and is telling a justly unsympathetic wife, with more or less accuracy, of his exploits at the tables. The monologue seems to be interminable; the wife's interjections increase in acerbity. Then the slits of light vanish and silence is reestablished.

Then you are wakened again. Slits of light now on the other side of the room, forming an oblong! Coughing! A regular crisis of coughing. Spluttering! Sighs! Pouring out of medicine! Everything as plain and clear as if your room had no walls. This is the communal life that you are living, in a room vaunting its quietness.

The fact is of course that there are only single doors — and those ill fitting — between rooms. A pair of doors will not cost much extra, but there are only single doors. In nineteen hotels out of twenty there are only single doors. Even in ancient palaces with inner walls a foot or two thick, which have been transformed into grand hotels, there are only single doors, though double doors might be instituted with the greatest ease and effectiveness. Life is rendered purgatorial for want of a simple extra door. And all other contrivances against disquiet become futile. The affliction is dreadful and inexcusable.

Hence it is that I say that European hotel managers are illogical. More bitter adjectives might reasonably be applied to them, but I will content myself with the adjective "illogical".

Now the bathroom question. When I first went to Paris, less than thirty years ago, I stayed in a good, sound, quiet, bourgeois hotel of about two hundred rooms — every room furnished with charming Louis-Philippe furniture. I paid three francs for my room (the equivalent then of half a crown, or a little over half a dollar). The price was considered reasonable — certainly not very cheap, for plenty of places existed where clean rooms could be had for a franc and a half. There was no electricity, no gas in the rooms, and no heating. You lighted yourself with a candle, and kept yourself warm by the heat of your aspirations.

And, above all, there were no private bathrooms, and I think no bathrooms at all; at least I never heard of any bathrooms. You took a bath by spreading a little towel on the floor and manipulating a wet sponge about your person. Even "grand" European hotels had no private bathrooms, and communal bathrooms were regarded mainly as curiosities, sources of managerial pride; to use them was an eccentricity.

I remember, in a magnificent hotel in Italy, with good food and glorious seventeenth century decorations, asking if the place comprised a bathroom. Yes, I was answered with pride naive and intense, it did comprise a bathroom, and a fine one; the bathroom

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should be displayed to me. It was displayed to me, and it was indeed a fine bathroom — lovely marble everywhere.

I said quite innocently:

"*I will have a hot bath.*"

The entire hotel was thunderstruck. To possess a bathroom was one thing, to put it to use was quite another. I doubt whether that bathroom had ever been practically employed. Still, I should have my hot bath, and half the staff was told off to see to it for me. Two hours passed. The staff rushed to and fro and perspired. I never did have my hot bath; the thing simply could not be compassed. I had a cold bath. This was less than twenty years ago.

And even later, sixteen years ago, I inquired about a bathroom at a middle class "private" hotel in the centre of the West End of London. Yes, I was answered with pride naive and intense, there was a bathroom. I saw the bathroom. It resembled an old plumber's shop; once it had been painted and the paint had everywhere peeled off, especially off the interior of the bath itself; one of the most horrible sights I ever saw. But it was used.

Said the simpering manageress:

"*This room is a great favorite with our guests.*"

Progress!

Nowadays all is changed, and is still changing. The rage is for private bathrooms. A hotel manager is judged, and in fact judges himself, by the number of his private bathrooms. Naught else matters. In vast European cities where, when the native thinks he wants a bath, he sends for it and the bath itself and the hot water therefor are brought to his house in a cart and taken away again after he has bathed — in such cities hotels abound in private bathrooms for the foreign visitor. Thus can two civilizations run smoothly together side by side. Evolution at its insidious work!

The development is swift, astonishing, scarcely credible. And I believe it to be chiefly due to the advertisements of one American hotel, spread over Europe by means of Anglo-Saxon newspapers printed on the Continent. The relevant words of the advertisement were four in number: "2,200 rooms, 2,200 bathrooms."

These magical words stirred something poetic, noble, and daring in the souls of European hotel managers. They were awakened: they saw the light, and it was a blinding flashlight. They comprehended that private bathrooms constituted the key to the enigma of the hotel universe. Private bathrooms were accordingly born everywhere; sanitary engineers had, have, and will have the time of their lives; and the daughters of sanitary engineers see themselves provided with ever increasing dowries.

At first the phenomenon was a great puzzle to the simple. Twenty years ago, a dozen years ago, a large hotel in a roaring city in the south of France had no private bathrooms. It now boasts of a hundred private bathrooms, and can make good its boast. Yet the building is not a square foot larger, nor a yard higher, than it was.

How was the deed done? Quite easily. The ends of the bedrooms were sliced off by means of a thin partition, and bathrooms created behind the partitions. Bedrooms are smaller. Cornices are spoilt. Ceilings are perforated in a thousand places. Ventilation is forgotten. Everywhere the eye sees naught but piping, and the ear hears nothing but the sizzling, buzzing, and sneezing of hot and cold water imprisoned in badly designed plumbing. But private bathrooms exist!

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The cost must have been considerable, but the difference between the price of a plain bedroom and the price of a bedroom with private bathroom is so considerable that it pays the interest on the capital outlay about ten times over. The private bathrooms are not satisfactory, but they are private bathrooms and a justification of the great European system of making something out of something else, as distinguished from the great American system of destroying something old as a preliminary to constructing something new. No European hotel is ever torn down.

Nevertheless, buildings other than hotels are torn down and entirely new hotels, inspired by the poetry and the practicalness of American models, have been and are being raised to the name and honor of the twin joys of tranquillity and comfort. There are now several hotels in Europe in which it is possible to close the eyes and to have a complete temporary home defensible by one lock. In other words, hotel proprietors have seen the light. Whether they saw it by their own wits, or whether their attention was forcibly drawn to it by homicidal clients, cannot at present be decided; they have seen it. They have grasped the fundamental truth that they are in effect shopkeepers with something to sell, and that, if success is to be won, that something must be what the customer wants to buy and not merely what the shopkeeper wants to sell.

Only in Great Britain, the last lair and fastness of conservatism, do hotel proprietors cling to the mediæval notion that in receiving you they are conferring a favor, for which you ought to be properly and humbly grateful. Great Britain has probably on the average worse hotels with worse food than any other great power. And yet it cannot be denied that no hotels in the world can surpass the best London hotels either in excellence or in expensiveness. And further, that in the way of cheapness some London hotels give better value for money than any outside Switzerland.

London also was the pioneer of the humane, humanizing movement for abolishing hotel tips. Italy followed. And there are now hundreds of hotels where the visitor does not have to tremble, perpend, meditate, balance pros and cons, weigh one degree of merit against another, and finally endure the reproachful gaze of the forgotten and the underestimated as he steps, like a criminal and a martyr, into the station omnibus. True, he pays the total tip just the same, in the shape of a percentage, but he is relieved of the degradation and the responsibility of the complex affair, and of the discomfort of getting the servile kowtow from fellow creatures who are his equals in the sight of heaven.

The individual who first dreamed of abolishing tips and had the courage and the will to put his dream into practice was a benefactor of mankind, and a statue should be erected to him in the Place de la Concorde. And all hotel visitors senseless enough to hamper the movement by bestowing tips in addition to paying a percentage for service ought to be chained to the plinth of the statue for twenty four hours. At first the crowd of malefactors would fill the whole Place de la Concorde, but it would diminish.

European hotels are definitely though slowly improving. They will improve faster when visitors acquire the habit of kicking against the pricks. The sole effective form of kick consists in packing up and departing if the pricks do not instantly cease.

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ROBERT FROST'S HILLTOP

By Dorothy Canfield Fisher

With Woodcuts by J. J. Lankes

A LONG time the house had stood there, about a hundred and thirty years, and nothing unusual had happened to it. But it is the kind of house which can afford to wait, and turn all the riper and sweeter for it, built as it is of stone from out its own home ground. Three such stone buildings there are in the white-clapboarded, green-shuttered town, all built of the same stone by the same mason; the old stone mill, the Howard house, and the house where Robert Frost and his family live.

In spite of the fact that everybody up and down our valley is silently and intensely proud of the fact that Robert Frost has chosen a home among us, this house is seldom, except by younger people, called "the Frost house". In the leisurely rhythm of our country life, the most exciting events of which date from before the Revolution, there is no whirlpool of absorption in the present, to suck down to forgetfulness the generations past, the instant they physically die. The bridge near our house is always spoken of as "the Baker bridge", although it is more than a century since any Baker has lived in our district. And the old stone house on the hill where the Frosts live is still often called "the Peleg Cole house" (the hill on which it stands is officially known as the "Peleg Cole hill"),

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although Peleg Cole was the son-in-law of the man who built it in 1783 or thereabouts.

The three stone houses are built of the same stone, but they are not quite alike. For the other two the stone was sawed out by hand, and the smoothed blocks fitted closely together. For the Peleg Cole house that was to end by sheltering Robert Frost and his wife and his children and his grandson, the stone was left beautifully rough, "just as it flaked off under the quarrymen's hammers", so the town saying goes about it. Thus in 1783, as it went up out of its native stone like a natural growth from the long rocky stone ledge that runs down the valley, the house was already settling itself to be a home for the man who wrote "The Grindstone" and said,

Wasn't there danger of a turn too much?
Mightn't we make it worse instead of better?
I was for leaving something to the whetter.
What if it wasn't all it should be? I'd
Be satisfied if he'd be satisfied.

But, although it now seems impossible for us to think of anybody but the Frosts in that house, there was a time when its fate was by no means sure, for other houses were considered. There was the house high on the upper shelf of farmland overlooking the valley at Sunderland; the tableland where the last houses of our settlements stand, their orchards ripening apples safe in the sunny zone between the early frosts of the heavy valley air and the cold of the mountain slopes. But that was too far from a railway station for a poet who came and went frequently into the world.

And there was the house at the end of the village street, the old well proportioned, early nineteenth century "mansion" with its fanlights and its pleasantly designed cornices. It was about this house that my greataunt used to bring out a joke of the vintage of 1830, telling me laughingly every time we passed it that it was called, while it was being built, "the widower's invitation". But that turned out to be too expensive; the price paid by the modern world to sacred business sense making the acquisition of fanlights and well built old houses on village streets out of the reach of mere poets.

And the other old house, attached to the magnificent, manorial hen house . . . that was considered, too. But then, in the casual, indirect way in which business is treated up here, the news drifted through the air that the Peleg Cole house was for sale, the family living in it wishing to move into the village street. And once the old stone house on the hill was thought of, there could be no doubt that it had been built for no other purpose than for the Frosts to live in. So, from their momentary expectations, the other houses sank back into being just themselves, just the houses we had always known, with a little faint color added in the fancy of the people who pass them and think, "That might have been the house Robert Frost lived in."

To my eye Mr. Lankes's admirable woodcut of the house is like one of those able portraits of people, of which ordinary inartistic relatives complain, to the exasperation of the artist, "It's all *right*, I suppose, but it doesn't somehow really look like him. Something about the expression . . . " The woodcut is masterly as a woodcut but there is certainly something about the expression of the house in it which doesn't look natural to me. It has a rather grim, sombre, depressed look, hasn't it? Or am I mistaken? And perhaps even if it has, that may be the way our north country lives and houses look to people used to softer and more smiling places.

But they don't look that way to us, not a bit; any more than Robert

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Robert Frost's Vermont Pasture

Frost's poetry seems (as we are always astonished to hear it called) "grim and sombre and depressing". To us his poetry seems the very distillation of human life as we know it, with its strong aromatic savor of both bitterness and pungent satisfactions; and to us his house looks not at all grim or sombre, but homelike and strong and cheerful and protecting, when we look up at it as we start to climb the Peleg Cole hill, and see it at the top, standing wide-roofed and substantial, with its old lilac and syringa bushes, and the lily-of-the-valley bed, earlier to bloom than in any other of our gardens, because of the sun's warmth reflected from the grey stone walls against which it is planted.

As we pass we crane our necks about, with the humane country interest in other people's lives (called meddling curiosity by city folks), and comment to each other on the things we see, important in the round of the seasons; as, "They've got their corn planted already", or, "My, how far Lillian's sweet peas are up!" or with the deep approval Vermonters feel for provident winter preparations, "Oh, just look at all that nice wood that Carol has split and stacked!" We do so love firewood in Vermont.

Firewood laid up against the winter, and early blooming lilies-of-the-valley whitely fragrant against grey old stone walls; a barn across the way, a real barn with hay and stock in it; robustly fruitful old apple trees; vigorous, newly planted young ones just coming into bearing; and blue remembered hills rising up around orchard and pasture . . . we think the place needs no label to show that it is Robert Frost's home.

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JUDAS

By Edward Davison

ALMOST ere enmity began
Or the first pang of jealous pride
Woke in his heart or mine, the man
Who rivaled me fell sick and died.

The sun that morning crowned the spring
With a white ring of light, but he
Beheld the bright air darkening
Ere noon; and then he could not see.

And all day long with quiet ease
In slow deliberate mood I wrought
Whatever thing I knew would please
My heart, or satisfy my thought.

His spring was at an end, though I,
As idle as the April day,
With careless glances swept the sky
From east to west as live men may.

Until the sunset's sullen flame
Stained the low window where I read
And someone with a letter came:
And then I knew that he was dead.

Alas! for one brief second's space,
My heart, being taken unaware,
Drove its worst blood into my face
And left an evil blossom there.

And no less suddenly ashamed
So to be overtaken then,
My manhood, in that moment maimed,
Put on its pity once again.

And I remembered one who knew
Why Calvary darkened while he fled
From his own soul, to cheat its rue
For the betrayal of the dead.

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JEREMY AT CRALE

His Friends, His Ambitions, and His One Great Enemy

By Hugh Walpole

PART I

YOUNG COLE, quivering with pride, surveyed the room. So, at last, was one of his deepest ambitions realized.

It was not, when you looked at it, a very large room. If, as was the way with many of the other Studies, it had had a table in the middle of it there would have been precious little space in which to move. But he and Gauntlet Major, almost at once after their arrival last night, had come to an agreement about this. They would have their own tables in their own corners, leaving the middle of the room free — and Marlowe could lump it.

Ma Bender had found two small (and exceedingly dirty) tables and the only thing that remained was to toss for the window. They had tossed and Cole had won. Marlowe of course had the dark corner near the door.

Young Jeremy Cole didn't dare to think what his feelings would have been had he lost that toss. He wanted that window terribly — nobody in the world would ever know how badly — and for once in a way he had been successful. "For once in a way" because he always lost the toss at everything.

He was alone in the room at last (he had hurried here directly after Third School) and his intention was to arrange his table before anyone came in. He saw that Gauntlet had already arranged *his*, that from somewhere or another he had procured a dark blue cloth and a smart looking writing case.

Then, turning with a shock of surprise, he discovered that that young pipsqueak Marlowe had arranged *his* — and what an arrangement! There, in between the door and the farther corner, exactly fitting into its space, was one of those old writing bureaus, eighteenth century or something, with little drawers and twisted brass handles and of a dark shiny color that even Jeremy, who knew nothing whatever about furniture, recognized as handsome. Moreover, above this remarkable piece of furniture was a small dark bookcase with a glass front, and inside this were books with shining and gleaming faces.

On the top of the bureau was a leather frame that contained the portrait of a thin, severe, military looking gentleman and a strange brass figure of a squatting, malevolent looking image — Chinese or Hindu, something eastern.

All that Jeremy could say was, "Gosh!"

When had young Marlowe produced these things? They weren't there last night. What side! If young Marlowe thought that this kind of swank. . .

But he turned then back to his own scratched and naked seeming table. Large splashes of ink disfigured its sur-

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face. The few things that he had to arrange upon it — a dingy double frame containing his father and mother, a very faded green blotter, one of the school inkwells, and a photograph of the House Second XV of last season — how miserable these seemed!

He was aware of acute and poignant disappointment. And to think that so soon he should be disappointed when, during the whole of the preceding year, he had longed and longed for just this moment — when by simple right of brains, industry, and personality he should be part owner of one of these Studies! And here he was and it was dust and ashes in the mouth!

However, being Jeremy Cole, he very quickly recovered. What, after all, did it matter? It was all very well to make a show on the second day of the term, but what about the end of the first week? Everyone knew that you couldn't, unless you were in the Sixth or a Games Captain and had fags and a whole Study to yourself, keep anything decent for more than a day or two. What would Marlowe's old bureau look like after one or two Rags? But were there to be any Rags in here? He and Gauntlet had only last night sworn that there should not. They would keep the place decent and rag elsewhere. . . . Would they? He couldn't be sure. He wasn't even certain of himself. The very thought of young Marlowe's "side" made him want to kick that bureau about.

However, there was also the window. Jeremy turned to it and sighed with contentment. To the ordinary observer it might not have seemed a marvelous view. On the right was the great towering wall of Upper School and, lower down, jutting out of this, the Upper Fives Courts. In the middle distance was a square, rather dingy space known as Coulter's Yard, and beyond Coulter's the path that bordered the Upper Playing Fields. On the left were the walls, red bricked and creeper covered, of Jeremy's own House, Leeson's.

It is true that beyond the Upper Games (these were scarcely visible because they shelved so swiftly downhill) were the tops of trees and beyond the trees again you could imagine the sea, knowing as you did that it was inevitably and eternally there.

But, on the whole, not much for the ordinary observer. Everything, however, for Jeremy.

By opening the window and craning his neck he could have a very good view of the Fives and, without craning at all, the whole gossip and turmoil of Coulter's was visible to him. Beyond all, most of the real life of the school — masters, visitors, and every species of boy — passed at one time or another along the Gridiron, the path beyond Coulter's.

A marvelous and all-engrossing view. It was wonderful, when you came to consider it, that Gauntlet had submitted so tamely to the result of that significant toss.

But his table? Could he not do something about it? He would write home at once and demand that a tablecloth should be sent. And then what about Uncle Samuel's funny picture that had lain, for three years, the period of Jeremy's sojourn at Crale, at the bottom of his play box? Every holiday it had gone home with him and, as he had always insisted on himself packing and unpacking that sacred vessel, no one had ever discovered it.

To tell the truth he had been always ashamed of that picture. Who wouldn't be? It might be *anything*. Uncle Samuel said it was Sheep in a Field, but whoever saw sheep like little black dots and lacking apparently both

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heads and tails. And whoever saw a field bright red like a sunset?

Jeremy had too high an opinion of Uncle Samuel to leave it at home. Someone would discover it and then Uncle Samuel would be hurt, but no one in the school had ever seen it and until now Jeremy had resolved that no one ever should.

However, it had a rather nice thin gilt frame. People might appreciate *that*, and who was there in Jeremy's set who knew anything about pictures anyway?

He turned once more to the window. It was a lovely early autumn day. Soft white clouds hovered lazily against a sky shining with sun. The tips of the trees against the horizon shaded in shadowy orange over a blue so faint that it was scarcely any color at all.

But Jeremy didn't bother about the day. Someone was coming into the nearest Fives Court. It might be Bates, and wasn't that Bunch Halligan?

He was half out of the window, his legs hanging over the table. The door behind him opened and, turning impetuously, Jeremy nearly terminated his career then and there forever.

Oh, all right, it was Gauntlet. The excitement of what he had to say carried him tumbling from the table to the floor and the impetus of his movement almost carried him into Gauntlet's arms.

"I say Spikes. . . . Look here! Look at young Marlowe!"

Gauntlet turned round and he said what Jeremy had said: "Gosh!"

Then he added, staring: "It's rather ripping."

Spikes Gauntlet was a little taller than Jeremy and a great deal more handsome. He was in fact a very good looking small boy and, for his tender years, something of a dandy. There are certain small boys who through all the rough and tumble of their Jungle life are never disheveled or untidy. Their shining Eton collars are always clean, their cheeks are never inky, even their nails are grey rather than black, that is if there *are* any nails. The knees of their trousers are never dusty not the seat thereof, and their boots never yawn nor do their socks tumble in cascades below the ankle.

Such a boy was Gauntlet, and yet it would not be fair to say that he held himself apart. He was, on the whole, popular in spite of his neatness although not so popular as his hard work in the direction of popularity entitled him to be.

For it was the desire and longing of his heart, soul, and stomach to be popular. This his only goal in life. He knew (and with surprising clarity for so young a boy) that as a scholar he would never be especially distinguished, nor would he ever play games supremely well. He was not rich nor had his father a title (than small boys there exist in all the world no greater social snobs) but he had, he fancied, "charm". He was at heart extremely conceited but he was already worldly wise enough to know that to display your conceit before the world was the height of social folly. He was in fact very old for his years, being an only child and possessing an adoring mother.

He was an intriguer born. He owed allegiance to no one: others thought they were his friends and he liked them to think so but, on his side, he gave his friendship to no one. He did not indeed know what the word meant. He cultivated the suppression of the emotions. He showed neither anger nor fear, neither greed nor cruelty. He was naturally something of a puzzle to the young wild animals in whose midst he lived.

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This moving upward into the Study world had been an event of far greater excitement to him than to young Cole, but he had shown no excitement whatever.

He had feared, at the end of the summer term, that he would not obtain his promotion out of the Middle Fourth into the Upper Fourth. The Upper Fourth meant the Upper School. Every boy in Upper School had the share of a Study. He had, however, snatched his Remove by the skin of his teeth, if so melodramatic a metaphor may be used in connection with so controlled a personality.

When at the end of the first week of the summer holidays his father, a dyspeptic General, had received a letter informing him that his son had won his Remove, young Gauntlet occupied many summer hours in wondering with whom his Study lot would be cast.

Only six "Leeson" boys could possibly have their Remove — Staire, Cole, Marlowe, Perrin, Hackett, and himself. Three of them would share a Study, the other three would be distributed among other Studies. The permutations and combinations were infinite.

Of these five boys two were superior — young Cole because of his football and Red Staire because of — oh, because of a thousand things.

The rise to a Study was a rise out of the lower ranges of the Jungle — it was a halfway stage between serfdom and liberty. Now was the time when you could look around and judge who, chances being equal, would in two years' time be Leaders of the House and possibly Leaders of the School. Of course not always. There were some stupid boys who would linger in the Lower School for years and yet, because of their sporting talents, would be "Bloods" and Leaders of Men. Halleran, for instance, who was still in the Upper Fourth although he had been Fives Captain for the last two years.

But when, as was the case with Stocky Cole and Red Staire, there were brains as well as games, you could foretell the future pretty accurately.

Well and good — no problem at all had Stocky Cole and Red Staire been friends. But as everyone in Lower School knew, they were, and had been for the past two years, the most determined enemies. They loathed one another. All the Lower School politics in Leeson's during the last year had hovered and hesitated around their Feud. You could not possibly belong to both camps.

It looked then as though Fate had definitely decided that Gauntlet should henceforth belong to the Cole party. This decision about the Study had surely decided the matter. But not at all. Young Gauntlet was not to be rushed like that. Like Mr. Asquith, whose character he in no other way resembled, he would "wait and see". (These were days before that famous phrase had been created.)

Were his feelings to be consulted (and they never were if he could avoid it), he liked Cole the better of the two. You couldn't help liking Stocky Cole. Almost everyone did except Staire. But was Cole likely to rise to the top? He was, from Gauntlet's point of view, in character extremely rum. He seemed to have no ambitions — with the one grand exception, of course, football. And even in football he didn't "work for position" as Gauntlet would have done. He never made up to anybody. Why, all last year he was Considine's fag, and into Considine's Study all the football men at one time or another penetrated. But young Cole had never sweated himself for any one of them more than for another. It was generally reported that Considine

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himself would have done a lot for Stocky had Stocky allowed him, but Stocky seemed to prefer his own inconsiderable friends, people of no account like Jumbo Payne. There was a case in point. Exactly. Who was Jumbo Payne? Nobody and Nothing. Moreover, would he ever be Anything or Anybody? Never. No good at games, no good at work. Nothing to say for himself, nothing to look at, no family, no money. Gauntlet simply couldn't understand making a friend of such a Nothing. Young Cole never seemed to look ahead — save only in football. He *had* been a trifle excited over the window question. But a window? What was a window? Gauntlet cared nothing for windows.

Now Red Staire was quite different. He made friends of the mighty. He was on good terms with almost everyone in authority. His father was a Baronet of most ancient standing and he had plenty of money. He might very possibly next summer get his First Cricket. He was at any rate certain of his House Cricket.

Yes, but next summer? That was a long way off and Staire was no good at football. This was Stocky Cole's term. Anything might happen before next summer.

The two boys made a striking contrast as they stood together staring at Marlowe's bureau.

Although they were almost of the same age — fifteen and three quarters — Gauntlet seemed considerably the elder. His face was old for a boy, and this was in part because his skin was so smooth and fair that it was almost a mask.

He had great distinction, his nose and mouth and chin were finely chiseled. His only disadvantage was that his eyes were of too pale a blue and his fair eyebrows too faint. His body was slim and neat, his hands and feet small and delicately made, and he carried himself with a fine balance, something almost arrogant but not quite.

Jeremy on the other hand was far too short for beauty and as broad as he was long. He was the *thickest* boy — thick everywhere, in shoulders and thigh and leg. His face was round and always in color a brown red like a well nurtured pippin. His hair, which was dark, was innocent of parting and would stick up in a tuft at the back, do what he would to plaster it down. His mouth was large and when he grinned (which was frequently) his whole face rumpled with amusement. He had a way of spreading his legs and swinging his short arms as though he were going to leap into space. His voice was rather thick and husky, deep for his age. His hands, which were large and strong, seemed forever wanting to be doing something. But he was not restless. He often stood and sat for a long time without moving, his brow wrinkled as though he were thinking deeply. More often than not he was not thinking at all. But when he did think he was lost, and it often took him a long time to find himself again.

He suffered from spates of excitement, and when these were upon him he had to work them off at once; it was the necessity for this that had caused any difficulties with authority that had occurred during his three years at Crale.

He was of a most equable temper and was both too lazy and too amiable not to be on good terms with most of the world. But when he *did* take a grudge it was hard to shake him out of it.

This feud with Staire had not in its origin any definite grudge. It had begun perhaps on Staire's side rather than on his own. In their first term at Crale there had been a game of football

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in which Cole had played well and Staire badly. Staire fancied that Jeremy laughed at him — which it is possible that Jeremy did.

Staire then named Jeremy the Farmer, and it was considered in Staire's set that young Cole was too plebeian for anything.

But it all went deeper than this. Jeremy hated Staire — and could find no true reason for it. There was nothing against Staire. He bullied occasionally, but so did Jeremy in a thoughtless exuberant fashion.

He had a very good opinion of himself, but so also had Jeremy — about certain things at any rate. Staire had his following of toadies, but so had Jeremy — especially in the Football Term. Staire was generous, on the whole kindly and decent minded. It was perhaps his "style" that angered Jeremy. Staire "had a leg". In any gathering of boys anywhere you would notice him while Jeremy, unless on the football field, was never noticeable anywhere.

Then, Staire knew the world. He had been born in Vienna when his father, now retired and an M. F. H. in Leicestershire, had been in the Diplomatic Service. He had traveled with his parents through most of Europe — and Jeremy of course had been nowhere.

But it went deeper than these things.

It was as though there had been war between the two through countless ages and both recognized this. And it was as though Fate intended them to be foes. Jeremy had often noticed the way in which they were pushed at one another. The Feud for the most part made him miserable, although there were times when his battle instinct yielded him a kind of fierce joy. But he would wish to be at peace with all men — something lazy in his character here.

Staire, on the other hand, loved it all. He despised Stocky Cole absolutely. Everything about him seemed to Staire's elegance contemptible — his thickness, awkwardness, childish "ragging" fits, and the absurd people he chose as his friends. Only his football was not contemptible. But that was a kind of knack. Staire had a deep scorn of Rugby football because himself he played it so badly. Cricket now — there was a gentleman's game!

So they stood, the two of them.

"I think it's ripping", said Gauntlet. "I wonder if Marlowe would sell."

"I bet it cost a good bit", said Jeremy.

"Oh, I don't know. I expect Marlowe prigged it out of his aunt's bedroom or something. I'll offer him a quid."

"Those old things", said Jeremy, standing his legs spread and his hands in his pockets and speaking with an air of profound wisdom, "are worth lots more than a quid."

"I bet it's a fake", said Gauntlet. "They fake everything nowadays. They stick bits of wood under manure heaps and it comes out all brown, and then they punch little holes into the wood to make it worm eaten. I bet it's a fake."

The door opened and Marlowe came in. He was the type of boy who is often caricatured in stories of public school life. He was bony, ill clothed, and wore large spectacles. He had the look of an elderly and patient sheep. He resembled the sinister M. Verloc in that he seemed "to have wallowed all night on an unmade bed". He was a very quiet boy and suffered perpetual insult without complaint. He was known to the world at large as the Sheep and spent his day in an atmosphere of constantly recurring Baas.

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He did not however appear to be unhappy, unless possibly when the Centre of a Lower School football "scrum". He hated all games and read without cessation.

"Hullo Marlowe!" Gauntlet said genially. "What a ripping desk!"

"Yes, isn't it?" said Marlowe, smiling faintly.

"Do you want it?" asked Gauntlet.

"Do I want it?" repeated Marlowe, bewildered.

"Yes, wouldn't you like to sell it?"

"Oh no, thanks."

"I'll give you a quid for it."

"Oh no, thanks."

"And you could have my table and everything on it."

"Oh *no*, thanks. I wouldn't really. Thanks most awfully." Marlowe moved quickly and sat down in front of it.

"I bet it's a fake."

"Oh no, it isn't."

"I bet it is."

"It isn't really."

"You can see it is — anybody can."

"Oh no, they can't. We've had it ever so long at home."

"I'll give you a quid for it."

"Oh no, thanks."

"I will really. I'll get it from Ma Bender tonight."

"Oh *no*, thanks most awfully."

Gauntlet ceased. He would bide his time.

The passage outside the Study rocked with noise. Heavy bodies bumped against the thin woodwork, boots tramped as though they would burst the flooring, shouts and cries and yells — and then, bellowing above the babel, "Fag! Fag! Fag! Fag wanted!"

Boys were thronging Coulter's; through the open window the smack-smack of the Fives balls could be heard against the stone; and the white clouds sailed quietly on, piling now into high cumuli above the trees, looking down on the fields, the lanes, and the long sunlit plain to the sea.

There were twenty minutes before dinner. Jeremy thought he would go and see how the Upper Fields were looking.

He tumbled out into the passage. "Hullo Stocky! Stocky, you ass. . ." But he pushed through, down the stairs, along the passage until he came to the Games Board.

No, the First Game wasn't yet posted.

Terrible disappointment were he not playing! First Game at the beginning of the term consisted of two matches, Possibles v. Probables and Whites v. Colors. Four "scrum" Halves would be needed and he would be surely one of the four. Forsyte, Conrad, himself, and perhaps Haslewood. But what he wanted was that he should be in the Possibles v. Probables match. That was watched more closely than the other. Haseton, the "scrum" Half of last year's team, had left in the summer; but the danger was Forsyte who, although he hadn't been given his colors, had played for the Team on several occasions last season and was unfortunately in Bunt's House — Bunt, being Games Master, would naturally try to push him in.

"However", thought Jeremy, "of course I can't expect to play for the School this year." Nevertheless he did in his secret heart expect to. He was a better "scrum" Half than Forsyte any day. And who else was there? Conrad was a funk and Haslewood was a Three Quarter by rights.

He passed on into Coulter's and forgot all about football. It was always so with him. He never thought about anything for five minutes together. Life was much too exciting. Thoughts came and went like flashing fish in a

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pool. Anyone who fancies that either Staire or Football of the House dominated him know but little of a small boy's mind. Concentration! Concentration! Who ever knew a boy to concentrate on anything save the matter immediately in hand? And a good thing too!

He stayed for a moment and watched Halleran in the knock up Fives Game. He was in the same form now as Halleran! That hero! Comic thought! Halleran was now in his element, his great clumsy body suddenly lithe and truly proportioned. You would not have thought that anyone so heavy could move so quickly, nor his sluggish slothful countenance shine forth so intelligently!

Jeremy moved on to the Upper Fields. Behind was the grand towering pile of the School — the Chapel in its centre, the old sixteenth century house, once part of a monastery, now the Head Master's house, and then the old buildings of different periods but achieving a marvelous and beautiful proportion, stretching out like wings — high and splendid on its hill above the sea so that for many miles around it men would lift up their eyes and say, "Aye, that's Crale. Best school in the country, I reckon."

But Jeremy was not thinking of the School. He was not even thinking of the Upper Fields. He had certainly no eyes for the tawny crested trees. He did not even hear the clamp clamp of the sea against the Raglan Rocks far below him.

He was hungry, frightfully awfully hungry. He didn't care whether it was mutton and squashed flies. He didn't care what it was. He could eat anything. And after dinner he would go to Garretts, the Tuck Shop, and would have four doughnuts, three bars of pink chocolate cream, and a stick of Devona, this last warranted to endure, if sucked judiciously, for an hour at least. He turned to cross the Gridiron and — of all fearful things — ran straight into the legs and gown of the Camel himself!

The Reverend Charles Daime, headmaster for the last fifteen years of Crale, was six foot four and bony. He bent a little from the shoulders and would throw his head forward as though he were searching for something. To the Lower School he was something remote, divine, godlike. They never saw him save in Chapel and on big public occasions. The legends concerning him were as many as the sands of the sea, as for instance that he ate monkeys for his breakfast, slept on two beds end to end because one was not long enough, and knew every book that had ever been printed by heart.

They knew, however, that he was the most successful "Head" Crale had ever possessed and they worshiped him.

Jeremy choked. Folds of gown enveloped him. A cool strong hand detached him.

"Well, Cole, going to knock me down?"

So the Camel knew who he was.

"Oh, no sir!" Jeremy, crimson, giggled like an idiot.

"How's the football?"

"All right, sir."

"Glad to hear it. Glad to hear it." And the Camel swept on.

Golly! The Camel knew him! The Camel had asked about his football! The Camel knew him!

He stared like one in a dream. If he didn't play decently this term, well, he'd bury himself!

Yes, he would. He'd jolly well. . .

His hunger returned.

Upon that same afternoon at exactly four of the clock the Upper Fourth

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were sitting awaiting the entrance of their form master, Mr. Parlow.

This was the first occasion of their meeting, because on the first morning of the winter term the school divided into its various houses and did its best with a General Knowledge paper.

At the beginning of every winter term every form was born anew. Boys who had been prominent leaders during the last year had now moved into other worlds, dunces who had kicked their heels for so many months on back benches were now surprisingly promoted into the middle of the room. The New and Untried Quality were now, nervously erect, against the back wall and there they would remain until the term's close.

Jeremy Cole had his place between Askwith of Bunt's and Cumberlege of Frost's. As for weeks and weeks these two were to be his neighbors, their habits, characteristics, and personalities were of some importance to him. Askwith he had never seen before, and he decided at once that he didn't like him. He was a pale freckled boy with an ingratiating manner. Cumberlege was thick and stocky like himself; he knew him. Not a bad footballer. Stupid. Destined very possibly to play during the term the rôle of Form Fool. Parlow, Jeremy had heard, always selected someone for that office.

Four desks away was Staire looking, Jeremy considered, as "sidey" as possible. Half way down the room, lounging back against the desk behind him, was big Halleran, the Fives Captain. Some thirty boys in all.

There was a churchtime hush as the door opened and Parlow entered. Parlow was a big, stout, clean shaven man with a red face. His reputation on the whole was a good one. There was nothing against him save that he was said to make favorites, but that was considered on the whole rather human of him. He wasn't one of those "sarcastic devils" like Fynes or Mortimer. He was interested in games, gave decent teas with plenty of food, and read sometimes in form out of good books like Kipling and Haggard. He had the deuce of a temper and could be heard at times shouting right across Coulter's. He swore finely and had a sense of humor. All this Jeremy had gathered from others.

He came in, settled his bulky form behind his desk, and looked about him.

"Well, yes", he said, staring at them.

"New boys stand up!" he commanded.

They stood up.

"A nice lot. A nice, bright looking lot."

The senior boys in the form were turning round and looking at them. Jeremy wished that he were taller. His head came only just above his desk.

"Do I know any of you?"

He stared at them one by one.

"I know you, Cole. And you, Staire. Have you come here to work or play games?"

Neither answered.

"Halleran, you tell them. What do you come here for?"

Everyone giggled. Halleran mumbled in his throat.

"Well, Cole. Which is it to be?"

"Please, sir, both", said Jeremy, gulping.

"Hum, yes. . . . As this is a football term I shall keep my eyes on you. Sorry cricket is finished for the time being, Staire?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're a bright looking boy." He fixed his large round childlike eyes upon Cumberlege. "What's your name?"

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"Please sir, Cumberlege, sir."

"Yes. I hope you're smarter than you look."

A relieved laugh from the form at this. The Fool for the term had been appointed.

"Now, boys, listen to me. You've got to work. When I say work I mean exactly that — work. Great fun pretending to work. But you won't find it easy to catch me out. You can try if you like but I really advise you not to. Besides, work's worthwhile. You may think it isn't. Games much more important, the only thing in fact you come to school for. But it *isn't* the only thing. It's quite possible to do both and, as far as being useful in the world afterward goes, work will get you on quite as well as games will. But that isn't the point just now. I'm here to see that you do work and, by God, I mean to do it. That's all. Now get to it."

And they got to it.

That hour was history. Period James II and William and Mary. Parlow had a way with him of making these people live. He read to them part of Macaulay's death of Charles II. Then he told them what he thought about James II, told them very succinctly, not mincing his words. He told them something of the period — read a little Pepys and a little Evelyn. The hour was over almost before it had begun.

Outside, on the way up to the French class, Halleran stopped Jeremy.

"Hullo Kid."

"Hullo", said Jeremy, dreadfully embarrassed.

"You've got a chance of being School Half this term."

"Have I?"

"Yes you have, and I'll damned well give you a damned good hiding if you miss it."

"Thanks", said Jeremy, terribly pleased.

Going upstairs, Jeremy found himself next to Staire. It was embarrassing for both of them but Staire was, of course, complete master of the situation.

"Hullo Cole!"

"Hullo Staire."

"Had good hols?"

"Yes, thanks."

Staire spoke airily, superbly as a country gentleman might unbend graciously to one of his villagers, and Jeremy hated him for it.

"So did I. We went to Dieppe."

"Decent paddling there, isn't there?" said Jeremy and then ran swiftly upstairs.

Perhaps Staire had meant the advance as an offer of truce, but if he had, why had he spoken as though he were the King of England? Who was he anyway? Just because his father was a Baronet. Anyone could be a Baronet these days. And an odd wave of hot affection for his own father came over him, his own father of whom he was not proud, with whom he was always at odds. But he'd rather have him than Staire's father. He'd show Staire. . .

But M. Forain awaited him. M. Forain and the first chapter of "Tartarin".

By general agreement the best hours of the winter term were those that followed Last School and preceded First Prep.

Last School was over at six, First Prep was at eight. Two glorious fuggy, stuffing, guzzling, fighting hours.

They had been fine enough in the days before a Study, but now! Now when you need no longer have tea in the Dining Hall with all the Lower School of the House; when you could

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make your own toast, brew your own tea, dig into your own jam, slap on your own potted meat; when, toast in one hand, tea in the other, you could, uninterrupted by the vulgar mob, devour "Monte Cristo"; when you could listen to the rabble that kicked and pushed against the skirting of the wall and be safe and preserved against their vulgarity; when you could hear the gas so cosily hissing and the small (very small) fire so intimately spitting; when, if guests intruded upon you, you could either kick them out (good for warming the blood) or invite them in with all the courtesy of the perfect host; when, hearing that long wailing cry of "Fag!" go echoing down the passage you need no longer listen save for the luxurious memory of those old dead and vanished days of serfdom; when, if the storms were blowing up from the sea, you could hear the rain as it lashed the window panes and could fancy with what white fury the waves were now hurling themselves over the rocks far below; when you could gorge and gorge and gorge, adding strawberry jam to the next best butter, and sardines to the strawberry jam, and Dundee cake to the sardines, and chicken and ham, potted meat, to the Dundee cake; when you could hear the old school clock striking the quarters and someone singing in strident discordance and someone else mournfully practising the fiddle, and then again the grasping fingers of the wind upon the pane — ah, these were hours, blessed, noble, carefree hours!

Jeremy had the capacity beyond most mortal humans of savoring the full enjoyment of the immediate moment. When he was happy he was tremendously happy. He remembered not past unhappinesses nor the threats of the future overhanging hour. For him there were no future hours. He sunk his whole weight deep deep down into the present and there wallowed.

It was not "Monte Cristo" that he was at the moment reading, but a story, "Kronstadt", by that glorious author of "The Iron Pirate", Mr. Max Pemberton. It was a story about that fascinating country Russia with its snows and knouts, its spies and Siberia. It concerned a lovely English governess who had an unfortunate taste for abstracting private documents of the highest military importance. Jeremy thought her splendid but tiresome. He came to the end of the chapter. He pulled himself up out of Russia and surveyed the little room with an intense proprietary pleasure.

Gauntlet was absent. Marlowe was bending over his beautiful bureau, absorbed in a book.

The long spiny body, the hunched shoulders, protuding ears, intrigued Jeremy. He threw a French grammar at them. Marlowe's mild bespectacled sheep face turned toward him.

"I say — you're always reading. What'll you do when there aren't any books left?"

Marlowe giggled, his silly irritating giggle.

"There'll always be books", he said.

"Yes, but don't you ever want to do anything else?"

"Else than what?"

"Read."

Marlowe blinked behind his glasses. "I want to write."

"Write what?"

"Write stories. . . . I'm in the middle of one now. . . ." Then, suddenly perceiving the dangerous nature of his confidence: "Oh, I say Cole, you won't tell anyone will you?"

"No, I won't tell anyone. Let's see it."

Marlowe, greatly agitated, dug deep into the bureau and produced a bundle

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of dirty looking papers. Jeremy took them gingerly. On the outside page in very uneven printed letters stood:

ARNADO THE FEARLESS
A ROMANCE
OF THE DAYS OF
GUY FAWKES

There were many pages.

"Golly!" said Jeremy. "Did you write all this?"

"Yes", said Marlowe.

"Can I read it?"

"Yes, if you like." Then he urged again: "You won't tell anyone, will you? They'd rag me frightfully if they knew."

"No. Didn't I say I wouldn't? Fancy your writing all that! Where do you get it from?"

"I don't know", said Marlowe. "It just comes."

Marlowe took back his precious papers and hid them again in the desk.

Jeremy regarded him with a new interest.

"Don't you ever want to play games?"

"I hate games."

"You'll get ill one day and die", said Jeremy seriously, "if you don't play games."

"I don't care", said Marlowe defiantly. "I'd rather die than play football."

"Why are you such an ass?" inquired Jeremy. "Chaps just can't help kicking you. I don't mind you but I want to kick you often. You look such a fool."

"Yes, I know I do", said Marlowe. "But I won't be one always. I'll be remembered when everyone here will be forgotten."

"Perhaps you will", said Jeremy reflectively, "if you can write all that stuff. But it's not much use being remembered after you're dead if you're kicked all the time you're alive."

"Yes it is!" said Marlowe ardently. "Every great writer's been bullied and neglected first. You're having your time now. I'll have mine later on."

"Good heavens!" said Jeremy. "Do you think you're a great writer?"

"I'm not now", answered Marlowe modestly, "but I will be later."

Here was strange food for thought. The despised and rejected Marlowe considered himself a great swell!

He was aware with a suddenness that really startled him that when you had settled for yourself that someone was an ass the matter was not, in truth, finally decided. The Ass might have quite another opinion and, in reverse, when you thought yourself splendid someone else might think *you* an ass!

All this was interesting. In truth, Jeremy was greatly intrigued by the discovery that Marlowe was a writer. There was a side of himself of which he never consciously thought, but a side of which he was occasionally most sharply aware — something in him of which he was exceedingly shy and concerning which he would speak to no one in the world, not to Uncle Samuel, not even to himself. This was the part of him that loved the woods round Polchester, the Cathedral where once he had seen the Black Bishop, the Sea Captain in whose company he had once almost absconded, Rafiel by the sea, the Farm where as small children they had stayed in the summer, and, when it came to small things, horse chestnuts, skies of red and orange, trees blown by the wind, Orange Street shining after rain, fires of autumn leaves, spring flowers, his elder sister dressed for a party, his mother's rings, books in shining bindings, running without clothes on the sands beyond

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Rafiel, and so on and so on . . . all the things that Uncle Samuel alone in the family understood.

As he had grown and the school life had slowly, relentlessly molded him, Jeremy had become more and more ashamed of these inner stirrings. No one at school but would rag him unmercifully were they known. His most intimate friend, Jumbo Payne, had never experienced these excitements. Jeremy felt now that they were something "soppy", "girlish", weak and feeble. He would have killed them and he could, but, in spite of himself, at the oddest moments when he least expected them up they would spring, stirring him altogether unaccountably.

And now Sheep Marlowe, of all people, had moved him again! To write a real book, to write pages and pages, to give it a name, to invent it all out of your head. . . He sat there balancing on his chair, staring at that bent spiny back, those protruding ears. To be remembered after the rest were forgotten! It was a rum world. Sheep to be remembered! Sheep! A rum world! He turned with a sigh back to "Kronstadt".

(To be continued.)

LOVE'S PLANS

By W. H. Davies

I'LL go into the country now
And find a little house;
And though its eyes are small, they shall
Have heavy, leafy brows.
A house with curtains made of leaves,
Hanging from every stone;
I'll pass before the windows oft,
And it shall not be known.
I'll have a garden full of flowers,
With many a cornerplace;
Where love can learn from spiders' webs
To make her mats of lace.
And though I scorn a painted skin,
Think not my tongue could scold her,
Should such fair things as butterflies
Encourage her to powder.
And if, when I've been out with some
Bass singing, belted bee,
I take a drink or two myself —
Will she not pardon me?

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SENTIMENT FOR THE CYNICAL

By Irwin Edman

THERE is good reason why one finds so much interest — or affectation of interest — in the eighteenth century. That age of cool dry light and clear dry skepticism suits exactly the temper of the contemporary mind. The objects of our skepticism have changed, to be sure. We are no longer concerned with doubting God or miracles. We have come far beyond that to the stage where we doubt our friends, our heroes, and ourselves. Gibbon could doubt the authority of "the three divine witnesses", and bring down upon his undisturbed self a storm of theological abuse. We doubt the divine witness of our own best feelings, question the validity of our most persuasive ideals, and impugn the sincerity of those who profess or propagate them. And our latter day skepticism provokes not even the compliment of dissent, much less that of abuse.

It is easy enough to understand the cynical temper with which we approach all contemporary questions and question all contemporary motives. We are reacting, in the first place, against the bricabrac and black walnut sentimentalism of the Victorians, much as Fielding's robust good sense reacted against the rhetorical virtues of Richardson and the rest. We are rebounding against the easy secular optimism of the prewar period much as Voltaire rebelled against the easy theological optimism current in his time. Only with us it is not simple good health or good spirits that drive us to be honest in examining ourselves and our world. It is rather exacerbated nerves and unhappy sophistication. We have observed too nearly during the war and postwar years what a mess high clean words and low soiled actions could bring the map of Europe and the map of life. We have come to prefer the pain of honest surgery to the perilous narcotics of sentimental delusion.

Our realistic temper has been nourished, as it may indeed have been produced, by the new technique the psychologists have given us for looking at ourselves. Chief among these has been what may broadly be called "the new psychology". Much of it, especially in its easy popular forms, may be unsound; not a little of it may be positively false and pernicious. But in its emphasis on the physiological basis of many of our moods and hopes, it has rendered forever impossible silly exaltation and unsubstantial rhetoric about ourselves. One cannot read or write a love lyric now without a little self consciousness about glands and hormones. The highest reaches of emotion have their obscene little obbligati of awareness. Thoughts of God become juxtaposed with thoughts of sex, and even the common reader knows a lot about the seamy side of ecstasy.

It is perhaps good that this should be so. No mere mania can be passed off any longer as religious rapture, and no mere physiological excitement can parade as romance. We may borrow the language of the angels, but we have been taught to recognize our kinship to the apes. It has freed us of much non-

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sence about nobility, and has made possible a literature without tears.

But from other quarters have come even more serious instruments of doubt. The new "intimate" schools of biography and history have made us hesitate to take anyone, even if he be of the alleged great ones of the earth, more seriously than we take ourselves or our friends. The great marble statues of the heroic tradition have been badly weatherbeaten by the salt winds of contemporary inquiry. Great generals become cowards in uniform, and great statesmen backstairs politicians on parade. There is an almost ghoulish glee in the way in which the new biographers have been making for us the discovery that the greatness we admired is nothing but a mirage made by time. Reverence is one of the emotions most conscientiously avoided by the hard new historians. Thus we have a life of Shelley in which we are shown, not the poet who soars like his own Skylark, but an amusingly foolish little adolescent who might have been a thousand other fools as well as Shelley. We are asked to remember, not the Wordsworth who gave us "the light that never was on sea or land, the consecration, and the poet's dream", but the Wordsworth who when old was dull and testy, and when young was the father of an illegitimate child. We are reminded, not of a Washington who after all did lead a Revolution and found a country — and that our own — but of a petty English squire by accident dining and gambling and swearing in Virginia instead of Surrey.

Nor is it only the great ones of the past about whom we have been receiving inside information until it hurts. There were those nearer great ones in the gullible days only recently past who seemed to illustrate the principle that a divinity might touch a man even if he happened to be alive and to be one of ours. It is a persistent romanticist who can still keep his idols of ten years ago in the face of the flood of "frank" memoirs that have risen since the war.

But perhaps most devastating of all to our credulities is the recent withering analysis of our traditional virtues. Love of country? Any schoolboy reared on the newer history textbooks knows in what capitalistic quarters that useful instrument of imperialism has been manufactured. Family devotion? One smiles a little sadly at that. How many novels one seems to remember reading of late where family love was a killing clannishness kept up in the interests of a selfish father or mother or son. Friendship? The callow rhetoric of adolescence or the mutual endurance of people thrown inevitably into one another's society. Or of late there has been added the dark whisper of some incipient sexual perversion that lies behind any uncommon display of affection. Local pride, sentiment for places or things, excitement before pictures or poems, humility before age or kindling before youth — one voices these emotions at one's peril in the neighborhood of the contemporary satirist or in the awareness of one's own mind. The neurologist is called in to deal with cases of nobility, and sweetness will be greeted with a snicker.

Of course, on acquaintance, many of the professional cynics become, though it would turn their stomachs to be told so, quite dear people. They exemplify all the virtues which they professionally detest. They are — and Lord how they hate to admit it — good citizens, good lovers, good sons, and good friends. Their heads may be filled with all the antiseptics of modern knowledge; they persist in keeping that outmoded organ once known as the human heart. Those hearts are what

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one would once unashamedly have called good. Their own lives are often sufficient illustration of the fact that the sentiments they deride with such gusto continue to function in the world.

It might be the part of honesty and precision to face the actuality of these sentiments as part of a well furnished realism. Talk as much as one pleases of hormones, people continue to fall in love and love continues for the nonce to transfigure their faces and their worlds. Bring on all the statistics of imperialism, and the sentiment of nationalism remains a fact, often a beautiful and stirring one, very like love indeed in its beauty and its possible disaster. The Rupert Brookes continue to love their England and sing of their love; the peasants of France persist in cherishing that corner of earth which is their life. Even cynics still found families, and love their parents and their sons. They recall with reluctant delight domestic foyers they have known that in their charm and mutual generosity and tolerance seemed indefeasible goods of a very dubious planet. The wise ones know that friendship is for profit; the scientists suspect its physical basis. Yet that conspiracy of vision and identity of mood in which friendship consists, continues to delude men. Friendship remains a naive type of human satisfaction, an alliance at once intimate and free.

Now all these sentimental attachments may be foolish or they may be sinister. But they exist. They may be cruel and dangerous but they are compulsive. Any philosophy of life that leaves them out of account is as romantically distant from the facts as though it were bathed in sentimentality. For surely one of the worst forms of sentimentality is the denial of the operative power of sentiments in the economy of mankind.

Not but that one might wish that sentiment in human relations played a much less conspicuous rôle. Wars might certainly become less imminent if the sentiment of nationalism were less influential a fact. Lives might be serener, as Lucretius long ago bitterly insisted, if men were freed from the cancer of love. It is conceivable, too, from the standpoint of a truly adult humanity, that a life lived on the plane of pure intelligence might be altogether subtler and incomparably more steady in its joy. A race of passionless minds might in its cool and transparent unconcern move clearly among eternal issues, and survey untarnishable goods. Experience might become a pure mathematics; as clear and conclusive as a syllogism. From that high untroubled altitude how hysterical might seem all our little excitements, how childish our hopes and trivial our oscillating passions.

Thoreau says somewhere, what a pity it is that water however sweet turns putrid, but frozen it remains forever. Certainly it might be better if men were cool blocks of ice, forever frozen and forever pure. Society would be the free relationship of minds in logical play with each other. One would be free from all those little perturbations of spirit that make one long for an absent lover or friend. One companion would do as well as another or none would do equally well, since one would have the constant cold companionship of one's own thoughts.

It is the metaphysician's dream of a society of pure intelligence that lies behind some of the contemporary contempt for emotion. Perhaps only those who, like philosophers, have moved by habit in that realm know what its austere pleasures are. For the passion for detachment is itself a passion, though a rare one, and the

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adventure of thought a true adventure though open to few.

But there is a more general human argument against susceptibility to promiscuous emotion. It is the grown man's distaste for hysteria or sloppiness. Like the rationalists of the eighteenth century we have come to dread all forms of that sentimentalism that used in the eighteenth century to be dismissed as "enthusiasm". It is not that we wish to deny or to abolish emotion. We resent its waste, its excess, or its imitation. The most passionate music is not the most luscious; a great violinist scorns the tremolo. Beethoven speaks more quietly but no less intensely than Tschaikowsky; pathos is not limited to symphonies labeled Pathétique. The classic lyrics are chiseled understatements of emotion.

"I loved you, Athos, once, long ago", wrote Sappho, and the feeling in that simple declarative is not diminished or lost in a sea of sentimental exposition. The contemporary mind, sick of all the lush bravura of emotion, has conceived an ideal of tempered control.

But to control passion, there must be passion to control. If silent men are strong, it is on the supposition that they might say something if they would. And passion under discipline is widely different from the highly romantic dream of a passionless world.

There are already signs of a revolt against the new puritanism which confuses aridity with strength and anæmia with power. There is a growing recognition even among scientists of the reality of that world of sentiments among which most human beings have their most vivid lives.

The sentiments of man are, after all, older and deeper than his reason. The "really real" elements of a man's world are those features of his experience realized in the intimacy of emotion. Descartes wished to found a philosophy solely on "clear and distinct ideas". But it may well be, in the light of modern knowledge, that ideas are not the basic materials out of which to construct a philosophy. The world that we know through our intelligence is woven out of the most tenuous and most secondary of abstractions. The color of a sunset or the voice of a friend is metaphysically more real than the structure of atoms or the velocity of light. The first are individual, concrete, and alive; the second are skeletal generalities. All that our minds can give us is a dead abstraction of what comes to us in the tang and pressure of a given moment. What we call emotions or what we dismiss as sentiments is simply inward awareness of the most intensely real outer events in our lives.

The prestige of science has misled us into supposing that there is something more metaphysically respectable about atoms than about ambitions; about diagrams than about moods. But the common man knows better and the scientists are beginning to. Space and time, matter and motion, physical circumstances and economic laws — these are the formulas, not the stuff, of our experience. Many a man feels he has moved from shadow to substance at a flash of poetry or at the birth of love. Neither science nor satire can exhaust "reality" without taking into account those heightened moments in which reality is intimately touched by living men. In those emotions we have come to despise, when our routine moments are ennobled with "something far more deeply interfused", an adequate realism will have to find part of its material. For it is among these emotionally heightened moments that all, save a few mocking spirits, find their most adequate life.

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RICHARD COEUR-DE-LION

By Ramon Guthrie

Illustrated by Clifford Pyle

RICHARD damned by ring and book,
Richard saved by hook or crook,
Richard cursed and Richard praised,
Richard laughing and amazed
At way of all the things that be,
Rides London now in effigy.

Stone at foot and stone at head
Lie and call King Richard dead.
Scabrous Latin tomes proclaim
Richard's lust and Richard's shame.
Clanging chronicles have shed
Pallid glory on his head.

But I, when wine was in my veins,
Have seen him poke in Poitou lanes,
And once I saw at misty dawn
His footprints on a castle lawn.
Lady, that shape you thought a faun,
A satyr or a monstrous elf —
I swear, and know whereof I speak,
That it was Richard's self.

England's dank and England's drear,
Where should Richard be but here?
England's smug and dull and cold,
He'd have sold the realm for gold.
Richard loved a song and jest,
Silken shoulder, onyx breast.
Hell's mullions melt to eager wills —
How should Richard's spirit rest
But roaming Poitou hills?

There is Chalus where he fell,
A quarrel in the throat
That had drunk enough of wine
To fill a castle moat.
What could Sèvres' valley tell
Of him and of his line,
Men who held their folly dear?
Things too wicked for your ear
And much too good for mine!

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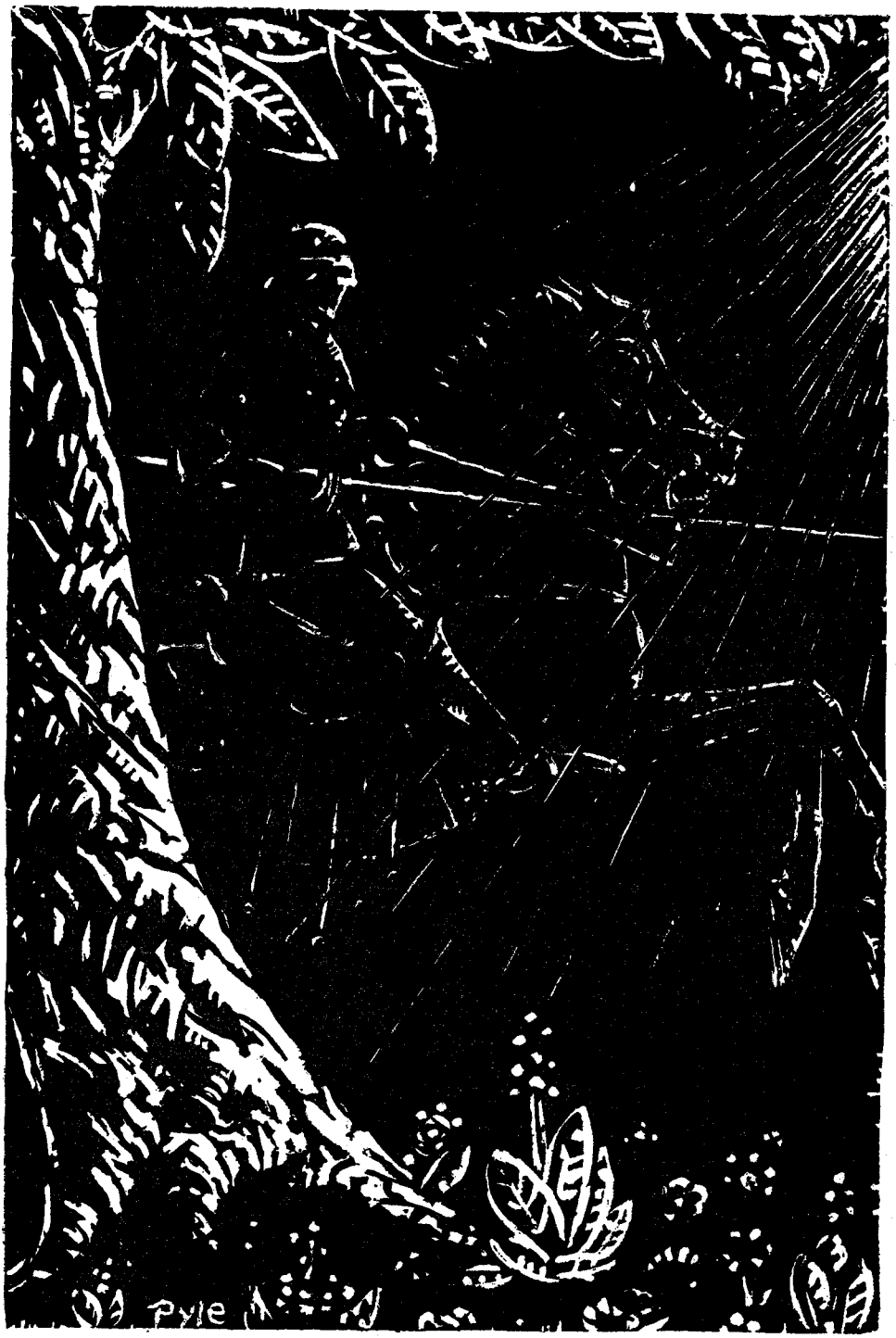

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OPPORTUNITIES IN THE THEATRE *

By David Belasco

THE stage, as a pathway to fame and fortune, is a rocky, bramble strewn trail, suitable only for the feet of the brave. Between the bottom and the summit there are no "green pastures and still waters". Those who pause by the way find their resting place is the Oasis of Defeat.

Fifty years of stage activity have brought me to one definite finding concerning the stage as a career: that the first essential is the player urge. Great artists, poets, writers, and musicians become great because they have from within the uncontrollable urge to follow those lines of activity. So it is with the stage. If the inborn talent does not exist, then success is impossible. True, the expert director may take anyone of ordinary intelligence and, by dint of repeated instruction, teach that person to parrot lines and to proceed mechanically through specified movements, but the product is not — cannot be — a natural player.

The second essential qualification is the fiery ambition to reach the top. Without the willingness to sacrifice pleasure, the delights of society, and man's natural inclination to play, the actor might as well seek some other outlet for his activities. It is certain that the same effort applied in a commercial line would bring equal if not greater financial return.

Probably the best example of ambition and determination, coupled with inborn talent, is the career of E. H. Sothern. The son of a noted actor of the last century, Mr. Sothern inherited, unquestionably, a great talent. He appeared first in one of his father's companies, but by dint of unbelievable effort he soon gained marked recognition here and in England. His rise was rapid and deserved. Equipped with a charming personality and his splendid talent, Mr. Sothern filled all of the specifications of the "matinée idol". But adulation did not affect him. Resolutely he turned his back on everything calculated to distract his attention and, while other and less talented players were basking in the public eye, Mr. Sothern was closeted with the classics — fitting himself for new and better rôles. As a result he became the leading romantic actor of his day, and later was one of the foremost interpreters of Shakespearian drama.

I cite this instance to drive home the thought that sacrifice must be one of the dominant notes of the actor's life. He must resolve to be a student — even at the expense of pleasures, social relationships, and, if need be, the delights of home and club association.

Men say I have achieved success. Some even point to me as one whose pathway has been made easy through inherited talent, for my father was a player in old London-town. To these I reply that success means hard work, and hours of toil a day laborer would refuse to consider. I seldom work less than sixteen hours daily; usually my task requires eighteen hours.

It would be difficult — well nigh impossible — to lay down a definite set

* One of a series of essays from a forthcoming book on careers edited by Edward L. Bernays.

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of the stage requirements. What would be an essential for the professions might mean little for the stage. I have always found the humbler walks of life a fine recruiting ground for the theatre. It is true that a majority of our greatest players have been self taught, and that few born with the proverbial golden spoon in their mouths have reached the heights.

Some of the worst stage failures I have encountered have been trained professional men who, scoring failure in their chosen work, have turned to the stage for their second choice. They had been trained in the social and professional arts, but they lacked the courage the stage requires of its devotees. Many young men from the ordinary walks of life — but equipped with the urge of the player — have outstripped those others who lacked basic talent and real bravery.

Next to the player urge and a high ambition, I look for sincerity. Without this quality there can be no ambition. In the ordinary run of theatrical work, there is much leisure time for the actor who is not a worker. This, coupled with other conditions peculiar to the stage, gives a continued temptation to indolence which only the workers can resist. A play established in a city for a long run or a road company making extended journeys both provide these leisure hours.

Such opportunities as these will be utilized by the thoroughly ambitious ones for study and assimilation of new rôles, for familiarizing themselves with the classic parts of the world's great plays. I can walk through the dressing rooms of a theatre or the Pullmans of a train, and sort out the dramatic wheat from the chaff of laziness in any company. Certainly one can find nothing ridiculous in a comedian memorizing Hamlet's soliloquy, in the hope that some day opportunity will come for him to desert clowning for the more serious parts.

Something can be done for self improvement every hour of the day, since the time consumed by actual appearances on the stage comprises but a small portion of each day. Great help may be gained through careful observation at rehearsals, particularly by watching the training of all other members of the company.

An actor must expect to study at least as much as do persons in other professions. It is well for him to learn proficiency in singing, dancing, and fencing. He should acquire a knowledge of the languages and should read standard literature, both narrative and dramatic. He should accustom himself to observe and interpret the life about him, for if his profession is to be that of interpreting life, he must have a deep understanding of human nature. Life and humanity may be studied anywhere — in the crowded city streets, the trains, the crowds about the theatres. There is a lesson to be learned in every avenue and every slum. Likewise the actor must increase his vocabulary, taking care that his pronunciation is accurate. Nothing is more ridiculous than a mispronounced word, particularly one taken from another language.

Above all, actors in the making should take every possible opportunity to see other players and to visit the opera. These performances will be a living evidence of what must be achieved. At the same time one can learn what not to do by watching a poor player struggling with the demands of his rôle.

The lonely life of the student is but one of the many sacrifices the player must endure if he is to climb. Often he cannot be a citizen of any definite

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locality, and thus is denied the social activities so dear to the heart of the average householder. The delights of growing friendships, except among his own stage associates, often are made quite impossible. He is a wanderer on the face of the earth.

Of course there are compensations. In no other profession is ability recognized so quickly or rewarded so richly. The actor has the personal satisfaction of artistic triumph, the task well performed. This satisfaction, priceless because it cannot be bought, is a part of the instinct of the true artist. It is comparable to the exultation of the poet, the painter, or the sculptor who sees dream ideas assume the divinity of perfect reality. The actor sees his completed work and is given credit for its perfection at the time of completion — not after death.

The material rewards also are high. Men and women incapable of earning more than a livelihood in other lines of endeavor are receiving hundreds — sometimes thousands — of dollars weekly for their stage talent. The scale of remuneration has advanced by leaps and bounds in the last few years. A player of ordinary ability today often receives twenty times what those of like ability were paid twenty years ago. Stars, in addition to a guaranteed salary of many hundred dollars weekly, often receive a percentage of the box office receipts — this without the investment of a penny or any responsibility in the event of losses.

And now, for the sake of aiding the young with stage aspirations, let us turn to the question of how to find the place of beginning. France with her Paris Conservatoire has a definite method of developing stage talent and then giving aspirants actual experience before they seek employment with established producers. Our stage would be aided, I believe, if a similar institution existed here.

In the place of the Conservatoire we have dramatic schools. Some are good, some are bad; others merely negligible. The good ones, as is the case with business colleges and schools of journalism, teach theory in generous quantity. The great disadvantage is that the average producer's theory does not jibe, always, with the theories of the instructors at the dramatic schools, with the result that graduates have to relearn many of their lessons. However, in simple justice to the worthy ones in this field of endeavor, I would say that the same condition often exists when the player changes from one producer to another. What to one maker of plays is a vast essential, to another is merely something to be ignored. Actually I have put in more time and effort causing actors to unlearn some of their established stage habits, than I have given to instruction of raw amateurs.

The stock companies, musical comedy, and sometimes vaudeville and burlesque provide the fishing place for producers in search of new talent. Personally I make it a point to see as many promising amateurs at my studio as my time permits. But there is something in the routine of stock acting which has the merit of teaching the young player much about play mechanics as well as the necessity for hard work. The stock actor, while giving at least eight performances weekly of one play, is studying and rehearsing the next week's part in a different piece. This is a fixed routine; and after a season or so of such work, whatever of talent the young actor may possess must show on the surface.

It was thus I discovered Frances Starr. She was playing in a small, uptown New York stock company and

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I, following my invariable custom, had gone to see what possible new material might be there for me. Miss Starr had a rôle which, for a few moments, threw on her youthful shoulders the entire burden of sustained interest. So well did she acquit herself that I sent for her, offered her a contract — and carried her to stardom in an incredibly short time.

Fannie Brice, my newest star, earned my interest by her superb impersonations and unquestioned talent. She comes to me from musical comedy, a place she earned through ambition and hard work.

Lenore Ulric, my bright and particular feminine star, was a graduate of stock, coming under my direction at a time when her flaming talent was still undeveloped. Today she carries a rôle few players could face, even from the standpoint of its physical demands.

The American system, generally, is for the player to come to the stage untutored. The length of his primary training is determined by his adaptability, the amount of effort put forth in study, and the rapidity with which he achieves poise, good diction, and the ability to interpret rôles by actually living the character. At the beginning he cannot expect more than a few words — at most a few spoken lines.

I would rather take the untrained young man and instruct him from the beginning, than to have to undo faulty work of others, or, worse still, the oddities and stage mannerisms the student often evolves out of his independent theorizing while gaining stage experience. The dramatic producer must have a special ability to mold and develop the actor to suit his immediate purpose, and I have found the talented amateur exceedingly fertile ground for such instruction. It is thus that the real actor most often is developed, by a succession of increasingly important parts studied under the direction of a producer who will be satisfied with nothing but perfection.

But the peculiar dramatic qualities which are combined in the great artist must be born in him. Among these are the higher emotional and dramatic qualities. They must be natural gifts. No process of training can develop histrionic genius which already does not exist in latent form.

Nor is there any common denominator in the matter of stage training. No two persons can be taught alike. The means adopted must be as varied as the temperaments, intelligences, and personalities of the actors subject to them. Individuality always must be preserved; it is the essential possession of the great artist.

Successful instruction requires from the student the ability to react to direction willingly and with the maximum of cooperation. Sullen amateurs, resentful of correction, have no place on the stage. They invariably fall short of success because they interpose a wall of obstinacy between themselves and their directors. I do not mean that there must be an army type of discipline, but it is essential that there be a perfect community of interest and understanding between student and director. Even the quality of ambition must be tempered by that of patience, for progress up Fame's ladder necessarily must be slow.

It is impossible to lay down any rule covering the novitiate as it applies to individuals. The brilliant ones may be playing fairly important parts within a year or so — possibly to be surpassed later by the plodders who have developed more slowly. The flashy ones usually are those with the strong imaginations. The plodders may serve years in minor parts, but eventually

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some rôle captures their fancy and they give it a fire and depth of realism they had not displayed before.

Likewise it is impossible to set forth any rule governing the proper age for entrance on a stage career. Ernest Truex, Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, Ernest Lawford, Wilda Bennett, and Regina Wallace were mere children when they played in my "Good Little Devil" company in 1913. And Mary Pickford had played five years earlier in "The Warrens of Virginia", really her first noteworthy rôle. Yet I do not espouse the cause of the child actor as a general rule. It seems to me better that the individuality should develop normally away from the footlights, for stage children so often seem blasé and faded before the first bloom of their youth is worn off. But if the talent is there and necessity demands, there is no reason why it should not be permitted to manifest itself.

The fields open to the student are, generally speaking, the legitimate stage (individual productions and stock), vaudeville, musical comedy, and burlesque. These again are divisible into types such as dramatic, comedy, farce, light and heavy character work, and utility rôles. Whatever of talent the individual may possess will fall automatically into some of these divisions primarily. That is the reason I stress the necessity for continued study and effort; there cannot be progress without them.

I know little of the burlesque field, though it was from this division that I recruited David Warfield. He could not have risen to stardom in "The Music Master", "The Return of Peter Grimm", and "The Merchant of Venice", even with the most astute direction, if he had not been possessed of talent and ambition. Naturally, as a dramatic producer, I am inclined to look on burlesque, vaudeville, and musical comedy as preparatory fields for the more serious business of the stage. Each, on that basis, gives a preparatory background for the individual.

After all, that is the principal requirement. New York producers seek for their offerings players with metropolitan experience. Few novices are enrolled in the Broadway plays. It follows, therefore, that even the slimmest of opportunities may well be embraced by the student as a starting point. The young player with a driving ambition soon will find a means of bettering his position in his chosen profession.

The remuneration of the student player ranges from nothing a week to a sum barely caring for laundry, carfares, and maintenance. The star's compensation in many cases is a thousand dollars a week, and ten per cent of the gross if that exceeds ten thousand dollars weekly. Between these two figures is the salary of the rest of the stage army. Talent counts for much, experience is a sizable factor, and the fitness of the individual for a particular rôle represents the remainder of the percentage. Take two players of nearly the same ability, and we find one receiving one hundred dollars a week, the other a hundred and fifty. Why? The need of the producer for a particular type, or some little quirk of personality the second possesses over the first.

The theatre offers lifetime employment to successful players, since there is a field for the aged as well as the young and the middle aged. Always there is a demand for "old man" and "old woman" character actors. And as experience ripens, many are drafted for associate directors, prompters, and the other work of the stage with which

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the public never comes in contact. Some of the more capable actors even develop into "play doctors" and playwrights — as witness the case of Willard Mack, whom I consider one of the most capable actors on the American stage today. Mr. Mack is the author of several splendid plays. He it was who adapted my play "The Dove" from a magazine story by Gerald Beaumont. He has succeeded because he has talent, ambition, and sufficient will power to smash his way through obstacles to the heights.

I am asked constantly, "How can I get on the stage?"

A question as easily answered is, "How can I become a multimillionaire?"

The recipe is simple. It summarizes what I already have said.

Seek out an opening, no matter how mean. Accept the task which comes to hand, and do it a little better than anyone else can. Prepare each day for the better thing of tomorrow, and opportunity will not find you wanting. There is a lot of plodding, plenty of discouragement in stage work, but, like success in the commercial world, advancement comes through doing the job in hand joyously and efficiently.

The principal factor is common sense. No man may expect to be a great surgeon without a long period of preparation. The budding actor must "go to school" wherever opportunity permits before he can matriculate in the great university of the Broadway production.

On the economic side the stage offers some disadvantages. To illustrate: Workers in commercial fields are assured of year round activity with pay for vacation time. The average player does well to get in forty weeks of paid employment each twelvemonth. This leaves at least twelve weeks of unproductive time each year. The conservative player will have provided savings to cover this period and, after the season closes, will so mix work and play that he derives physical benefits while advancing his stage knowledge.

Another material obstacle is the risk of productions which prove to be early failures. The percentage of these, considering the great annual crop of plays, is startlingly large. It is a serious blow to the young player who is engaged for a production to go through the rehearsal period and then, after a few days or weeks of failing business, find his play closed and himself "at leisure". But these purely material obstacles mean nothing more to the real actor than they do to the writer, the artist, or the musician. They are a part of the indicated hazard to anyone following a career based on what men call talent. The really worthwhile actor merely says to himself, "Hard luck!" — and casts about for new opportunity, fully determined that nothing shall prevent his success.

One thing is certain. Money cannot buy preferment except that it may provide competent coaches to aid the young actor in preparing for difficult rôles. No producer with the real good of the stage at heart ever will consider giving a rôle to a player novice merely because that person is in a position to invest a few thousand dollars in a production. The public is quick to sense amateurishness, and often the success of plays is menaced by a single actor whose ability is below the company standard. Ability — and ability only — is the item which counts in stage success. As I already have indicated, ability must be founded on natural talent, ambition, and studiousness. Ambition is the fire which makes effort, and effort, properly directed, will

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bring out ability if the basic talent is there to begin with.

Again I want to warn all prospective recruits to the stage that the theatre does not offer the easiest way to fame and fortune. It may seem to the novice that anyone can learn to walk across a stage, to parrot a few lines, and to wear handsome garments — but in reality it is this class which provides a majority of stage failures. The stage of today is demanding higher and higher ability from its players. Trickery and "hokum", those good old refuges of the producers of years agone, are things of the past. Naturalness, poise, and realism have taken the place of ranting, strutting, and false emotionalism. Much of the mystery of the stage has been dispelled, and in its place is the law of realistic portrayal of life as it is. The greater the individual's knowledge of life, of human types and man's reactions to varied emotions, the more certain he is to be fitted for important stage rôles. How, then, can anyone meet these requirements without careful study and preparation, and without learning to live characters rather than to simulate them?

There is a definite place on the stage today for young men provided they feel that only the stage offers the true outlet for their talents. Such will not be denied; no obstacle can hold them back. But to succeed, they must have the consciousness of talent, the fiery ambition of which I have written, coupled with patience and the willingness to sacrifice comfort, social ambition — everything else.

I fear I have not drawn an attractive picture of the stage as a life work, but to be unduly optimistic would be to break faith with my trust. There is no place for the lazy, the curious, or the thrill hunter. Like the musician, the surgeon, and the artist, the true actor will remain a student always. Given the consciousness of talent and the willingness to work and sacrifice, the stage offers young men the white flame of success, great material gain — and above all, the glow that comes of artistic achievement. But the road is long and rough: a pathway only for the brave.

THE FOOLISH VIRGINS

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

UPSTAIRS, the seven virgins sweetly sing
Whose limbs have grown like lilies tall and white;
They hold the room the Bridegroom set for them
Because they kept their wedding lamps alight.

But on the stairs the other seven still
Loiter and sing as sweet as those above;
Their lamps are out, but shadows bring them bliss
And every idle moth a grace to love.

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AN OUTLINE OF "CULTURE"

By Robert L. Duffus

BEFORE history goes out of fashion someone should write an outline of "culture". I have defaced the word with quotation marks to show that it does not refer to that freedom of the spirit sought during so many centuries by Plato, Horace, Abelard, Montaigne, Thoreau, and Matthew Arnold. It signifies, rather, what the Victorians were accustomed to describe as the genteel and elegant — that counterfeit which is not serenity, nor love of beauty, nor harmony of intellect and emotion, but something very like one of those dickeys which old fashioned gentlemen of an economical turn used to stick inside their vests in lieu of a shirt. We have it with us in this third decade of the twentieth century in America as it has not existed elsewhere under the sun. It is democracy's latest and most florid burgeoning — so deceptive at times that the dickey is mistaken for an entire shirt, with sleeves and a tail.

Culture, in a more accurate sense, is once in a great while the badge of a leisure class, though since it is much easier to put on a red coat and go hunting, or a blue coat and go sailing, than it is to stay at home and get in tune with the infinite, not all leisure classes are cultured. But that hardly matters, so far as our present purposes are concerned. Whether the top layer of society is cultured or merely "cultured", the layers just below will ape its manners, language, clothing, and æsthetic manifestations to the limit of their ability. Since it is difficult to do this perfectly there will always be, in any social system where castes are beginning to break down, a large element who, like poor Mr. Salteena, are not quite gentlemen. They will eat their dinners almost correctly, they will say almost the right thing when they are introduced, their ties will almost harmonize with their suits — or, yet worse, harmonize a shade too well. Aware of this deficiency, they will struggle to correct it. But the golden bauble will always be beyond their outstretched fingers. And it is within this social penumbra that "culture" — which, after all, has a glitter to it — profusely flourishes.

The phenomenon is probably as old as the first human society in which, as Professor Veblen might say, the evidence of an unproductive expenditure of time was a source of meritorious distinction. There must have been eager strivers after the genteel in the valley of the Nile and the delta lands of Mesopotamia as soon as a system of society had been evolved which permitted a handful of men to reap where they had not sowed. But "culture" would always have been marked at times when the social establishment — or its substratum, the economic organization — was in process of upheaval. During such periods the lower orders, instead of staying where God had put them, would be trying to crowd into the company of their betters. In the ancient world this did not happen often, because the conception of democracy had not been invented. The

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nearest analogy to it is the invasion of a settled and civilized country by barbarians. What followed on such occasions is an historical commonplace. The invaders at first were brutal, uncouth, and virile. Later they began to improve themselves by reading five foot shelves of classics and using soap, grew decadent and effeminate, and were conquered by new and totally uncultivated barbarians. But this was not, as some historians have supposed, because they became civilized. It was because they took over the husks and cobs of civilization without its meat — because they went in for "culture" instead of culture.

But this was a haphazard and discontinuous process. "Culture" could not gain a firm foothold in the world until the doctrines of Voltaire and Rousseau, of Hobbes and Milton, of Jefferson and Tom Paine, had been widely accepted. Or, if we are fond of machinery, we may lay the responsibility at the door of the steam engine. These twin influences broke the back of caste in the western world; multitudes started climbing in the economic and social scale, and in doing so became aware of cultural deficiencies which had not previously caused them pain. They also had more time on their hands and, human as they were, wanted to fill it in uselessly and decoratively, after the manner of the aristocrats. For every head chopped off under the guillotine a million were befuddled by the diffusion of aristocratic learning. Men who had known the clean culture of the sea, of the pregnant earth, women who had nursed their babies and their kitchen gardens with the same simple devotion, now felt themselves under the necessity of taking on more refined tastes. But the nature of these tastes was immaterial. They were token coins, of no significance except as they denoted a level in the social scale.

Aristocratic culture, like other aristocratic mannerisms, had originally been developed to distinguish the upper classes from the remainder of the population. But education during the nineteenth century carried the aristocratic tradition among the democratic masses. As the enthusiasts saw it, all children were to be brought up like little lords and ladies. In theory there was nothing wrong with this enterprise. Practically, however, the aristocratic aim in education had been to create a sensation of superiority. To achieve this result under a system of universal education was manifestly impossible. Citizens in a democracy could be free and equal, perhaps, but they could not be free and superior. No wonder the schools lost their way — and, taken by and large, have not found it yet. But the vague general dissatisfaction with common school education has shown itself in a demand, not for a different kind or a better quality, but for a greater quantity. Hence the multiplication of high schools and the deluge of students which has swamped the colleges and universities. The weight of evidence is that the greater number of these students seek "culture", as they would go after the technical equipment of law or engineering, because of its usefulness toward a monetary or social success.

Of course the formal scheme of education has not been alone in this missionary work, though it seems to have been first. The hankering after culture showed itself in America, quite early in the last century, in a system of itinerant lecturers, of which the oracular Emerson was one of the finest products. What Emerson had to offer was a highly civilized commodity. The illusion lay in the belief that he could pass it on, complete and unimpaired, in the course

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of an evening's talk. Others, including the first trickle of the present flood of British author-lecturers, followed hungrily in his footsteps. Then came the Chautauquas, with their artful blending of the edifying, the instructive, and the diverting. Coincidently the old fashioned sewing circle met a good fairy one day and was transformed into a study club, at which repatriated travelers told of their experiences in Paris or even in Greece, and earnest ladies read papers cribbed from the tenth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. An aura of piety surrounded these enterprises. They seemed so obviously the right, the commendable thing. They gave one a cosmopolitan feeling, even though one were obliged to pass one's days in Vermont or Iowa. They provided one with what stage people call a patter. But no one ever went away from them to kneel, shoeless and in awe, before the Burning Bush.

There still remained a large and unexploited field for the buying and selling of culture. A wave of prosperity, unprecedented in all history, swept down upon us. Sons and daughters of immigrants, and of half starved pioneers, put on white collars and stopped work at five o'clock. By any other than American standards wages were fabulous. The former middle classes became plutocratic, the former working classes bourgeois. Naturally each wished to consolidate itself in its new position. It was equally natural, if my argument is valid, that each should experience a sudden and acute desire for what it took to be culture — a desire for better mental tailoring. At any rate this is what happened. American business, wide awake as usual, hastened to satisfy the new need, just as it was satisfying the need for chewing gum and motor cars.

The most noteworthy of the early adventures in the culture industry was the exploitation of Dr. Eliot's five foot shelf. The real value of this collection was undeniable, though it was always possible that what was the good doctor's meat would be a lesser man's poison. But Dr. Eliot's culture was handed out by his publishers as though it were a patent medicine. We were to massage a little gently into our scalps with a rotary motion every night before going to bed, and after a while even our best friends would have nothing that they shrank from telling us. Besides, we should be too busy telling things to them. Of course the whole notion was hopelessly barbaric. It was fetish worship, pure and simple. I am willing to venture the axiom that anyone who thinks that he can become civilized by the reading of a set of books, no matter how thick and wide and tall they are, hasn't the faintest glimmering of an idea as to what civilization is. For Dr. Eliot it was a luminous and lovely way of life. But for thousands who read his five foot shelf it could have been no better than an incantation. They could more profitably have spent their time looking at the stars, or at grass on a wind swept hill, or at waves on a drift strewn beach. For there is a culture in these things, a culture in hammering houses together, a culture in running locomotives, a culture in knowing where the schools of mackerel are headed and how the wind will blow for twelve hours to come, a culture, even, in curing a Ford car of a fit of hiccoughs. Culture is an insight into the heart of life, which one may experience halfway up a cliff or halfway down a mine or quarter way through Plato's "Republic", but nearly always when one is not looking for it.

But the *Kulturkampf* in America (if this word is permissible under the

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terms of the Treaty of Versailles) did not halt for such considerations. The nation was bent upon improving itself. It was determined to whiten its teeth, to sweeten its breath, to learn to dance and play the saxophone, to prepare itself by mail for the other fellow's job, to keep its hair — to pretend, in short, that it came of royal blood, even though the middle western muck was still upon its boots or the dust of European slums behind its ears. This became the great American sport. The advertising writers whooped it up. They produced things like this, which I take at random from a contemporary publication:

> What is Culture? Culture, in its final analysis, is knowledge. How to dress and speak; how to attract the right sort of people; how to make visits, and how to entertain, and how to give a cultural impression on all occasions. . . . Why don't you enrich your personality and acquire new poise and assurance by giving yourself a fine cultural background? Why don't you make yourself appealing, likeable — to all people? Why don't you acquire the culture that you simply must have to feel at home in any society, at ease in any gathering?

Why don't you, the author of such a paragraph might just as well have added, learn to stand on your head and balance eels on your nose? Nor is this so fantastic as it seems. Any number of persons who now read certain books, listen to certain pieces of music, or look at certain pictures because they are told the effect is cultural would, I am certain, quite as cheerfully and profitably take up eel balancing if they had the same assurance. In fact, eel balancing would do them more good, for, as every eel balancer knows, the feat demands an extremely difficult coordination of mind and muscle.

For the fatal defect, the fundamental immorality of "culture" is that it is too easy — that it is an attempt to get something for nothing. Our Yankee shrewdness comes out even in our quest of the intangible. We will not buy an acquaintance with literature, art, science, history, or philosophy by years of passionate study, but if you seem to offer it to us in a single volume, even though quite a bulky one, we close an eye at your simplicity and purchase it. We like our learning, as we do our breakfast food, predigested. We look upon H. G. Wells, Professor Thomson, Mr. Van Loon, and Mr. Durant as so many mills grinding merrily away for our benefit. And we are blissfully unaware that it is the grinding that is important, not the grist.

I do not wish to be construed as making an attack upon "culture". The harm is not in the thing itself — indeed, there is much good in it — but in the notion that it is a satisfactory substitute for something else. I wish to advance the thesis that culture cannot be attained in fifteen minutes a day or in a minute less than every minute of one's waking time. It cannot be attained easily, it cannot be attained altogether joyously. It has its austere and terrible moments. It demands that we confront unflinchingly a number of bitter facts about the relation between ourselves and the universe. It is an adventure which requires courage and serenity at times when we feel more like whimpering in the dark. It is joining forces with Ahuramazda in the eternal struggle to bring light, meaning, and loveliness into the sunless chaos.

This struggle is not remote. I have seen the scars of it on the face of a man who spent his winters patiently and lovingly making canoes. And one good canoe maker does more to advance the cause of American culture than a thousand breathless climbers who are trying to learn how to appear at their ease in good society.

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BALLADE OF A MUCH DESIRED CHRISTMAS GIFT

By Carolyn Wells

WE'RE getting down to the foot of the year,
Nearer and nearer swings Christmas Day;
Gifts and greetings will soon be here, —
I know what *I* want, anyway.
As I let my fancy idly stray,
And at long past Christmases I look,
At a sudden whim, I frankly say,
I want a centre table book!

Some childhood memories I hold dear,
They're with me forever and for aye;
One is a parlor, dim and drear,
Where, on a marble topped table lay
Gilt edged volumes, with bindings gay;
"Household Songs", by Eliza Cook,
"The Psalm of Life" and "The Culprit Fay", —
I want a centre table book!

Time was, I scorned them. I would jeer
At padded seal, with a floral spray;
Or a gift edition of Vere de Vere,
Bound in limp suède of tan or grey.
Zaehnsdorfs and Rivières I'd display, —
(In my cultured taste great pride I took);
Ah, but that idol had feet of clay, —
I want a centre table book!

L'Envoi:

Santa Claus, listen to me, I pray,
Remember, Sir, and don't say me nay.
Get it somehow, by hook or crook, —
I want a centre table book!

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PRACTISING FOR CHRISTMAS

By Frank Sullivan

With Sketches by Jefferson Machamer

MISS HEPPLETHWAITE, if you please. . . . I wanted to speak to you about a little matter, my dear. . . . Just take a chair for a moment. . . . Very well, sit on my knee if you prefer but don't disturb anything there. . . . I like neat knees. I always keep my knees in order and I hate people who sit on my knee and then go away leaving the place in disorder. . . . Now Martha, what I wanted to speak of was this: We're planning an old fashioned Christmas celebration at our house this year. . . . One of those real, oldtime celebrations, you know, that start Christmas Eve and last until Twelfth, and sometimes Thirteenth, Night. . . . It's a pretty big job and what I was thinking was that we might enlist your help in some of the details. . . . I've got the thing pretty well worked out. . . . Don't fool with Mr. Sullivan's ears please, Miss Hepplethwaite. . . . You can't make them touch each other and there's no sense in trying. . . . Would you like to help? . . . You'd get a present, you know. . . . You'd love to? . . . I think that's splendid of you. . . . There won't be much for you to do. . . . I'm going to do all the heavy work, such as bringing in the Yule log and that sort of thing. . . . Oh, you did make Mr. Sullivan's ears touch. . . . I didn't think you could do it. . . . Martha, we're having a splendid Yule log. . . . I've got a tree in Central Park all picked out and at the proper time I shall drug the policeman on the beat and secure the tree. . . . The portion comprising the Yule log will weigh, I figure, a little less than a ton and I am to drag it from the Park to the house with due ceremony. . . . It'll be grand fun. . . . Rather hard to drag all that distance, though, I imagine. . . . And me with a bad elbow. . . . And my operation. . . . I forgot that. . . . Hm, ts, ts, ts! . . . It *would* be awkward if I got that Yule log half dragged in and then fell in a swoon. . . . Doesn't something like this always come up? . . . Let me think. . . . Why, I have it! . . . Martha, you! . . . *You* drag the Yule log in. . . . You're sure you don't mind? . . . Well now, that's great. . . . I wouldn't trust it with another soul but you. . . . I'm quite sure, for instance, that if I let Grandfather Forbes do it, he'd let it fall and break. . . . Very well then, you take the Yule log and I'll take the high road. . . . I'll attend to everything else. . . . Put Mr. Sullivan's toupee back where it belongs, Martha dear. . . . It's chilly in here and I feel it. . . . I said put it back where it belongs. . . . It doesn't belong on top of that bust of Susan B. Anthony and you know it. . . . Thank

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you. . . . That's settled then. . . . You're to drag the Yule log in, and I'm to attend to everything else. . . . I shall see to the Christmas waits. . . . What? . . . Martha, you're an amusing girl. . . . Plain to see you've never had much to do with old fashioned Christmases. . . . No, certainly Christmas waits are not the time you spend in line at the postoffice waiting to have your Christmas parcels weighed and insured. . . . Christmas waits are waits that come outside your window at Christmas Eve and sing. . . . Oh, you can't do that. . . . It's an old custom and it's not etiquette to throw hot water on them. . . . It's all done in the most friendly, beautiful spirit and you'd lose caste socially if you threw hot water on them. . . . Some of the scions of our most noble houses are included in the waits that go about singing at Christmastide. . . . Lots of people sing then, you see, who are not permitted to sing at other seasons of the year. . . . At Christmas time, with the spirit of the holiday in the air, an atmosphere of toleration, of friendliness, of love pervades everyone and a sort of unwritten amnesty is proclaimed for all singers who cannot really sing. . . . These poor unfortunates thereupon join the bands of Christmas waits and rush about to the various houses of the persons who have objected to their singing at one time or another. . . . The waits stand under the windows and get all their year's singing done in one night, and the various householders cannot do anything about it, because the spirit of the Christ Child is abroad and He taught charity. . . . It is not *au fait* to throw anything at these waits. . . . In fact the courts will not permit it. . . . There was a case (McGullin vs. Adams, U. S. S. C., Vol. XVIII) in which the defendant Adams had hit the plaintiff, McGullin, a prominent Christmas wait of Elgin, Illinois, with an old shoe. Adams offered the defense that he had not known McGullin was a Christmas wait, but had thought he was the cats. Also that he had not known it was Christmas Eve, but thought it was only Thanksgiving, his alarm clock having failed to go off. The United States Supreme Court, however, laughed at the defendant Adams and directed a verdict for McGullin. Eight members of the Court had been Christmas waits at one time or another, and Chief Justice Taft could not sing either. So, Martha, I cannot impress it upon you too strongly that

"I've got a tree in Central Park all picked out"

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under no circumstances must you throw anything at the Christmas waits. . . . Yes, it's all right to throw hot water on them at any other time, but, you see, they're canny and they don't come around except at Christmas, when they know the law protects them. . . . You want to be one? . . . Why Martha, won't you have your hands full with the Yule log? . . . Well, all right, bring in a piano and we'll try your voice and find out. . . . Set the piano down there. . . . Now run through something for Mr. Sullivan. . . . Oh don't be silly, I mean strike a few chords on the piano and sing. . . . But Martha, "Valencia" is not a Christmas carol. . . . Oh, it's "God Rest Ye, Merrie Gentlemen". . . . I didn't understand. . . . Yes, I think you'll make a good wait. . . . Report at midnight Christmas Eve at the old North Church. . . . Sit on the other knee now, if you please, Miss Hepplethwaite. . . . That one's all tingly. . . . Don't fiddle with Mr. Sullivan's necktie. . . . Now, regarding the Christmas tree, I shall go out and cut it, and trim it. . . . No, I don't want to buy one. . . . I want the fun of going out myself, in the teeth of a good, stinging Christmas blizzard to cut my own tree. . . . Christmas wouldn't be Christmas for me if you deprived me of that pleasure. . . . Even if it does mean hiking to some remote section in Westchester. . . . I suppose my fallen arches won't cotton to that experience very well. . . . Yes, they've been bothering me a lot lately. . . . I had forgotten about them when I suggested going after the tree. . . . On second thought, Martha, I think you had better go after the Christmas tree. . . . You don't mind, do you? . . . It'll be perfectly great fun and good exercise in the open air. . . . I'll attend to everything else. . . . I've already got the popcorn people submitting estimates for the trimming and when we decide on which shade of popcorn to use, I'll string it, and trim the tree. . . . I think that for us grown-ups the most fun about Christmas is in trimming the trees for the kiddies. . . . I dote on it. . . . The only thing about trimming a tree that gets me is fixing the top. . . . You know about my awful fear of high places, don't you? . . . I've done everything to conquer it but I don't seem to make any headway. . . . Dr. Brill says it's a complex that was probably instilled in me in early childhood by the sight of my Aunt Violet in a Floradora pompadour, riding an old fashioned velocipede. . . . I'm not troubled at all about laying the presents on the floor or trimming the lower branches, but when it comes to sticking the Christmas star on the top spike of the tree, I get all panicky. . . . When I get up there it seems as though I'd have to jump. . . . In fact, I always do. . . . Are you afraid of high places, Martha? . . . No? . . . How I envy you! . . . What? . . . You will? . . . Oh, Martha, I can't let you do everything. . . . Oh, Martha. . . . We-e-ll, all right, you trim the tree, too, and I think you're splendid to offer to do it. . . . I'll attend to everything else. . . . Don't bend Mr. Sullivan's nose up like that, Martha. . . . Goodness, one would think you were my dentist. . . . Now you're quite sure you're going to be able to carry off your part? . . . I wouldn't want the thing botched, because all my wife's people will be there, eager to pounce upon the slightest mishap that would serve them as a topic for gossip during the long, cold, cruel winter months. . . . Yes, you say so, but to make sure I think we'd better have a rehearsal. . . . Herman will be the Yule log. . . . Herman! . . . Drat that office boy,

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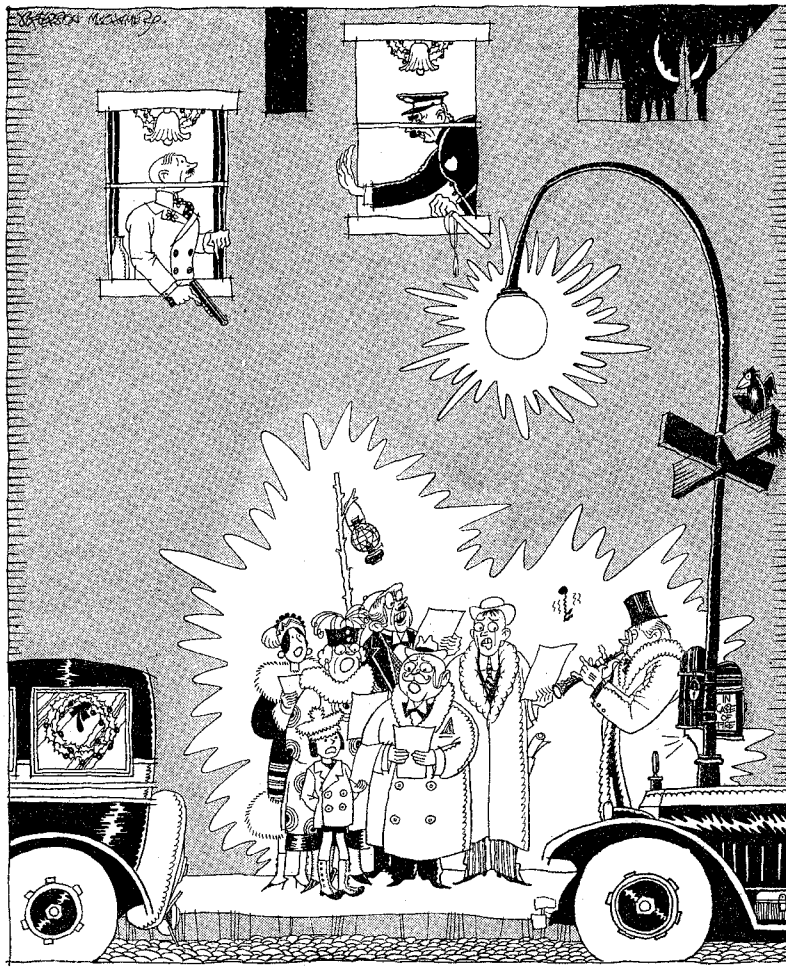

"Lots of people sing then who are not permitted to sing at other seasons"

where is he? . . . Herman, come here. . . . You're to act the part of a Yule log and Miss Hepplethwaite will drag you in. . . . It will take but a minute. . . . Ready. . . . Camera! . . . Bring in the Yule log, Martha, what ho! . . . She's only playing, Herman, let her drag you in. . . . You're a Yule log. . . . Yes you are, too. . . . Herman! . . . You lie down and be a Yule log. . . . You will, too. . . . Don't do that, Martha. . . . He'll lie down, won't you, Herman? . . . Be a good boy, now. . . . Martha, I told you not to hit him. . . . Good grief, what have you done to him! . . . Knocked him cold, that's what you've done. . . . Well it's his own fault. . . . Ask him a simple little favor like being a Yule log and he has to act up. . . . He'll be all right. . . . We'll bring him to later. . . . Drag him in. . . . That's good. . . . Very well done, and with admirable feeling. . . . Martha, I feel safe in saying you are the best emotional Yule-log-

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dragger since Duse. . . . What's that you're doing? . . . Pouring brandy over him! . . . Good five stars alive, give me that brandy! . . . It's plum pudding you pour brandy over, you simpleton. . . . He's coming to. . . . Hello, Herman. . . . Now the next time you're asked to oblige Mr. Sullivan and Martha, I hope you'll have sense enough to be agreeable. . . . Now Martha, we'll pretend that Herman is a Christmas tree and we'll see how you would go about decorating him. . . . Herman, where are you going? . . . What a boy! There he goes up the street. . . . It's only three o'clock, Martha, so dock him two hours' pay for leaving early without permission. . . . We'll let the Christmas tree rehearsal go. . . . What's that? . . . Oh yes, to be sure we'll have a wassail bowl. . . . No, I'll attend to that. . . . No indeed, you've enough to do. . . . I say I'll attend to it, Martha, and there's an end to it. . . . *I'll fix the wassail bowl!*

A STAR MAP

By Sara Teasdale

ALL of heaven in my hands—
With one finger I can turn
Till I sink Orion's bands,
And the Lyre begins to burn.

I can make a night of spring,
Shivering Spica, white Altair,
And above me I can swing
Slowly Berenice's Hair.

Winter evening, autumn dawn
Man has charted; I can see
How Midsummer Night moves on
Tranquilly and terribly;

Light lost in light, death lost in death,
Time without end, Space without bound—
I, whose life is but a breath,
Turn Infinity around.

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THE SKETCH BOOK

THERE, THERE, MY PRECIOUS!

By Edna Ferber

WE were (for those days) a pretty rampageous lot of young misses. Our ages ranged from eleven to thirteen; we dwelt in comfortable frame houses on the green and sun dappled streets of Appleton, Wisconsin; our exploits ranged from smoking cigarettes made of dried corn silk to stealing raw carrots out of the garden patch in the vacant lot next to Ballard's, and eating these, dirt and all. We owned bicycles which we called wheels, and it was considered chic to scorn the saddle while riding these standing, the body rising and falling in exhilarating undulation as the pedals went up and down on their obedient ball bearings. We had a gang call which was used to gather us in the evening for play under the corner arc light after supper, and as we passed each other's houses on the way to school. It was something between a Swiss yodel and an Indian war cry, and certainly would have awakened Rip Van Winkle before his beard had become so much as a stubble.

This band of female swashbucklers was united in its contempt for a certain prunes-and-prisms miss of the neighborhood. The child was a sallow mincing minx in white embroidery and blue sash, very different from the roving, prancing, iron throated crew about her. Her mother, an adult edition of the daughter, was forever standing at the front gate of the picket fence that hedged the house and berating the other children of the vicinity or accusing their mothers of being accomplices. We were not given to analysis, so we never knew whether the girl was what she was because of her mother, or whether her mother was what she was because of her. But the two were terrible. I suppose we treated the child badly, though I recall nothing of the details. I only know that on such occasions as she sought, weeping, the shelter of the picket fence and her belligerent mother's arms, that warlike matron, after a wordy battle, would gather her tearful offspring to her, straighten her rumpled finery, smooth her limp and unconvincing curls, and say, "There, there, my precious! You're too good for them. A million times too good. That's why they don't want to play with you."

Maybe she was right. For all I know that white muslin miss may be occupying a position of soaring and superior eminence in the world. I never hear a word of it, for I still find myself, in non-working hours, one of a rampageous group given to the less formal pursuits of social diversion. She may. But I rather think not.

Still, this lady and her pindling daughter come to my mind with surprising frequency these days as I see their literary counterparts and hear their familiar plaint. So numerous have they become that they form a sort of Snobs' Club with members in every town. They were born of the mating of a mother who said, "He writes best sellers, doesn't he? I never read him", and a father who said, "I don't care for modern fiction. I read the classics." Out of this union has come the sickly and anæmic belief that a book, to be fine, must be practically unread, though recognized by the Few.

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In short, "There, there, my precious! You're a million times too good for them. That's why they don't read you."

Curiously enough, this group of young intellectuals and old ineffectuals seems to hold these views only as they touch on the modern American writer. By some inexplicable working of the mind it has no such contempt for best selling books of un-American extraction. The Bible, Dickens, Conrad, Kipling, Anatole France, Wells, Shaw, seem to pass this barrier of disdain. If the writer hails from Prague instead of Peoria, or London instead of Long Island, he may sell two hundred thousand between October and March while still retaining his standing among the Group of Serious Thinkers.

This disease, which might be called reader's snobbishness, is really directly traceable to vanity. It's much the same emotion that causes a woman to discard a dress when her friend buys one like it. Even a man so tolerant as Heywood Broun, in one of his refreshing paragraphs in the "It Seems to Me" column of the New York "World", confessed to this weakness. His subject was Margaret Kennedy's enchanting book, "The Constant Nymph". Broun had read it when it first appeared, and before it had attained its wide (and deserved) popularity. At that time the most conservative statement in his review of it was that this was the finest novel he had ever read. A year later, when the book had long been counted a best seller, Broun announced with engaging though sheepish candor that perhaps he had been mistaken in "The Constant Nymph". So very many people had liked it that it couldn't have been as good as he said it was. He liked, he confessed, to discover a shrinking and timorous book and bring it into the light of publicity, extolling its charms and virtues and protecting it from misunderstanding and lack of appreciation.

Even more annoying than this attitude is that of the other snob who states with pride (God knows why) that he never reads modern fiction. This one refers, vaguely, to the "classics". Asked to name these he mumbles, "Oh — uh — I read history and — uh — biography and scientific works." If the questioner persists inexorably that a few of these be named, the lover of the classics is likely to blush, stammer, and mutter something about the Russians.

"I never read modern fiction." When he says that he confesses to a complete lack of interest in, and understanding of, the literature of his day. He admits that he is blind to the dramatic procession of the world in which he lives; ignorant of the realism, romanticism, expressionism, in terms of which modern living is being presented by what is the most brilliant group of writers that a decade in this country has ever shown. If he has failed — because they are what he terms modern and popular — to read Cather or Dreiser or Lewis (to name three only among a possible score) then he also has failed, as the lawyers put it in the want ads, to learn something to his advantage.

All this, by the way, is a rebellious shout from one who awoke one morning to find, to her surprise, that after fourteen years of writing she herself was suddenly branded with the stigma of Best Seller.

THE DECLINE OF CARVING

By Laurence Stallings

THE young squire was a lover and a bachelor, and his locks were so curled that they seemed to have been

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laid in a press, says Chaucer. He goes on, does the chronicler, to damn the squire black in our eyes. His jacket was so embroidered with red flowers and white ones that he looked much as a meadow in the month of May. He could sing songs, this squire, and indite verses to a plucked eyebrow; he could dance well, and paint a coat of arms on a shield. He was flirting all day along the road to Canterbury. And he loved so hotly, that by night he slept no more than a nightingale. The description of the young man might imply the attributes of the noxious cake eater, but Chaucer catalogues not only such trivial graces appertaining to the youngling. He recites his manly virtues as well. In this order:

First, he was of a straight and even length, for all his scant twenty years. That the curled locks might float over a scar, I make no doubt. For he was wonderfully delivered, and of great strength, which latter he had cultivated sometime in chivalry, in Flanders fields and those of savage Artois, and sometime in Picardy. Then he wore a short gown, the better to sit a horse, which he did well. He did all things fairly, so much so that his conduct in the field was such — in event she discounted his singing and painting and dancing in choosing a liege lord for those parlous years — as to stand him bravely in his lady's grace. He could hold his own in a tourney, with sword or mace or lance. These things Chaucer used to balance his lighter graces, even adding that the young Squire was courteous, and lowly in the presence of true men, and was serviceable. But the epitome of such a fair haired boy was found in the last line:

And carf biforn his fader at the table.

Chaucer does not say more. The last line begs you to understand all. His carving before his father at the table was no heavy handed dismemberment of boar or fowl, but skilled dissection by a youth who knew his anatomy of the dinner table. One can picture the hall, and feel the bite of the warmed Burgundy, and ache with the pangs of hunger in Norman paunches. The squire had trolled a stave; had danced a figure; perhaps had retouched the polychrome of banner or shield, the better to show his gentle upbringing. But these were idle graces, and the test lay ahead. The meat was brought in smoking hot.

"Inhale de steam", said McIntyre to Heath in that quest of the Ham Tree, "from a roasted duck." Nothing so provokes the appetite. And what an appetite when nursled by a drafty hall, a toasted belly and a freezing back, and a tun of wine! To savor the nearness of smoking meat! The squire carved, and he carved fast, for the honor of the house. Yet the only way to carve fast was to carve well; to slip the knife by some natural prescience into the crevice between articular surfaces of tibia and femur; to strike the sternum with the steel shod hilt of the knife, and cause it to fall asunder, revealing the treasure of strata upon strata of dressing; to offer the pectoralis minor with appropriate jest, and cut away the softer tissues with a thin, impinging precision. This was no popinjay's accomplishment, and Chaucer planned well in capping the squire's accomplishments with it. A sure eye, a delicate wrist, and many years in the tiltyard to school them prepared the way to the humility of that service.

The art of carving had languished with the Romans. It had become lost as a family ritual; neither son nor father knew it in days of the empire. Petronius laughs over Trimalchio's

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dinner, when the boar was brought in all ready-carved, and joined together by the bondsmen of the kitchen. Men ceased to live by the sword, they waxed fat in counting houses and political sinecures, and left swordsmanship to the wolfish Gauls. The gentry went to seed, as Mr. Gibbon tells you interminably, and carving became a lost art.

Chivalry revived it, for men once more looked to their poignards. Chivalry went to seed, and the fops of Petronius returned for Louis the Grand and again for Charles the Second, since the young squire was no more.

The grace of carving returned in the eighteenth century, and persisted through the nineteenth, though it is declining again. English novelists of these later cycles fairly lard their works with feasting and drinking. Not since the days when Homer slaughtered his thousand beeves and all his heroes "inhaled de steam", had readers dined so well in fiction.

One recalls that venison pasty in Friar Tuck's cell at the Fountain of St. Dunstan, and how Richard carved it open with a dagger. There are the gorges of Thomas Love Peacock's novels, and the dinners of Thackeray. Even Horatio Alger, jr., so it seems, understood the art, though in his modest chosen sphere the carving was concerned chiefly with round steaks.

Even your grandfather, poising his buckhorn knife (whetted to a hair splitting edge before the children arrived) was no man to take the Christmas ceremony lightly. True enough, he may have jested over his inability to carve a turkey properly, but your grandmother went to her grave with never an opportunity to practise upon such noble fowl the art of carving. The jest was something first fashioned by Mark Twain; the old line about using an ax and avoiding the joints as the proper way to carve a turkey. But this pleasantry was only your grandfather's trick of hocuspocus, only the magician's patter to cover the lightning searches for proper ligament and crevice. Presently this was proved, for your grandfather left off references to an ax, with a fell stroke of the knife hilt he smote the bronzed and still smoking ridge of breastbone, and the noble bird fell into its proper divisions.

But grandfather is one with Nineveh and the young squire's bachelorhood, and once more the bird is dismembered by the varlets of the kitchen. Christmas comes around, and some foolhardy parent attempts the ritual, to the utter disdain of all nearby, for the art has declined again. Only when electric saws, which the surgeons are lately using, are sold in the cigar stores, will Christmas appetites revive to their halcyon robust capacity. "Inhale de steam", said McIntyre to Heath in the minstrel show. And how.

CRITIC'S MAGIC

By Floyd Dell

I READ a fascinating novel recently called "Flecker's Magic", in which a young American art student in Paris, whose folks back at home have stopped sending him money, meets a beautiful and charming young witch who offers him a magic wish — anything he wants in all the world. He has a devil of a time trying to decide what to wish for.

And that reminds me of an odd experience of mine, just fifteen years ago. I was at a party in Chicago, and there I met a witch. She was, just like the witch in Norman Matson's novel, young and charming, and she offered me three wishes. Unlike the hero of "Flecker's Magic", I did not hesitate, but took her up on the spot and wished

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my three wishes then and there. Since this is a truthful narrative, I must admit that there was a good deal to drink at that party; and some people might think that explains it all. At any rate, my three wishes came true — not instantly, but all in good time.

I should add that this party was given for me in celebration of the fact that I had just become a full fledged literary editor — which explains the nature of my three wishes. I was complaining to this lovely stranger, whom of course I did not recognize to be a witch — I was complaining of the state of that American literature which it was my job to criticize. It was too much dominated, I said, by the genteel standards of the more timid and aristocratic monthly magazines. Except for a very few courageous books, our fiction was tame, conventional, dull. Warming to my subject, I spoke of a writer named Theodore Dreiser, the author of a single remarkable book, "Sister Carrie"; discouraged at its reception, he had stopped writing — America had lost a possibly great writer. . . .

It was then that she told me she was a witch, whose special province of magical achievement was the field of literature. Within that domain, she said, she could grant me any three wishes I chose to make. "If you are really concerned about the state of American literature", she said, "you can change it. If you want a world ready to listen to Theodore Dreiser, you can have it. Just by wishing."

"Very well," I said, entering as I thought into the spirit of this conversational game, "then I wish the American public would commence to reward frankness in American writers. Frankness, I mean, particularly about sex."

"Is that all?" she asked.

"And", I proceeded, "the public taste in fiction is much too cheerful. I wish it could be persuaded that it would be much more distinguished and aristocratic in its tastes if it preferred gloomy fiction."

"Anything more?"

"Yes. There's too much public regard for 'standards'. What do 'standards' matter to the public? Let them leave that to the writers! . . . But — isn't there some magic formula to go through with? What do I have to do to make my wishes come true?"

"Just go on wishing", she said. "It will come true, all right. But all that counts only as one wish. What else?"

But my other two rash wishes are not part of this story. Though they were both literary in their nature, as befitted the occasion of their utterance, they were more intimately personal. . . . No, I shall change my mind and tell of one of them. Remember, I was twenty three, and dreaming of a literary career for myself. So, half in joke, I wished that the American Republic should one day take official notice of something I had written, and pay me a public tribute therefor! I thought the young witch's eyes flashed deep ironic amusement as she promised me that that time should surely come. But I forgot my proud wish, so lightly uttered; and I only remembered it years later, when I stood in court, with twenty years of my life at stake because in wartime I had written something in praise of the rebellious courage of conscientious objectors. The American Republic had indeed taken official notice of "something I had written"; and in the district attorney's eloquent denunciation of me as a dangerous person, I was receiving the public tribute I had asked for: my second wish had come true! . . . . But of the third wish I shall say no more than that it brought

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me more happiness and more pain than I could have realized was implicit in a wish of so literary a nature, and one so unconcerned with my own achievement.

The young witch had warned me fairly: "People sometimes don't like it when their wishes come true!" And I had asked, laughing: "Shall I have a chance to wish new wishes, then?" And she had answered: "Perhaps! Look for me again in fifteen years. If you are then still young enough to be the sort of person whose wishes can come true, I shall visit you once more. For", she explained candidly, "we witches know our business — and we make our offers only to those whose wishes *can* come true!"

The fifteen years are now up. Will she come again? Am I still young enough to be one of those whose wishes can come true? Am I (as I suppose that hard saying means) attuned still to the future, rather than tied in imagination to the past? And shall I, even so, have the courage to wish again, knowing in what a tricky way the future fulfils one's wishes?

Consider how ironically, and yet to the letter, my wishes of fifteen years ago have been fulfilled! I wished for frankness — especially about sex. That wish was made in pre-Freudian days; I could not guess how much of quaint and childish and tiresome perversity was being repressed by the genteel traditions against which I raged. I could not guess how much of coprophilic dirt handling, of sadistic sexual hatred and cruelty, of mawkish homosexual disgust of life, was to be unveiled and paraded in the frank new literature which was to come into existence according to my wish! I had thought of sexual frankness in normal and happy terms — a noble nudity was what I looked for. Sure enough, as the young witch had warned me — "people sometimes don't like it when their wishes come true." It took me some little time to discover that I didn't like the nature of this new frankness. For a while I hailed with enthusiasm each new manifestation of it. But a frankness devoted chiefly to the elucidation of abnormal types soon becomes — to me at least — a bore. It may be instructive; but I really prefer to get my instruction on these subjects from scientific treatises; in that scientific literature I find what I do not find in such fiction, a steadfast judgment of these aberrations in the light of normality — I don't find the scientists idealizing and glorifying these aberrations. . . . Well, I got my wish — and I don't quite like it.

Again, I asked for "gloomy" fiction. I meant, of course, the kind of fiction that stupid people would call "gloomy". I meant "serious" fiction. And I got that, too. But it turned out to be a different kind of seriousness than I had expected. It is a fiction concerned with oversensitive persons, to whom the kind of life which other people go through cheerfully and easily enough is a torment, a bewilderment, a misery, a burden too grievous to be borne. Yes, it is instructive; there are such people, and one ought to be sorry for them. But I know that people find most interesting the books with whose heroes and heroines they can identify themselves. The increasing popularity of this neurotic fiction among the intelligentsia began to alarm me. Can it be that they find themselves like the heroes of these books? They don't look so helpless and unhappy as all that. And then I remembered what I had wished: "That people could be persuaded that they would be much more distinguished and aristocratic in their tastes if they preferred gloomy fiction!"

Was it then only an aristocratic pose? Not quite, it seemed. It was a kind of

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literary soothing syrup for people who were, so to speak, cutting their wisdom teeth. It gained its popularity among the intelligentsia after the cataclysmic years of 1914–1919, in which so many fond beliefs were shattered, which left so many people temporarily bewildered in a strange and cruel world. It gives a false dignity to their feeling of helplessness. But this is at the expense of their grip on reality. These strained, lurid, grotesque pictures of life are not true; they are sentimentally distorted by the wish to make life seem more terrible than it is. Nor do the occasional flashes of what might be called genius recompense us for the fantastic *Walpurgisnacht* out of which they emerge. . . . In a word, now that I've got what I asked for I don't like it.

I was impatient of old standards, too. Well, they have been smashed, all of them — including even the standard of ordinary literate English. That I can bear with somewhat more cheerfully. It was necessary, I suppose, if new life was to get within the covers of novels. Fiction had to descend to the level of the document before it could rise to the heights of art in its representation of current life. The document now, so long as it is sincere, is good enough. I don't complain. And Theodore Dreiser, once despised and rejected, is acclaimed America's foremost novelist. That ought to make me happy. It was what I thought I wanted. Honesty and courage — these were the virtues that American fiction once seemed most of all to need. They have become popular virtues now. And what difference does it make if his sentences too frequently make one grit one's teeth? So I would have said. But there is no satisfying me, it seems. Now that my lonely hero has been acclaimed by the crowd, I begin to feel that sentences do matter somewhat. Honesty and courage are not enough: it is not too much to ask that a writer should also be able to write.

In short, I am not quite pleased with what I wished for and got. . . . But — if the young witch comes again — dare I take the chance of making new wishes? Yes — I shall.

Back in 1911 there was going on in our fiction a gallant discovery of the new America — the America of the machine age. It had been begun by Howells, and carried on by Robert Herrick, Frank Norris, Jack London, Upton Sinclair, David Graham Phillips, Ellen Glasgow, Theodore Dreiser. It was a description and interpretation and dramatization of what was found to be characteristic of America. . . . It began with a simple moral interpretation, and went on rapidly to a political interpretation; and then, as both moral and political instruments were found inadequate in dealing with the profound forces of human nature and of economic change, there was a gradual shift to economic and psychological conceptions. The war interrupted and temporarily discouraged this effort, and substituted a neurotic mysticism for these intellectual approaches. . . . But even before the war, along with the literary effort to understand and interpret life in terms of economics and psychology, there was a tendency to becloud and confuse that effort by a vaguely mystical and superstitious worship of the Great Forces of Nature — including human nature. This tendency was to be seen as a kind of windy poetic foolishness in Frank Norris, it accounted for the *dégringolade* of Jack London into a smug celebrant of Abysmal Brutality, it entered as a fat streak of sentimentality into the literary makeup of Dreiser. . . . Fiction had come to a parting of paths. One way led to scientific knowledge; the other

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to mysticism. . . . Today Theodore Dreiser stands, an awkward colossus, with a foot in each path. The others have made their choice. The group of brilliant younger writers who acclaim Sherwood Anderson as their leader have accepted mysticism; and it has played havoc with their sense of reality. Ellen Glasgow, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Sinclair Lewis, Charles Norris, Harvey Fergusson, Edith Summers Kelley — these and other younger writers have chosen the path of science. . . . When the public begins again, its war shock over, to ask the question which after all it maintains its artists to answer — the question, what sort of lives are most worth living, and are we missing anything we ought to be getting? this latter group will have something to say besides: "Out, out, brief candle!" . . . So much of preamble to my new wish.

If my young witch comes, I shall say to her:

"I wish that the new young writers now growing up shall know which path to take, with which group to align themselves, to whom belongs the future! I wish them to have the scientific basis, to know their economics and their psychology, so as to be able to understand all that is going on about them, to face life without fear, and to proceed gallantly with the literary discovery of America! . . . And one thing more. You were so kind, fifteen years ago, as to promise me a world ready to listen to that discouraged and unknown writer, Theodore Dreiser, author of 'Sister Carrie'. This time I'd like you to promise me a world ready to listen to that now equally unknown and discouraged writer, Edith Summers Kelley, author of 'Weeds'. . . . Thank you! When that happens, I'll know that the literary conquest of America is in full swing!"

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

By Will Cuppy

I FORGET just why I ever thought that what I am about to impart would be of widespread public interest. Now that I come to write it down, my little Yuletide message seems not nearly so important as I had hoped. The fact is, I am going to get a pair of abalone cuff links for Christmas. It doesn't thrill me at all now, but that is just what I was coming to.

By way of working gradually into the plot I must explain that I have an old school friend of the name of Egbert living in Santa Barbara, California, and that abalone shells, from which abalone cuff links are manufactured, are found in considerable abundance in the waters which wash eternally the coast line of that beautiful city. Each Christmas Egbert sends me some of these abalones. That is really all there is to the story, but that is a good deal, or would be if you had to live with it, as I do, year in and year out.

Not that Egbert is so lacking in imagination as to send me cuff links every time. His system involves vest buttons, stick pins, and cuff links in regular rotation. The year 1918, for instance, is forever fixed in my memory as Vest Button Year. The Christmas of 1937, I find by a rapid calculation, will bring me another stick pin. And so on. Egbert, you see, is like that.

I can hear my more sympathetic readers murmuring among themselves that perhaps this Christmas Egbert may change completely and send me a handkerchief or a pair of socks. All I can say is that they don't know the man. He may forget me, eh? No, Egbert is one of those old, tried and true friends who never forget. His friendship is all compact of those lasting qualities which cynics try so fruitlessly

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to argue away. I know and you know that there are such qualities, and that they last. Good heavens, how they last. Once you are down on Egbert's Christmas list you are there to stay.

It is many long years since I gave up the last fragment of the notion that Egbert might, in some sudden burst of illumination, think of the handkerchief or the socks. I try now to concentrate upon the popular saying (be it or be it not a flimsy fallacy) that it is not the gift itself that counts but the spirit in which it is given. I do not believe for a second that the spirit in which Egbert annually ships me my share of the California abalone harvest is one of actual enmity — at least not consciously so.

We have had our differences, but nothing that would warrant so persistent a course of reprisals. My old friend would not willingly cause mental agony to a single fellow creature. No malice resides in that great, philanthropic heart. It is not pure meanness, not any subtle Sicilian form of fiendishness. Inquiries among unbiased residents of Santa Barbara have convinced me that Egbert is suffering from no recognizable psychosis that might explain his Christmas doings. He seems to be in perfect health, but there must be something radically wrong with his filing system. I wonder if he has ever heard of the single, well timed drops of water with which the Aztecs or the Indians or somebody used to torture and drive their victims to stark, staring madness.

This brings us by an easy transition to the spirit in which a gift should be received. Assuming for the sake of the argument that one should be tickled almost to pieces to get anything whatever for Christmas, I intend this year to prove to myself and to others that I can be just as nice in that way as the next person. On Christmas morning when I break the Red Cross seal on my parcel and behold the cuff links in all their iridescent and familiar splendor I am going to cast aside all violent and unlovely thoughts, pull myself together, and exclaim in a loud voice, "Oh, goody goody! That's just what I wanted." My manners may profit by this procedure. My immortal soul must take its chance.

Yes, I am determined to turn those abalones into a beautiful, helpful influence upon my whole constitution. Come to think of it, they have already proved a power for good in more than one way. My ingenuity has been developed to a fine point in trying to find inconspicuous places to put them — for in modern crowded conditions one easily runs out of such places. I have also acquired a local reputation for more or less self sacrificial generosity by offering abalones to my acquaintances, and even to strangers, and simply refusing to take no for an answer. And I think I may boast of having dispelled in some degree, with the aid of the encyclopædia, the dense clouds of ignorance about abalones which formerly darkened the village where I reside.

Abalone, as you may know already, is the Spanish name used in California for various species of shell fish of the Haliotidæ family, whose richly colored shell yields mother-of-pearl which can be and is used for cuff links, stick pins, vest buttons, the handles of fruit knives and chop suey tables. The mollusk itself, said to be a lovable little animal with a characteristic mating cry, is often eaten by oriental peoples, though personally I deny myself this delicacy in the months ending in R, as well as in those beginning with J, F, M, and A.

In taking up the study of mollusks in a serious way (and I want it distinctly

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understood that I like abalones, in moderation, and have nothing against the industry) one comes upon many picturesque facts, some funnier than others, some bleakly tragic. Take the genus Meleagrina, belonging to the Aviculidæ family (allied to the Pectens) which is distinguished — or perhaps I should say afflicted — by the small size or complete absence of the posterior auricula. For that matter, a process for promoting the artificial formation of pearls in the Chinese river mussels was discovered by Ye-jin-yang, a native of Hoochow, in the thirteenth century.

It is surprising how little attention people will pay to information of this sort when given to them for their own good. I suppose it is over their heads. In order to get the villagers really excited about gastropode mollusks of the suborder Rhipidoglassa it would doubtless be necessary for me to get out all my abalones, put them on, and attend a costume ball as the Spirit of Haliotidæ. I may do it yet.

In closing, let me launch a plea for a general spread of charity, forgiveness, and loving kindness toward those who send us Christmas gifts. It may be well for each of us to learn this year, once for all, the austere beauties of self control, and I know of no more suitable time than that grim hour when we shall be called upon to open our Christmas parcels. Let us remember that there are little boys and girls in this world who never get a single present. "How perfectly wonderful!" some of you may feel. I shall go no further than to say that perhaps it is all for the best that Christmas comes but once a year.

About those cuff links, well — Why call in the police, why make a scene about a matter with which I should certainly be able to cope in private? Why carry out the plan which has so often flashed through my mind on Christmas morning? There would be the carfare to Santa Barbara, a meeting with dear old Egbert, one well aimed swing of a length of gaspipe — a moment of almost superhuman exultation, then prison bars, remorse, no presents at all, no more Merry Christmas. Would it be worth it all? Probably not. Or would it?

FROM CHICAGO TO NEW YORK

By Harry Hansen

IN the past I have often pointed out the utter absurdity of any writer's migrating from Chicago to New York City. I have deplored the steady procession eastward of novelists, reviewers, playwrights, newspaper and advertising men, and argued that if they were worth their salt Chicago had special claims on them. I have even repeated, and at times believed, that men full of ideas and originality in Chicago become sterile and ineffective in New York. I am now asked to explain why my desk is in the Pulitzer building and why my latchkey opens the door of a cosy white Colonial house on Chester Hill.

It is hard to pass by an opportunity to romanticize the situation, as so many of my predecessors have done before me. It is customary, I believe, to refer to the old home as "the sticks", and to assert, now that one has departed, that "things are dead back there". This being a bit myopic, I might change the point of view and speak of the salubrity of the sea air off Manhattan and list the desire for adventure and the mood for experiment while the arteries are still plastic. But alas, these are mere subterfuges. Like most of my fellow deserters I came east for

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that larger life which is based on the larger income — although the latter is rarely mentioned in public it is the one thing no *émigré* ever overlooks.

My work is that of reviewing books. In Chicago this is still one of the minor occupations, whereas in New York City it is a major industry. The hopes of all authors centre on the royalty checks that are drawn on New York banks; in Manhattan every third member of the population is writing a book, and every other man and woman aspires to review books. Books, too, have a hold on the people of Chicago; but for some reason or other the killing of fresh meat, the transportation of wheat and grain, the assembling of raw products and their manufacture into essential articles for daily use, stand in better repute there. This does not reflect unfavorably on the literary fecundity of the city, which is perhaps second to none in our time, but merely on its hospitality. Many authors are born in Chicago, but they do not die there.

In Chicago I was always conscious of a certain loyalty to the terrain, something that we call provincialism. I find it no less in New York. In fact I believe that New York City is much more of a community, much more of a provincial unit, than Chicago. In its intellectual life it is practically self sufficient. If all the new ideas do not actually spring to life here, they at least get a hearing and a welcome. The liberalism and tolerance in New York is to me astounding. The city leans toward profligacy and paganism, and thus earns a bad name in the suppressed regions, but it also enjoys plain speaking and the assertion of honest opinion. In no place outside Hyde Park have I heard such unadorned and straightforward talk on politics, religion, sex, and all the taboos that the average American does not mention for fear of giving offense to his grandmother.

Numerous writers have tried to explain the literary fertility and infertility of Chicago, the richness of its prewar period and the so called barrenness of its present. These do not take into account the influence of the land on Chicago. In Chicago one is never very far away from the pull of the soil. The soil is dominant in its raw products, its industries, and in its investments. Recruits to the writing group invariably come from the farms and the small towns of the middle west. They either share its conservatism or are rebellious against it. Chicago is closer to the essential American — to the man who has grown up with the land — than any other city. Its immense foreign population is absorbed in basic industries. The effect of the stock yards and the steel mills upon its Lithuanian and Balkan laborers is greater than the effect of these foreign elements on the underlying Anglo-Saxon foundation. In New York the soil is a negligible influence. The city is volatile and plastic, and foreigners practised in any one of the arts — whether as painters, singers, dancers, actors, musicians — immediately begin to play upon it and to mold it after their own patterns.

Those of us who are engaged in such parasitic occupations as reviewing books — any author will tell you that this is a useless encumbrance on the surface of the earth — are keenly awake to the responsiveness of an audience. This New York City gives in greater measure than the rest of the union. Here an opinion on a book goes neither unread nor unchallenged. In the west the response is more restricted, less intensive. There the day's book is not so much a matter of life and death — so far. I have no doubt that it will eventually become so. For to the

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writer, and to the publisher no less, the middle west that converges on Chicago is a land of magnificent potentialities. The land is conservative, much more so than the seaboard, yet it cannot wholly shut out liberalizing and decentralizing influences. It is already far removed from the backwoods insularity of the seventies and eighties. The accretion of great fortunes will eventually break down the interdependence of young commercial enterprises, and in a generation or two public opinion will be based more on individual thought, and less on the advice of the banker. As culture becomes sought after in the large centres of population it trickles down to the hamlets, for the imitative faculty applies to cities as well as to men. Its principal progress so far has been in music, which means that the emotions provide the easier channel. But it is plain to see that in time this progress will spread to the more intellectual of the arts.

When that time comes Chicago and the west will have their own literary immigration. It may not be so far away as some of our prophets think. I could see it on the horizon, but it was like some distant mountain, always a day beyond. What I had to do was try to outguess the *Zeitgeist* and determine whether it would come within my lifetime. I burned the straws upon the hearth and studied the portents in the ashes. They seemed to dictate that the time had come for me to pack my bag and go back over the road that my fathers had traveled so many years before.

A SYNOPSIZED VIEW OF LITERATURE

By Florence L. Strauss

SINCE confessional articles are the vogue, I am tempted to uncover my murky past in the picture business. It is no glittering tale of from rags to riches, but it is so inextricably bound up with the development of the technique of finding story material for pictures that it may furnish an answer to the many perplexed ones who are continually asking why their favorite story hasn't been filmed or why their perfectly good scenario has been returned as "unavailable", or most of all why any story has been rejected when such dull ones sometimes reach the screen.

Well, to go back to the confessional, the trouble started in 1914 when a lot of other troubles got under way. Having lived with and for books all my life, it seemed an easy matter to live by them, and I was soon busily engaged in conducting classes in current literature and manicuring society ladies' minds by sharing with them my enthusiasm for the classics and furnishing them with good dinner table conversation in the form of the contents of potential best sellers several weeks in advance of publication. About this time, I was moved to dash off a scenario in the shape of a little war story which, surprisingly enough, was accepted by the first company to which it was submitted. They paid me twenty five dollars for the masterpiece and, forsaking their policy of two reelers, proceeded to make a splash with a five reel war epic! The company went out of business shortly afterward, probably because of this story, but anyway I was hopelessly beguiled by the glamour of the movies. I started reading for another motion picture company and, finding that reading was mostly writing, I gambled most of my salary by hiring a stenographer, in the hope of rushing through these preliminary stages to higher and more creative work. But alas, I was doomed to disappointment.

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At that time no office space was accorded to readers, who did their work at home and reported every few days for more material. Nothing could have been more detached from the industry than the work of the lonely reader at home, dwelling everlastingly in a fantasy world of fiction, fiction, fiction. Aside from living in a sort of nebulous nightmare, I seemed to be trapped in some remote corner of the world away from stimulating contacts, and particularly miles away from the source of power and promotion. I was wrong in this assumption, however. When at the end of six months I felt that I had absorbed all there was to be gleaned from this experience and was ready to resign, I was suddenly summoned into the needle pointed, walnut paneled office of the Boss. That gentleman, swearing blue murder because the head of our department had taken French leave, savagely ordered me to take charge!

Thus I found myself suddenly drawn from the dim outer circle of "outside reading" and planted at a big mahogany desk, wondering what it was all about and hoping I would be run over by a big truck at noontime before I had a chance to disclose my ignorance of office routine. The truck did appear symbolically in the person of big, handsome Rex Beach, who came stalking into the office indignantly demanding the presence of the department head. With difficulty he was beguiled into telling me his troubles. Soon we drifted into what is known as a "story conference", which means an everlasting argument and analysis of methods of story treatment. In the course of it Mr. Beach inadvertently praised a certain report, not knowing I was the poor slave responsible for that particular bit of work. The effect was magical! It was like getting a strong cocktail at the zero hour. I straightened up, pushed a button, summoned a secretary, and began to act like an executive.

The mystery of running a reading department soon resolved itself into a simple matter of routine, the only difficulty being the proper organization for covering material. Heretofore that had been treated in a rather haphazard manner, the department depending for its supply on submissions of literary agents and the desultory covering of published novels and magazines. Recalling the experience of the old lecture days and the value of securing material in advance of publication, we immediately developed what is known as the contact system, now generally in use. Instead of waiting for books to be published, we found it advantageous to keep in touch with authors, editors, and other sources of literary supply, discover in advance when a well known writer was completing a certain serial or novel, pounce upon this work in manuscript or galley form, and thus bring in a scoop for our company. Today this system is so highly developed that almost any movie reader can tell you now what you will be reading next summer, and predict which novels will probably appear on the best seller lists.

Thus is the literary and dramatic output of the year painstakingly reviewed, reduced to reports and synopses, and again exhaustively subjected to editorial analysis. Volumes could be written about this synopsized aeroplane angle on literature, which is as accurate as it is comprehensive, and which so neatly pigeonholes the world's best literature into formula classifications.

The result of all this digging and delving is that some seven or eight thousand stories are covered a year.

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One would imagine that from this mass of material a great quantity of suitable picture stories would emerge. As a matter of fact, only a small percentage offers even faint possibilities for the screen; most of this material must be rejected as dull, censorable, or controversial.

The stories that are regarded favorably are selected (1) because they are by well known writers whose works have proved circulation and entertainment value, (2) because they are exactly suited to some star or director, or (3) are based on a timely theme which offers novel production angles. The day is over when one can purchase just a good average story to make a good average picture. That has ceased to be either profitable to the producer or interesting to the public. As to the results on the screen, those depend almost more on the subsequent treatment accorded the story at the studio than on the merits of the story itself. The studios are supposed to turn out entertaining and significant pictures and not necessarily to film stories as written. As a result, sometimes an ugly duckling of a story turns into a swan on the screen; and sometimes, unfortunately, the opposite result is achieved.

As an amusing example, we purchased last winter an unproduced play because it had a sophisticated comedy angle which seemed timely. The studio discarded this angle and nearly everything else in the play, and produced a slapstick farce having very little relation to the original. We of the editorial department naturally held up our hands in horror at the result, thinking only of the play we had purchased. To our surprise and, of course, unbounded delight, the picture has proved one of the outstanding successes on our program; and the play, which has subsequently been produced in its original form, has proved a big hit on Broadway. All of which goes to show that the stage and the screen are totally different mediums, often requiring exactly opposite treatments. Also it should be emphasized that while a piece of fiction is the work of one mind, a picture is the composite result of group creation.

When the motion picture stands on its own feet as an independent art, when we forsake the attempt to illustrate a narrative written for another medium and have our screen stories written by expert screen technicians who are actually concerned in the production of the picture, we shall have an harmonious art product, undreamed of today.

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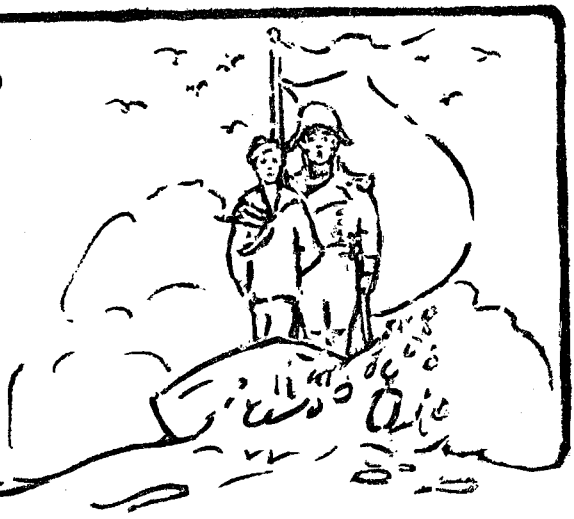
THE CELLULOID ADMIRAL

By

Margery Williams Bianco

With Sketches by Edith Whitcomb Morrell



"J'ai heurté, savez-vous? d'incroyables Florides."—Rimbaud, "Bateau Ivre."

ON the chimneypiece in the cobbler's shop stood the Admiral. He was made of celluloid, and was hollow inside, but beneath his feet they had attached a small piece of lead, so that in whatever position one placed him he was bound to spring erect. He was painted blue and red, with little gold buttons down his front and a scarlet cocked hat on his head. His arms were stuck down to his side, for it had been easier to make them that way, but he did not depend on his arms; he had nothing to do but look proud, and his leaden feet kept him upright in the world.

The cobbler's window looked out on the marketplace. It was planted about with trees, neatly clipped, and in the centre stood the town pump. Just behind the pump, overlooking the booths that on market day were set up in two long rows under the shade of the clipped trees, was the statue. It represented a youth, barefooted and clad in tattered clothing. His eyes stared out into space, above the housetops, and he was leaning on a broken musket. Years ago, out of the many born in this little town, one had gone forth into the world and become famous, and it had been considered fitting that a statue should be erected to him in his birthplace. The townsfolk were pleased to learn that a famous man had really been born in their midst. Their grandparents could remember him only as a ne'er-do-well, but these things are forgotten when a statue is set up, and the townsfolk were proud of the statue, though a cattle trough would have been more useful. It was felt, too, that the sculptor, while he was about it, would have shown better taste in portraying the hero toward the close of his career, when he doubtless had a good coat, with many decorations on it, and side whiskers, or at least a beard. As it was the statue lacked dignity, but since it had

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been a gift one must accept it as it was.

The cobbler's shop was small. The work bench was placed close to the window, both for reason of the light, which came sparingly through the small old fashioned panes, and because of an evening, when custom was over, the room had to serve also for a parlor. Behind it there was only a tiny kitchen, and the room above where the cobbler and his grandson slept. Close to the wide chimneypiece stood the old straight backed settle, and the big armchair where the cobbler sat of an evening when his work was over, and on a table in the corner was his tobacco jar, and the family Bible, and the pearl inlaid tea caddy, with space for two kinds of tea — though this was too good to use, and the cobbler kept his tea in a little tin box on the kitchen shelf. A great beam ran across the low ceiling in front of the fireplace, and from this were hung some old jugs, a pewter mug with the lid broken, and two polished brass candlesticks with snuffers. Besides these, and the implements of the cobbler's trade, there were some strange things in the room: Indian carvings, an elephant's tusk, and the dried backbone of a shark, bleached white by the tropic sun, for the cobbler's nephew was a sailor and had brought these gifts from foreign voyages.

But the most wonderful thing stood on the chimneypiece itself. It was a glass bottle, and inside the bottle, tightly corked, was the model of a ship in full sail. No one knew how it had been put there. The three masts rose slim and tapering, every sail set; the cordage was perfect, there was even a steering wheel, and by the wheel stood a little sailor carved out of wood. He was a trifle big for the size of the ship, but that didn't matter; he leaned against the wheel and looked straight before him, watching; though what he watched for no one knew, for no storm had ever brewed within his crystal heavens, and the square sails above were set ever to a moveless calm.

"That's a poor sort of fellow", said the Admiral, for he had to speak to someone, and so he addressed himself to the little china lady on the other end of the chimneypiece, who like himself had been bought for twopence at the county fair. She had pink cheeks and a blue bonnet, and was stuck fast to a china basket which had been meant to hold flowers, but in which the cobbler put his burned matches. "He needs someone to rouse him up a bit, instead of day dreaming all the time!" And he puffed out his chest under the gilt buttons and shouted: "Hey, my man! Avast there!"

But if the sailor heard him he made no sign, only stared straight ahead. And indeed no sound penetrated to his crystal world; there was only silence there, and a dim greenish light; he might have been becalmed on an actual ocean. Dim shapes moved past, seen vaguely through the curving walls of glass; day succeeded night, and light darkness. He did not know what the outside world was like, and so he was free to imagine it as he chose, and he imagined it very beautiful. His eyes, staring out past the prow of his vessel, saw visions of the land to which he was steering, a land such as few men had ever seen, deep forests where red and purple flowers bloomed and strange golden apples hung from the branches; where crested birds, like jewels, flew from bough to bough, singing as they flew, and there was perpetual sunshine. It was a fine land to dream of, and he had plenty of time to dream, for his voyage had already lasted thirty years.

But every voyage comes to an end, though the port is not always that

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which one expects. One day, when the cobbler was searching for an awl on the chimney shelf, he moved his arm carelessly; he heard a crash, and there lay the bottle shattered on the floor. It was not so bad as it might be; one end of the bottle was broken off, the end near the steering wheel, but the ship inside was uninjured. So the cobbler picked it up, and set it on a high shelf where the broken end did not show, and there the little ship sailed on as serenely as ever. But the sailor was missing; when his crystal sky broke he was flung out among the shattered bits of glass on the hearthstone; and there the cobbler saw him when he swept up the hearth. "A bit of cobbler's wax will stick that", he thought, but there was no time to do it then, so the little sailor found himself on the chimney shelf near the china lady and the fat Admiral.

"That comes of day dreaming", the Admiral said. "I always said so, but you wouldn't pay attention. Now you have lost your ship, and people certainly won't supply you with another; you can't expect it."

But the sailor expected nothing; or was it because he expected so much that his eyes held that strange far off look? It annoyed the Admiral. He disliked anything that he could not understand, for it made him uncomfortable; he believed that people should be wideawake and alert. But the china lady thought the sailor most romantic. She had watched him so long on his solitary voyage, and now it seemed like fate that he should be cast up on the hearthstone at her feet.

"He is not like other people", she thought. "He has traveled, and that always makes a person interesting."

"Are you going to settle down, now?" she asked. "Or shall you continue on your travels?"

"I have a long way yet to go", replied the sailor, "for this surely is not the place to which I am journeying."

"And where may that be?" asked the china lady.

"Far away", said the sailor. "There is an island where the sun never sets. All day the little amber waves lap on the shore; the trees are more beautiful than jasper, and the apples that hang from their branches are of pure gold." And he began to tell her of the country of his dreams. The china lady listened to him; she began to feel quite sentimental.

"That must be a wonderful country", she said. "I should like to see it."

"Anyone may see it", said the sailor; but in that he was mistaken.

"There is no such place", said the Admiral. "I have been to the county fair, and I ought to know. You lose your time listening to people like that. They can tell you nothing useful."

He began to regret that the sailor had ever come ashore from his crystal ocean. He should have stayed there forever, shut up on his ridiculous voyage.

"We have never heard of such a place", said the brass snuffers. "The Admiral is quite right."

The old clock on the wall nodded, slowly.

"There is such a country", he said. "It is called the land of heart's desire. But I have never yet heard of anyone who reached it, and I am older than you all."

"I shall reach it", the sailor said. And he turned to the china lady. "Will you come with me", he asked, "out into the world and across the ocean?"

"I should like nothing better", sighed the china lady, "but I cannot leave my basket."

And in fact she was really attached

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to it; whoever designed her must have foreseen that her tastes would be purely domestic.

"He is a ne'er-do-well", said the Admiral. "He should have stuck to his job while he had it, instead of star gazing."

The china lady would have liked to hear more; if she might not travel she could at least listen; but she dared not encourage the sailor too much for fear of offending the Admiral. Just then the cobbler's little grandson came into the room. He looked about him, and caught sight of the sailor on the chimney shelf.

"That's just the thing for my boat", he said; "I need someone to steer it. We'll take the Admiral too, and he will do for ballast."

"Are you both going to leave me?" cried the china lady. But the Admiral could not hear her; he was already deep in the boy's pocket.

On the edge of the field behind the house ran a little streamlet. In summer it was often dried up, but now it had been raining; the long grass was heavy with glistening drops and the water flowed between the tiny banks like a real river. Here, in a little sandy harbor, the boat lay rocking. It was a solid vessel, with a finely curved prow, for it had been shaped out of a single chip from the carpenter's workshop; in the centre was stuck a paper sail, and above this floated a piece of scarlet worsted for a flag. The sailor leaned against the mast, since there was no steering wheel, and the Admiral stood behind him, the red streamer waving over his head. The little ship started, turned round once or twice in midstream; then the current caught it fairly and the voyage was begun.

"Remember I am your commanding officer!" cried the Admiral. "Avast now, my man! Take care how you steer!"

Down between the tall green banks the vessel floated. The sun shone down, making golden patterns on the water; gnats circled about the mast, like sea gulls, and once a dragon fly with purple wings, huge and terrible, bore down upon them flashing, threatened, and was gone. The boat rocked and twisted, caught in the eddies, but the Admiral kept his feet.

"This is a voyage of discovery", he thought. "They have chosen me for commander. They will put up a statue to me, and I shall become famous."

Presently the stream grew narrower. Huge hemlocks towered above them, spreading their mighty branches against the sky. Closer they grew, shutting out the sunlight. Now the voyagers were passing a tropical jungle; on either side rose the grass stems, close and dense like a forest; a green twilight reigned here, still and terrible, and one could hear hidden monsters moving in the depths. Faster and faster sped the boat, borne by the current; the Admiral shut his eyes, for he dared not look on the country through which they were passing; at any moment their vessel might be seized and destroyed. He called to the sailor, but the sailor paid no heed; he only stood there silent by the mast gazing straight ahead.

"He is mad", thought the Admiral. "They have sent me on a voyage with a madman. He will wreck the ship and we shall both be lost."

"You must stop the boat!" he cried. "I am commanding officer. I feel dizzy. Do you hear me? I command you to stop the boat!"

But the Admiral might as well have shouted to the wind, for the sailor did not hear him. His eyes were fixed in vision; a song seemed to float past on the air; but whether it was the

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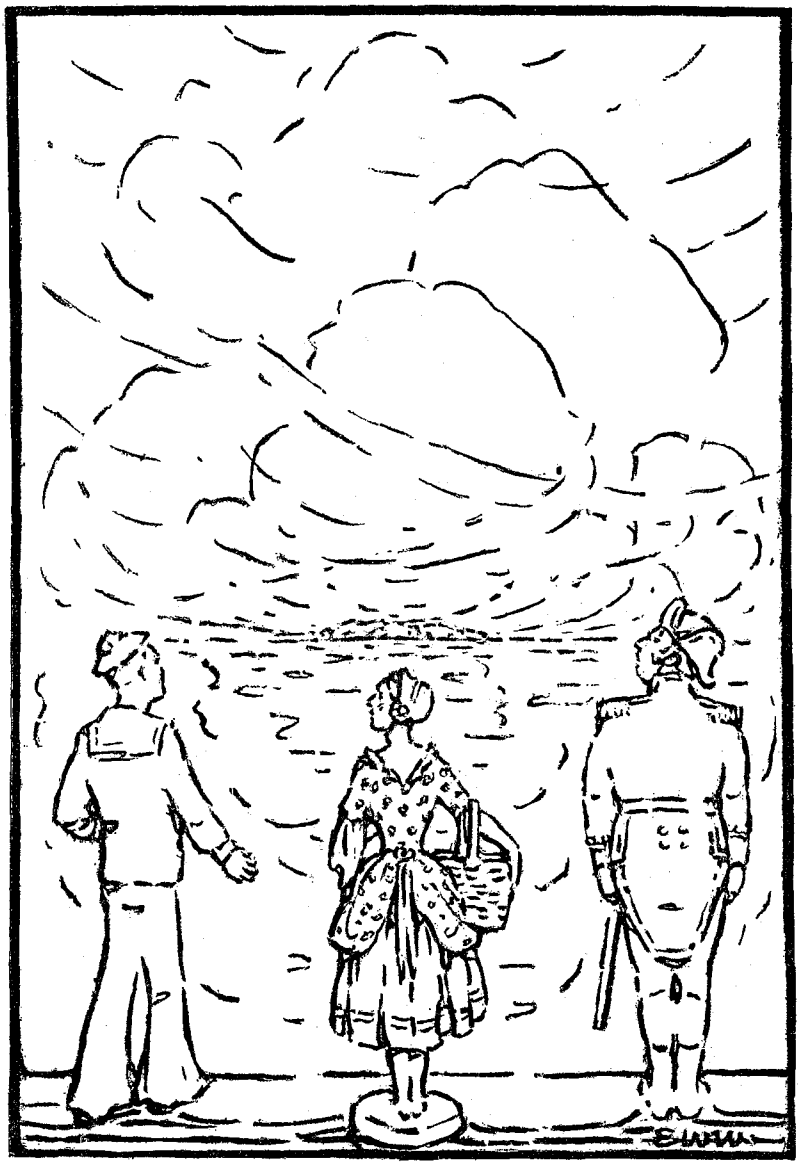

sailor singing or the voice of the river rushing through the forest, the Admiral could not tell.

And now a deeper murmur rose; they were nearing the rapids. A great roaring filled the air, and the boat began to rock and quiver. Round and round like a leaf it spun, to this side and that, till once more the current seized it, and it was swept over the edge, and into the pool below. There in the dark water, at the foot of the cataract, among floating wreckage and the specks of yellow foam, the

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Admiral bobbed about. His arms were fast to his sides, but his leaden feet kept him upright; he rose head and shoulders above the flood in his scarlet jacket. It was a strange company gathered there — bits of twig, an old champagne cork, and the half of a wooden matchbox — but of the sailor and the ship nothing more was to be seen.

"He was quite mad", said the Admiral. "Now he has deserted me. It is mutiny, and he ought to be punished!"

"What are you talking about?" cried the champagne cork. "You must dance, as we do. Keep on moving!"

And they made him dance, bobbing round and round in the black water, till he spluttered with rage.

"Now you may go!" they cried, laughing, and gave him a push. Out into the stream again he drifted, but this time fortune helped him; he was swept into a little shallow cove and there he grounded, right side up, and his leaden feet stuck fast in the sand. Here he remained, and presently, when the flood subsided, he was left stranded high and dry on the shore. The sun shone out; the grass blades glistened, and the ants ran out to stare at him.

"This is a fine place", thought the Admiral. "It is pleasant country, and the natives seem orderly and industrious. I shall stay here, and appoint myself Governor."

There was no one to contradict him, so there he stayed. Daily his leaden feet sank deeper in the sand, but his scarlet jacket was as fine as ever. He stood up there like a landmark, blue and red; little people came from up and down the river to gaze on him, and the ants were quite proud.

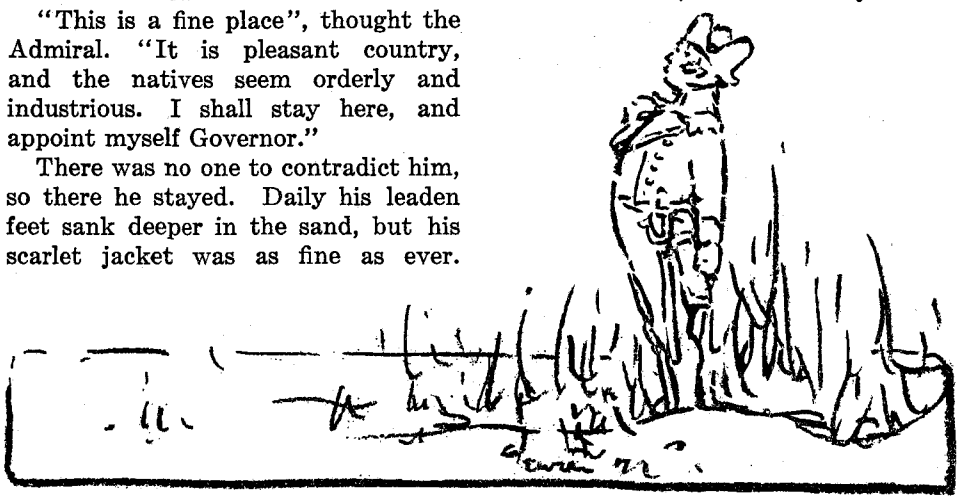
"It is as good as having a statue erected to one", said the Admiral, puffing out his chest. "In fact, I am a statue; I am my own statue, and that is the most satisfactory of all."

And the sailor? He traveled farther than the Admiral; far down the river he went, and no one knows what became of him. Perhaps he has found the land of his vision, where golden apples hang from the trees and the flowers bloom forever; perhaps he is still voyaging, his eyes fixed on distance and his face set toward the sunset and the open sea.

Only the china lady thinks of him sometimes, as she stands on the mantelpiece holding her basket.

"It was all most romantic", she says. "In fact, it really amounted to a proposal, only he was so impetuous. Perhaps on the whole, it would be better if I consider myself the Admiral's widow."

And she drops a tear into her flower basket, among the burned match heads, but whether it is for the Admiral or for the sailor, no one can say.



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THE GREAT MENCKEN FIGHT

By Frank Swinnerton

I HAD not been in the United States for more than a few hours before I was asked by an interviewer if I knew Mencken. I replied that we had once met in London, and that we were to meet again in New York. "What will the weapons be?" asked my interviewer. "Swords or pistols?" "Tongues", said I. Instantly the journals of America announced that a sanguinary combat would take place between Mencken and myself. A public arena was proposed. A round by round report of the fight was suggested. Reporters agitatedly telephoned, urging that they be allowed to be present. Excitement rose to fever pitch. Wagers at heavy odds were offered and accepted as to the result of the battle. Mencken was likened to Dempsey, and I to Tunney. We were to fight for a great stake — nothing less than the glory of English and American letters. If Mencken won, English literature was to be regarded as dead. If I won — the possibilities were unlimited.

At the crucial moment there occurred a breakdown in the admirable organization of American prizefight reporting. When the meeting actually occurred, there was no crowd at the ringside. The fight took place in camera. Among journalists, only Mr. Mencken and myself were present. It has therefore been suggested to me that a truthful account of the battle, written by myself, should be furnished to the world. I need hardly point out that the mere existence of a report of such a meeting, written in the first person by one of the combatants, has the disadvantages attending the use of the first person in heroic narrative. We know that — as he is still alive to tell the tale — the narrator can never have been killed. We know that he must have triumphed over every obstacle, that his strong arm must have carried him through each momentary disaster to eventual victory. But what of that? The great Defoe, the great Richardson, upon occasion Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, nay Robert Louis Stevenson himself, used the first person singular. Baron Munchausen did the same. Blessed Mary Flanders, Louis de Rougemont, Stanley Weyman, and the composer of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" all alike sacrificed the thrill of uncertainty for the sake of veracity and verisimilitude. Why should I (man like) shrink to follow where Lorelei and these other writers have trodden? Therefore I have set down this true story of the great fight.

But before I begin I must refer to another great difficulty attending the personal "story". It is that no narrator can keep the sympathy of the reader if he records, however naively, those characteristics in himself which cause him to be the hero of his own work. He cannot say, in so many words: "I am the greatest pugilist the world has ever known. My beauty, my magnetism, my extraordinary skill, etc., are the wonder of all who know me." I insist that he cannot say this sort of thing. He is compelled to communicate the facts of his beauty, his skill, and his prowess by means of a letter from a friend, or a sentence over-

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heard, the frank praise of a colleague or a rival, or the involuntary admiration of some young adorer, male or female. He can set down such commendatory remarks with an apology, or an air of unconcern; he can allow it to appear that he is a very fine but a very modest fellow. And in the end, if his readers believe in his modesty and his ability, the responsibility rests with them, and with them alone. I take no responsibility, accordingly, for any praise of myself which may seem to appear in what follows. If I am drawn as a prodigy of valor and pugnacity, it is because others (rather than myself) have been determined to call me blessed.

To come, then, to the fateful evening upon which the two literary heavyweights met to decide the vital issue between American and English letters, I must make it plain that when referee Alfred Knopf fired the pistol which led to the first clinch I had already, in my corner of the ring, taken the opportunity of a close view of my opponent to weigh up his characteristics. In weighing characteristics I have always been very expert. It has long been a habit of mine, while traveling upon railway trains (English, Continental, and American), to glance swiftly at my fellow passengers and imagine all sorts of things about them. As is said to be the case when men are drowning, the whole of the past lives of these men flash at once through my mind, and I am able to judge them unerringly. This is why, some years ago, I received a letter from a reader of one of my novels which began breathlessly: "How did you know about me?"

Was it fancy, or did Henry Mencken really whisper those same words as he crept through the ropes into the ring? I cannot tell. I only know that I stood in my corner of the ring, watching referee Alfred Knopf toying with his whistle, and that I regarded Mencken with that cool, impassive glance which wins battles. At last I saw, stripped as it were to the skin, the great champion of American letters, of American democracy, of American civilization. I saw the editor of "Americana", the slayer of George Bernard Shaw and other, less noted, fighters. I saw the man who retorted to "My dear Mencken" with "My dear Walpole", the man who makes all the English novelists tremble when they publish their inferior novels and try in vain to put them across the great American public. I had expected (from Hugh Walpole's account of Mencken's yells and howls) that there would be ringside caterwauling similar to the row I heard the other night in the final prison scene of "An American Tragedy". Nothing of the kind. Mencken carried no weapons but a copy of "The American Language" and a volume of "The American Mercury". In his teeth was a scalping knife, and about his ankles were a few dingy tufts said to be the lost hair of certain English writers (now notoriously bald) who had vainly attempted to get away with an American boom, and whose reputations had been scalped ruthlessly by this jealous guardian of American liberty and American pride of place.

And as I looked at this comparatively unarmed man, I was conscious of my own strength. Piled about me were the American editions of a large number of books by English novelists — books which at one time Mencken had praised — books by men whose names are known throughout Europe. Such ammunition reassured me. Then I noticed that Mencken wore two amulets, in which, set with precious stones, were portraits of Sheila Kaye-Smith, dressed in the costume of a crusader,

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and the late W. L. George, disguised as an American citizen. I cast my observation upon these amulets; and as I did this I was almost blinded by the glitter of a small fillet which Mencken wore over one eye, in which were crowded the names of many illustrious living American writers. As a contrast to this brilliant fillet, but attached to it by some inexorable law, such as seccotine, I detected a few dangling objects which I at first took to be used match sticks, but which proved upon further examination to be a small bundle of bruised reeds, labeled "English Critics". While the fillet dazzled me, I thought the bruised reeds, which were crudely painted, without the smallest resemblance to human beings, were no ornament to my foe. I however said nothing, but surveyed him closely.

At that moment it seemed to me that Mencken's face was distorted with rage; but I presently discovered that he was as much dazzled as myself by the fillet which he wore over one eye, and that he was squinting in order not to be absolutely bewildered by it. I then saw that the juxtaposition of the jewels and the effigies of these "English Critics" was troubling Mencken very much. He seemed to be aware that the crudely painted little reeds were an encumbrance to him, that they caught his eye and inflamed it, that they were unlike any real objects ever seen, and had to be labeled in order that any observers — even the most naive of them — should be deceived by such toys; but he could not bring himself to part with these ridiculous things. Instead, he kept fingering the match sticks, and murmuring strange words to them, as if to galvanize the little bundle into the semblance of life. In vain. They did not respond. They remained little match sticks, or bruised reeds, a collection which some joker had palmed off upon the unsuspecting, innocent Mencken at a time when some such toy tickled his fancy.

The other eye of my foe was unobscured. It looked out upon the world (and incidentally upon myself) with a bright blue clearness which made it remarkable. I wished that I could see its fellow. With two such clear eyes, I thought to myself, this man would be invincible. If he could but rid himself for a time of the blazing fillet with its dangling monstrosities, it would be impossible to resist him. Then, so far from fighting, he would be a man of peace, a philosopher, a friend. But this thought had no sooner crossed my mind than it was forced to depart. Mencken closed his bright blue eye, lowered his head, shook it. . . . The coruscations sparkled, the withered match sticks sent out a ghostly rustling, as of preserved bones. Referee Alfred Knopf looked at his watch, and fingered the huge pink and green and orange Borzoi handkerchief (in which I looked vainly for a trace of mauve) with which he was to signal the start of the fight. I looked behind me at my ammunition. A hundred volumes of Wells, another eighty or so of Bennett . . . Galsworthy, Moore, Countess Russell, James Stephens, Masefield, Walpole, Mackenzie, Beresford, Maugham, Margaret Kennedy, W. B. Maxwell, Rebecca West, G. B. Stern, Aldous Huxley, May Sinclair, Dorothy Richardson, Francis Brett Young, Warwick Deeping, C. E. Montague, Storm Jameson, Charles Marriott, Allan Monkhouse, David Garnett, Virginia Woolf, E. M. Forster, A. S. M. Hutchinson, Colonel Wren, W. J. Locke, Tennyson Jesse, Hilda Vaughan, Noel Coward, Michael Arlen, Donn Byrne, Stephen McKenna, and dozens more. And these were my ammunition, not my armor. I had been too wise, too

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learned in the art of fighting, to saddle myself with one of them in the shape of armor. But each book by each one of these writers was a separate missile with which I could assail the vulnerable points of my opponent. I could rake him with small shot, or I could deliver mass attacks. I could bring up George Moore and Michael Arlen upon his blind side while his one blue eye was engaged with Sheila Kaye-Smith or Virginia Woolf. I could deploy the Hutchinsons, brother and sister, for the purpose of confusing Mencken; and while he hesitated I could bombard heavily with Walpole and Mackenzie. I could check an attack upon his part with G. B. Stern; and at need could draw immense reserves from the older works of W. B. Maxwell and Warwick Deeping. As for Wells, Bennett, and Galsworthy, I could safely keep them as cavalry for the purpose of chasing a routed foe. No need to waste them as shock troops. I looked upon the scene with pardonable complacency.

And then I caught another sight of my enemy. He had partially opened his one eye, and had several times closed it rather swiftly. This seemed to me a most extraordinary gesture, calculated to create some hypnotic suggestion. I averted my glance. But an instant later a fresh movement attracted my attention. Mencken had raised his hand, widely opened, to some point about the centre of his face and was, it appeared from the movement of his fingers, rapidly computing the number of guns which I carried. Such at least was my first impression. But I discovered that this motion of the extended fingers, although it seemed to be directed to myself, was some sort of rite, or invocation, the object of which was to encourage Mencken's own spirits. At this a sudden perception assailed me. This was Mumbo Jumbo! This was Hokum! I had never known before what these things were; and now I saw them in action. The strange movements of the lid of that one clear eye; the stranger gesticulations of those rapid fingers, were all made significant to me. Their object was to placate certain obscure gods, to whom Mencken owed allegiance, and to terrify me.

No sooner did I notice these things, and comprehend their meaning, than I began to understand yet more. I understood the meaning of the amulets. I understood the importance of the dazzling fillet with its dangling match sticks. I realized why Mencken was so simply armed, why he bore those dingy tufts of scalped hair, and why he carried no further ammunition. I also understood why one of his eyes was completely blinded, and the other frequently closed. Mencken was not a fighter at all! He was the kindest, the sweetest of men, whose typewriter was the only fierce thing about him. He was at my mercy now that I knew this.

With an abrupt gesture, I summoned an attendant.

"Take all this stuff away", I said.

The man looked at me, stupefied.

"But, general . . . "

I silenced him. Mencken, from his corner, ceased to invoke his gods. His one bright eye was widely opened. He watched the removal of my ammunition. First Wells, then Bennett . . . The longer sets went first, and the shorter followed. Referee Alfred Knopf smiled to see Bennett and Wells go, but as he noticed G. B. Stern, Warwick Deeping, Francis Brett Young, Storm Jameson, Romer Wilson, Stephen Hudson, and J. S. Fletcher being carted away, a somewhat puzzled expression crossed his face. I, with my own plans entirely concealed behind an amiable grin which showed that I was

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well content, watched uneasy Mencken from between my lashes. Rapidly my ammunition was removed. I retained only one weapon, a single volume in a plain wrapper. Then I raised my hand in the Fascist greeting. A tremor ran through Mencken. His two amulets clattered to the ground. A heavy whispering shook the dried sticks labeled "English Critics"; yet it was not life which had come to them, but a mere shivering of Mencken's body.

"Mencken!" said I sharply. He tottered. "Mencken! Take off that ridiculous fillet!"

Unwillingly, with trembling fingers, he removed the fillet. A perfectly good second eye was revealed. At last I saw two bright blue eyes, as lively as day itself. They twinkled, as I had known they would. They smiled. They beamed.

"Can you see clearly?" I asked.

"Yes, ma'am", said Mencken. The scalping knife dropped from between his teeth as he spoke, and the volumes of "The American Language" and "The American Mercury" from his hands.

"You can see that you have been foolish to blind yourself with this fillet and these blinkings?" I said.

"Yes, ma'am", agreed Mencken mildly.

"Then", said I, "there is nothing to fight over. I have ordered the removal of my ammunition. Your own weapons, which were those of magic and sorcery (borrowed, no doubt, from the collection of Mr. Cabell), have fallen from you. We will say no more. I have here", I continued, impressively, "a small present for you. It is nothing more nor less than an inscribed copy of my own new novel, 'Summer Storm', and the sentence of the court is that you read every word—"

Before I could complete the sentence with " . . . of the inscription", Mencken had fainted, slipping weakly through the ropes of the ring and onto the floor beyond. I hurled the book after him. Referee Knopf threw the Borzoi handkerchief high into the air; and I awoke with the telephone ringing desperately in my ears.

MEMORY

By Frances M. Frost

THERE was a night
When we stood on the brow of a hill
And looked off into the blackness
Where farm lights twinkled across the valley,
Gleamed for a while and went out.
And then the moon came through the firs
And stood beside us silently.
Now that you are dead I have tried long and long
to remember your face
As it looked that night under the shadow of the firs,
But I cannot even remember what the wind said to
the moon when it came up the valley.

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EVER LEARNING

By James Harvey Robinson

NATURE makes little or no provision for leisure. This is man made, the byproduct of his ingenuity and accumulations. Nature wots well of weariness and sleep, apathy and the stillness of death. She can tell us how to watch and wait and slumber, but she has no other suggestions to make about filling in those intervals when the urgencies of mere living relax for a time. She has seen to it that her program should usually be full, although the numbers are few and constantly recur. The tiniest of her children are often the busiest. Day and night the minute ciliates and rotifers are stirring up their vortex of water to draw in the wherewithal; and the various chasers are dashing about. There are the larger creatures which we can see without the microscope — the trappers for example, the spider, and the ferocious "doodle bug", setting their snares and awaiting their prey. The communistic bees and ants are ever on the job. There are, to be sure, drones in communistic circles, in spite of Prussian regimentation. There are unnumbered parasites within and without, uninvited guests who may or may not wear their hosts to death. But even these loafers and exploiters do not have to face the menace of leisure. They bore not; neither are they bored. They feel no obligation to improve their minds or better their worldly lot by taking in "The American Magazine", contemplating noble examples of success, or strengthening their will with some "psychological" elixir.

Men and women have always had to meet the needs common to all animals great and small, and this necessity has required almost all their time and strength. Hunting, fishing, planting, and reaping, with the concomitant skinnings, grindings, and seethings; guarding their bodies from the unfriendly moods of the elements; repelling enemies and getting under way a new generation of self supporting slaves, artful dodgers, and procreators — these are the obsessive essentials of survival. They form the indispensable basis for all further human adventure, and demand constant watchfulness and replenishing.

This is the natural and inexorable bondage of life from which man can never escape. But he has shown that he can lighten his burden by clever contrivances and thus leave leeway enough to develop wholly novel and unexpected potentialities which he gradually discovers in himself but which were long obscured and repressed by his lack of skill in meeting his bodily needs. When granted the necessary time he can wonder and gratify his curiosity by a sublimation of his familiar hunting enterprises. This process has grown at last into modern scientific research, which was preceded by many gorgeous guesses in regard to the origin, order, and destiny of things. Man found time for carving gracious designs upon his implements, for adorning his person, his temples, and the houses of his rulers. Behind all these things is his longing for things that never yet were, *das Niedagewesene*, which he in time came to call his ideals and aspira-

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tions. He is increasingly dissatisfied with the notion of merely meeting present exigencies and establishing his offspring in the old ways with no chance of their doing more than reduplicate his own life.

These reflections are, I am fully aware, quite commonplace, but we often neglect them in our impatience with human routine and stupidity. The great mass of mankind has hitherto been bound to the soil or the shop, and commonly in a condition of legal bondage to other individuals or groups of individuals. Men have been stupefied by unremitting overwork, whether it be in China, India, Russia, or our western world. There are exceptions and reservations to be made in this statement, but it is in general true and inevitable when we consider man's background.

Such leisure as mankind has until very lately enjoyed has been confined to the young, an unavoidable concession to their weakness and inexperience. Youth has been the period of learning, usually in a hit or miss fashion. Children tumbled up, discovering things for themselves and from their companions, assimilating the prejudices of their elders, and in due time shouldering the burden of work. They continued to learn a little in later years, but not much. Forcing learning on the young by means of schools and schoolmasters is a rather modern innovation to be traced back here and there three thousand years, perhaps a little further. Only very lately have schools come to be taken for granted among all so called civilized peoples. The chief result of these has been to impart to almost all the inhabitants of western Europe, North America, and Australasia the magic art of reading. The printing press, with the encouragement of its mistress, advertising, now quite outruns any possible demand of the reading eye. Things to read are thrust upon our attention at every turn. We are put for life in communication with the quick and the dead. The possibilities are limitless. We have only to make our choice.

The leisure formerly confined to childhood (and old age) is now expanding rapidly. Robert Owen, toward a hundred years ago, declared that the application of mechanical devices in spinning and weaving was already equivalent to giving the workmen each nine slaves to aid them. The Iron Man has greatly increased in strength since Owen's time, and gasoline and electricity replace human muscles. Just the other day the American Federation of Labor discussed the possibility of a forty hour week. This means that a third of five days should be spent in toil and that there should be two whole days of leisure in seven, or a hundred and more each year. If some of this time could be devoted to meditating on Stuart Chase's "Tragedy of Waste" those in the more favored industries might look forward to such a reduction of stated work that even with our present undeveloped resources leisure would become a serious question.

"Leisure" is perhaps too elegant a term to apply to spare time. Other names may be given to intervals of unemployment, such as loafing, idleness, bumming. The church recognizes the cardinal sin of *acedia*, sullen sloth, about which Aldous Huxley has written so charmingly. Then there is "re-creation"; and as we stumble upon this word, it suggests a new line of reflection on using spare time to make ourselves over gradually and agreeably, when once we grasp the rules of the game.

The changing economic conditions recalled above, along with the accom-

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panying fresh possibilities and aspirations, underlie the talk and planning and experiments which, especially during the past ten years, have been summed up under the heading Adult Education. Toward the end of the war the first British "blue book" appeared upon this subject, and an international association under the headship of Mr. Mansbridge was formed. The Workers' Education Bureau in New York is in fraternal relations with the A. F. of L., and the Carnegie Corporation has been taking account of stock in this field. Numerous forums have sprung up, following in the lead of the People's Institute. Among earlier movements the most influential has been University Extension, originating in England and transplanted to the United States about 1890. This movement has led to a wide diffusion among adults of the courses offered to undergraduates in colleges and universities. The object has been the rather naive but inevitable one of offering to those who had escaped college some belated savor of the succulent fruits which the collegian might enjoy.

But meanwhile, especially after the war, the boys and girls, and even a college president here and there, began to suspect that the prized fruit had lost its quality and tended to turn to ashes. So the bottom threatens to drop out from University Extension and all those forms of adult education which assume that the prevailing education for the young can be carried over without question to the aspiring adult.

We have not yet learned to combine recreation and re-creation. The colleges afford opportunity for plenty of recreation of the more obvious and primitive type. This is not their avowed purpose. Their representatives talk of molding the character of the young, fitting them for life, broadening their outlook, but nevertheless they are not intent upon any thoroughgoing re-creation of mood and aspirations. The chief function of a college is to impart information with no great attention to its bearing upon intelligence and conduct. It usually fails to transform the student's attitude toward himself and his surroundings, although this is obviously what he most needs in our period of rapid change. Education as now organized can scarcely flourish without the support and approbation of current opinion — often of the baser sort. It is consequently averse to re-creation. The boys and girls must emerge from college without signal indications that they have deserted the moral, religious, political, or business standards of their elders.

While the recent sporadic revolt of college students against the traditional methods of education is encouraging, it is bound to be seriously hampered or blocked by the unintelligence and timidity of parents and trustees. So it falls out that progress in education for both young and old is really a single problem. Could adult education be directed into new and better ways, it would remove in time the constant fear of public reprehension under which our more clear headed instructors and educational authorities now groan.

In II Timothy, a brief tractate of dubious origin which happened to be included in the New Testament, there occurs among many worldly wise observations a reference to those who are "ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth". Now the truth was in all probability to the writer what he and his associates happened to believe. And this is the truth to all of us, unless we can achieve a state of mind toward which I believe it is the very essence of all education to approach as nearly as may be.

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It seems as if truth could be no more than tentative and relative, taking the form of useful and beautiful patterns which may in time fade, disintegrate, or lose all value owing to subtle changes in ourselves and our surroundings.

For example, it seems to me to be the truth for the moment that information is to be had in overwhelming quantities but that most of it is indigestible and incapable of undergoing the ultimate and essential process of metabolism which might re-create us. The traditional aim of education has been to impart knowledge, with the often quite unconscious but ever present design of substantiating or at least leaving quite untouched the prevailing notions of righteousness and propriety. Now the kind of knowledge that is at present piling up tends to question or even indict rather than confirm the older standards, acceptances, and faiths in regard to religion, politics, business, morals, race, crime, and the intimate relations of men and women.

If this be true it would seem to be the proper aim of adult education (which is freed from some of the prudences and disguises supposed to be wise in dealing with the young) to revise childish impressions that have held on owing to lack of time to overhaul them. As leisure and opportunity increase, more and more people will set themselves to modifying, in the light of new information and conditions, their immature perspective, prejudices, and general estimate of themselves and their surroundings. These, as things now are, continue to stand by us or reemerge inconveniently our whole lives long, although they originated in the guesses of a child or the misapprehensions or convenient misrepresentations of adults. We now know that the young are much older than was formerly assumed, and that the old are the victims of infantilisms which pester them and their associates through life. Our present educational devices fail to take advantage of the maturity of the young or correct and discredit the babyishness of the old.

Fresh information, if allowed free play and unvitiated by stubborn scruples, prejudices, principles, and rationalizings in the interest of comfortable convictions, is bound to affect one's mood and outlook. I have a strong distaste for virtuous homilies and moralizings, which, like Mr. Roosevelt's "weasel words", suck the blood out of fuller knowledge and leave it to die.

Nowadays we talk much of the human adventure. This is a hopeful sign. Education whether for young or old, except that directed to some special art or profession, should shed light on the nature of our pilgrimage. It is no longer what Bunyan had in mind. Christian, when questioned by Mr. Pliable in regard to the ultimate rewards of the journey, had to admit that it was easier to imagine than describe the bliss of the Celestial City, but that at any rate they would enjoy an unobstructed view of the cherubim and seraphim and of the four and twenty elders. The prospect was too vague and illusive to make much impression on Mr. Pliable. After sloshing about for a time in the Slough of Despond he prudently regained the road leading back to the City of Destruction. There is no record of how Christian felt after a hundred million years of casting down his golden crown upon the glassy sea.

The almost inevitable reduction of our hopes and securities which comes with increasing years is usually called disillusion. But why not call it insight? It might include agreeable

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as well as disagreeable discoveries. Enlightenment might bring really greater security because less subject to rude impacts and dislocation than the older blind and rigid faiths which ran quite counter to honest experience.

It would have been hard to shock Euripides, Lucretius, Montaigne, Shakespeare, or Goethe. They represent the highest type of adult education. And at this very moment Wells's Mr. Clissold lights the way to a genial reconciliation with things as they just now seem to be in our present incipient stage of knowledge. Then Havelock Ellis, who has the honor to be ranked by Mr. Mencken as the most civilized of mankind, has given us in his "Dance of Life" a picture of the Celestial City so far as it can now be adumbrated.

In setting this highest aim for adult education, I am aware of a certain grotesque impracticability about it. It will seem downright offensive to some readers. As I noticed recently the faces of those celebrating in procession the achievement of Columbus, I wondered whether a combination of the happiest circumstances and the most favorable influences and the most sagacious guidance could ever have made them relish any of the writers I have mentioned, let alone follow in their footsteps. Yet it does no harm to dream of things that are not, nor likely to be.

Education should be directed to sophistication, gentle and tolerant, and to reconciliation, rather than to ascetic sacrifice. The amenities and incredible achievements of mankind and the wonders of nature are apt to escape us, for owing to our animal extraction we are usually sensitive only to the outs of things. We overemphasize the mordant acidity and exaggerate the disappointments and bewilderments of life. Touchiness to discomfort is, as I have said, an animal trait which it should be our business to overcome as a part of the disreputable and inappropriate elements in our heritage.

Without being moral or sentimental or mystic, I agree with Mr. Wells that the trend of affairs today is toward the re-creation of man into what can safely be called a better and wiser being. "As our mental range increases we realize that in the end frustration and extinction await everything that is purely individual in us. We are beginning, some of us, or even most of us, to develop a further, a more fully adult mental age. This adult mentality of the years ahead will be self-neglectful and scientific and creative in comparison with anything that has gone before. It will be consciously and habitually a contributory and co-operative part of the over-mind."

And Mr. Wells's conception of the over-mind is not that of some super intelligence but rather the more or less coherent outcome of all that any of us are able to do in increasing human knowledge, encouraging insight, understanding and varied appreciation; acquiring and imparting the art of surrendering old beliefs and substituting new ones — in short becoming as brave adventurers as may be, always expectant of new discoveries.

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From "Eliza and the Elves"

AMONG THE NEW CHILDREN'S BOOKS

By Alice M. Jordan

LIKE a certain well advertised fountain pen, the new books for children are "made in sizes to fit every hand". Here are the little books loved by little children, pocket editions for bookish folk, standard classics approved by tests and measurements, and large square volumes, the frames for artistic illustrations. Furthermore, the perennial hope of finding freshness and distinction in content has its fair measure of reward.

The search for a book having the unalloyed Christmas spirit is always fascinating, and in the year's gathering there is at least one which has the old world symbolism and the love for children combined in generous measure. Coming from Paris it is in French, with pictures by Hansi that need no translation. In "La Merveilleuse Histoire du bon S. Florentin d'Alsace", the author-illustrator has gone back to the time of Queen Blanche, to the days when a saint could live undisturbed in a lonely hermitage making friends among the children and the animals.

It is a charming picture, that of good Saint Florentin, so longing to make a joyous Christmas for his little friends but having no means to do so. When he was stepping out one morning his eye fell upon a little fir tree quite straight and shapely, all glittering with ice and snow, and he saw its loveliness and knew what he should do. The little fir tree was cut down and taken into the hut, trimmed with red apples and brown nuts, hung about with honey-nut-cakes such as one sees in Alsace today. Yet the tree was sad because it did not shine as it did out in the sunlight with snow upon the branches.

Then good Saint Florentin made little tapers of beeswax, and lighted them and put them on the tree so that the children clapped their hands for joy and all the wild creatures looked in at the window and shared the happiness. And so to this day they have

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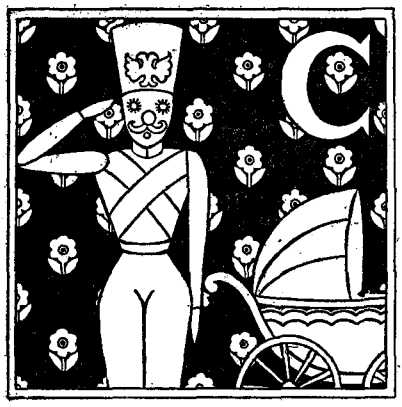
celebrated Christmas in Alsace by lighting a fir tree in honor of the children.

Christmas Eve on Beacon Hill is a feast of lights also. So well known is this observance and so universally beloved, that it is no longer the simple



From "Roses of the Winds"

neighborhood gathering it once was. Very few people know that it had its beginning in the impulse of a young boy who shared his Christmas happiness with the world outside when he first put candles in the windows of his father's house.

"Roses of the Winds" by Sonia Lustig has a Christmas story of celebrations in Finland with candles in the windows, with songs, and the reading of the Christmas story, followed by the coming of the Yule goat to find out what children have been good enough to receive presents. This is an episode in the story of a Russian family of fifty years ago. Russian by birth, the author paints an authentic picture in all the sharp contrasts that were a part of the old Russia. She gives definite impressions of winter in the Caucasus amid stupendous snowfalls when the shepherds and their dogs are bringing the cattle down the valley to avoid avalanches. Real children and real parents make this a valuable addition to the group of books about other countries.

Stories with an historical basis are many this year and some are unusually good, the fruit of close and discerning study of a period and wise choice of dramatic material. In "The White Leader" Constance Lindsay Skinner writes about young Lachlan Douglas, adopted son of White Alex, leader of the Creeks, the secret of whose black hatred for the Americans is a part of the story. Tennessee, in the period between the Revolution and the Louisiana Purchase, forms the background of this absorbing story of Spanish plotting, of Indian treachery and pioneer bravery. Red hair, grey eyes, and the name Lachlan were what saved the boy to be educated as an Indian warrior to the good fortune of the Tennessee outposts. Barking Water, Lachlan's black friend of egregious vanity and picturesque speech, Oomy the Turtle god, and Susanna, Most Sacred Mule, bring the relief of humor. Miss Skinner has done a fine piece of work, a first rate historical story, even better than "Silent Scot", her earlier book for young people.

Still another telling book with its roots in American soil is "On to Oregon" by Honoré Willsie Morrow. John Sager, the boy of thirteen who leads his five small sisters and younger brother on the greater part of the long trail between Missouri and Oregon, is genuine boy in his lack of responsibility at the beginning. Tragedy steps in to make him take his share of caring for others, but the story is not depressing; it is often amusing, often touching, always thoroughly human. The period is the eighteen forties and Kit Carson is John's hero.

There has been much anticipation

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of Elsie Singmaster's history, "The Book of the United States", but it is somewhat disappointing because of its limitations. As a guide to other books it will probably serve a useful end, but the fire is lacking for the compelling volume of which we dreamed.

Back to the early nineteenth century, back to the days of Byron and Shelley with that brilliant young adventurer, Edward John Trelawny. The most clamorous demands for an exciting story cannot fail to be satisfied with the extraordinary dangers, encounters with savages, perils from storms, and contests with enemies recounted in "Adventures of a Younger Son". Clarence Stratton of the Cleveland School Department has skilfully edited this famous book, overflowing with graphic and living descriptions of exploits on the sea and in the Malay Archipelago.

What would George Borrow have thought of an edition of "Lavengro" edited and abridged for young people? Surely if there is any book deserving of individuality in form and makeup, "Lavengro" is that book. For seven years George Borrow worked over it, determined to make it original at any cost. The present arrangement contains less than one half of the whole book, selected to make a continuous narrative of the roving adventures of the Gentleman Gipsy. Borrovians will not be able to see in this "series" edition with its modern illustrations the characters they know and love. Where are Jasper Petulengro, Tawno, and Ursula? Where the Flaming Tinman and the incomparable Isobel Berners? What of the wind on the heath?

Strangely enough, a book has appeared simultaneously with this "Lavengro" in which George Borrow plays a leading part. Building on the brief mention of the boy Murtagh, who taught Lavengro the Irish language, W. G. Dowsley makes of "Travelling Men" a story of Ireland with a sure appeal to boys as well as men. Lively and wild are the entanglements, gallant and daring the two boys, reared with the memory of Robert Emmet warm in their hearts. We have too few books about Ireland that give a fair idea of her sufferings and persecution without being filled also with propaganda. This one ought not to be missed by young people.

"The business of writing", says James Stephens, "has very little to do with truth. Enjoyment, whether in a positive or negative form, is the aim of

From "Daniel Boone"

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From "Hansel and Gretel"

every intellection, and all we can demand from a work of art is that it shall heighten our ability to enjoy whatever is enjoyable, that is, everything that the mind can take an interest in." There can be no question of the enjoyment contained in the book for which James Stephens wrote this introduction. "The Tale of the Good Cat Jupie" is a perfect book for little children, with just the right proportion of truth to nonsense. Mrs. McCoy has drawn for it the pictures of her own cat, one of the wise, far seeing ones.

From the far west comes one of the most fascinating fairy books of the season. "Once upon a time", Monica Shannon begins in "California Fairy Tales", "there lived a certain young prince who possessed the only privately owned raincloud in the whole world." This young prince sailed with a Learned Cat to a dry and sun scorched land and there he took the cloud from his pocket and let it fly over the land. He wanted to marry the Princess of the land, but she was promised to the Foolish Fire Genie who starts all forest fires. Of course the Prince went on a quest and, of course, when it came to releasing his raincloud there were all the conflicting interests to consider. The Dusty Rancher, naturally, wanted rain but there were others who did not — the TiredWoman who had just finished a Huge Family Washing, the Mayor's Daughter who was going to be married, Two Bulky Haulers who wanted to take their vegetables to market, and the Learned Cat himself who couldn't have it rain on Commencement Day.

Two books owe their being to South American folklore. "The Brazilian Fairy Book" is reminiscent of the eastern story teller whose tale continued from night to night to ward off disaster. In Brazil there is a mythical parrot whose supply of stories for this purpose seemed never to fail. Elsie Spicer Ells heard about him from native raconteurs.

Mrs. Tee-Van, an artist in one of William Beebe's tropical research stations, writes of British Guiana, one of the little known parts of South America, in her story of "Red Howling Monkey", a small boy with a hidden name. She tells much about Indian ways of living that is informing.

There could hardly be a happier collaboration of author and artist than that of Rachel Field and Elizabeth MacKinstry. Each is at home in the other's art and both belong to that fellowship to whom the "good folk" are kind. Rachel Field wrote "Eliza and the Elves", and Elizabeth MacKinstry made the pictures of that knowing child whose career was made gay with elf locks all on end, with elfin music and wee pointed faces all about her. There are two other merry stories and some fairy tale verse.

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In "Little Machinery", Mary Liddell has composed a remarkable picture book full of wheels and screws, swinging cranes and moving levers. Children who want to know how things work will love to see Little Machinery making homes for the animals in these pictures drawn with balance and design, as well as mechanical accuracy.

Among the books appearing with additional illustrations "Daniel Boone, Wilderness Scout" by Stewart Edward White, for which James Daugherty has made a series of arresting pictures, is especially notable. The book is already a favorite and these bold and striking drawings will make it eminent.

Dorothy Lathrop's drawings for "The Light Princess" carry out a long cherished wish to picture the Princess who had no gravity. In this new volume for the Little Library Miss Lathrop conveys happily her own appreciation of the delicate fantasy.

The beautiful gift book edition of "Hansel and Gretel, and Other Stories by the Brothers Grimm", with Kay Nielsen's distinguished illustrations, is a book for artists and scene painters rather than for children. The pictures are highly decorative but sophisticated, not childlike.

There will be real rejoicing over the appearance of a Christmas story by Thornton Burgess. "The Christmas Reindeer" tells how Santa Claus gets the reindeer that he drives every winter from the north country and, incidentally, about a little Eskimo girl and her reindeer friends. By his interweaving of fact with fancy, Mr. Burgess contrives to impart a good deal of accurate information about animal life. It is one of the best things he has done.

Now come two anthologies among a number of individual volumes of pleasant verse. Louis Untermeyer has made over "This Singing World" for younger children, adding things they are sure to like and leaving out a great deal that was in the first edition. I am inclined to think this change will make it more popular with children, though older people have liked and used the earlier selection. "Through Magic Casements" is a really new compilation by George S. Carhart and Paul A. McGhee designed for high school use. The selections are well made and the book seems destined to fill a need.

"Dad always read poetry. We did not know there was anything worth reading in prose. Among other poems he read 'The Children in the Woods', the 'Lays of Ancient Rome', 'Thanatopsis', 'Snow-Bound' and 'Evangeline'." This is from no book for children, but from an exquisite and tender record of childhood memories, "The World that Was", by Dr. John

From "The Light Princess"

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G. Bowman. Beyond the lovely descriptions of outdoor life in the country and on the primæval prairie, beyond the penetrating interpretation of a child's inner life, this little book of essays is a tribute to an understanding father. It is a book to be read and loved by everyone who has to do with children.

La Merveilleuse Histoire du bon S. Florentin d'Alsace. Racontée aux Petits Enfants par l'Oncle Hansi avec beaucoup d'Images par Hansi et Huen. H. Floury.

Roses of the Winds. By Sonia Lustig. Illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff. Doubleday, Page and Company.

The White Leader. By Constance Lindsay Skinner. Illustrated by Remington Schuyler. The Macmillan Company.

On to Oregon. By Honoré Willsie Morrow. William Morrow, Inc.

The Book of the United States. By Elsie Singmaster. George H. Doran Company.

Adventures of a Younger Son. By Edward John Trelawny. Edited by Clarence Stratton. Harcourt, Brace and Company.

Lavengro. By George Borrow. Edited for young people by Paul S. Parsons. Illustrated in color by Harold Brett. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Travelling Men. By W. G. Dowsley. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Tale of the Good Cat Jupie. By Neely McCoy. Introduction by James Stephens. The Macmillan Company.

California Fairy Tales. By Monica Shannon. Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Brazilian Fairy Book. By Elsie Spicer Ells. Illustrated in color. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Red Howling Monkey: the Tale of a South American Indian Boy. Told and illustrated by Helen Damrosch Tee-Van. The Macmillan Company.

Eliza and the Elves. By Rachel Field. Illustrated by Elizabeth MacKinstry. Doubleday, Page and Company.

Little Machinery. Story and pictures by Mary Liddell. Doubleday, Page and Company.

Daniel Boone, Wilderness Scout. By Stewart Edward White. Illustrated by James Daugherty. Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Light Princess. By George MacDonald. Illustrated by Dorothy Lathrop. The Macmillan Company.

Hansel and Gretel, and Other Stories by the Brothers Grimm. Illustrated by Kay Nielsen. George H. Doran Company.

The Christmas Reindeer. By Thornton W. Burgess. The Macmillan Company.

This Singing World. For Younger Children. Edited by Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace and Company.

Through Magic Casements. By George S. Carhart and Paul A. McGhee. The Macmillan Company.

The World that Was. By John G. Bowman. The Macmillan Company.

From "Eliza and the Elves"

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THE NEW YORKER

The Sensation of Paris — The Lady Gentlemen Prefer — Good Actresses in Poor Plays — A Native Opera — Paul Robeson Returns — Musical Comedies — The Days of King Tut

THE month has been a fortunate one from the critics' viewpoint. The plays presented have been in practically every case either very good or very bad, so good or so bad that simple declaratives may be used and it is unnecessary to ponder deeply whether one's remarks are quite just while praising with faint damns. On that basis then we can go on record as saying that if we have ever seen a more consistently interesting and dramatic play than "The Captive" its name has escaped us. This production was by no means unheralded. As "La Prisonnière" it set all Paris agog last winter and running to the Théâtre Fémina, while its author, Edouard Bourdet, sprang into well deserved fame overnight. Some who had seen it wrote us that it could not be produced in English and would not. In French — well, that was something else again. But if a producer hardy enough to give it a showing here could be found, then the honest burghers would rise in their wrath, burn the theatre, or do something else desperate. Naturally there was standing room only for those who wanted to see the cause of the conflagration, and not much of that. What they saw was a very honest, very delicately done play about a girl in the grip of a passion which she hardly understands herself; whose frantic attempt to free herself but draws the bonds tighter, for she enters into a marriage — she to whom marriage is an abomination, revolting every quivering nerve of her being. No triumphant *chanson* of Bilitis this, but the frightened, bewildered cry of an unhappy victim straining away from the tides that mesh her feet drawing her on to Lesbos. The woman to whom Irène de Montcel is a captive never appears on the stage, and in the end it is simply her message of violets that induces the girl to leave her husband, as starved and wretched as she is. All this the burghers saw, and left the theatre sobered, presumably to read their Freud. We cannot find adequate words of praise for the performance of Helen Menken. As Irène she was magnificent, playing with subtlety and comprehension as difficult a rôle as has fallen to any actress in many a day. Basil Rathbone as the young husband was exceedingly good, and in a generally excellent cast we particularly liked the work of Ann Andrews, who brought something new to the thankless task of playing a typical mistress. Mark in red on your calendar the night you want to see "The Captive" — if you can get seats.

That most famous of best sellers, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes", was at last presented to expectant audiences after a triumphant session in the provinces. Anita Loos and John Emerson had an easy task of it: they simply took the book and put it on the stage, with almost nothing left

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out and not much added. The book had made the play a success before the latter was ever written; we have never seen an audience more determined to laugh. Chuckles emanated from every corner of the Times Square Theatre even while the first curtain was rising on the de luxe cabin of an ocean liner — not a particularly amusing spectacle. We had laughed before when Lorelei remarked that it was wonderful to have your hand kissed but a diamond and sapphire bracelet lasts forever; we had become convulsed when Dorothy said that you could no more injure her girl friend's reputation than you could sink the Jewish fleet, and so we laughed and became hysterical again. We were not alone by any means — everyone was doing it. The last act flattens out considerably just as the last part of the book does, but by then you should have got your money's worth out of the blonde who was frail in everything but finances. Some of the casting is simply fabulous: Georges Romain and Adrian Rosley as Robert and Louis were priceless, and Mrs. Jacques Martin as the sprightly Mrs. Spoffard was at her best. Some of the others were not so good, but why go into post mortems? We found ourselves being sorry for June Walker who plays Lorelei Lee. True to her part, she fed lines to everybody in the cast with such liberality that there was hardly a wisecrack left for herself. Edna Hibbard as the cynical Dorothy came in for the best of them — there was a ripple of laughter every time she spoke — but Miss Walker played gamely on, conscious and consoled perhaps by the knowledge that after all she was the blonde whom gentlemen prefer.

Another phase of life was offered with Marjorie Rambeau in "Just Life", described as a new drama of today by one John Bowie. It was an earnest and uninspired attempt to prove something, we do not know just what — perhaps that all husbands are unfaithful — and concerns an ex-opera singer who goes off on tour to save her husband from jail and bankruptcy, only to find him in the arms of another woman on her return, and their daughter all horsed up in scarlet on the verge of getting married or going to the bad without telling mother or anything. And just as it doesn't always happen in life, the poor betrayed opera singer finds another man to console her, or at least we presume he will console her when they meet in Rome. Why he had to postpone it until they got to Rome escapes us, but they were certainly on their way. Miss Rambeau struggled gallantly through this morass of platitudes, but even her fine voice and commanding presence could not save the play. We were tricked into applauding by the bad manners of a gentleman in front of us, known to at least two worlds, whose rude remarks uttered in a high voice were such that we felt constrained to cover them by violent clapping. That, however, does not mean that we like "Just Life". We don't.

Another actress who found herself in a like predicament to that of Miss Rambeau, although her play was not so bad, was Pauline Lord who appeared in "Sandalwood" by Owen Davis, based on a novel by Fulton Oursler. Plays taken from books are not as a rule conspicuously successful, although we think Mr. Davis might have done better in this case; certainly he made an excellent job of "The Great Gatsby" last winter. The theme may not have lent itself to his gifts, for instead of being about the vulgar rich — always an entertaining

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subject to poke fun at — this play concerns the respectable middle classes who live in suburbs and talk about tiled bathrooms. That is deadly enough, and Eddie Carpenter who lived in Mount Royal, New Jersey, found it so. So bored was he that when a convenient attack of sleeping sickness laid him low he decided to die, and at once set about it. For days his family and the doctor — evidently a pretty poor one — had believed him unconscious; on the contrary, however, he is perfectly well aware of what is going on and lies there with eyes closed preparing a fulmination against the piffle with which he is surrounded. His wife, played by Pauline Lord, is nearly distracted by the impending demise, and is just about to order a coffin when in comes a music teacher with whom friend husband had been playing around in his off moments. There was specifically nothing platonic about this friendship; nevertheless the wife allows the interloper to remain in the house because there is apparently some healing magic about her which will help Eddie get well. He does eventually, after endless diatribes against ministers, suburbs, and business, only to turn from the health giving music teacher to his wife — not because he is touched by her wearisome devotion, but simply because his brother has promised him a business in Flatbush and an automobile, if he will stick it out. In a not unusual cast Miss Lord shone like a jewel. Her husky, tender voice took one dreary line, oft repeated, "No one knows what I've been through these last two years", and made of it something beautiful, poignant, and significant. Nevertheless the rôle was too soggy even for her unquestioned gifts.

After a deal of hurrahs Fannie Brice stepped out of her comedy revue business and into a full length play called, either by accident or design, "Fanny". Willard Mack and David Belasco collaborated on it, so now each is probably busy blaming the other. It is all the veriest hokum, laid on a ranch, the same threadbare plot which appears in every issue of the ten cent magazines devoted to western yarns. The wicked cowboys, you know, are going to steal the old lady's money, and they would, only one of them is a detective in disguise tracing cattle thefts. And then there is Fanny, brave little Fanny, who will even go the limit for the old lady who has rescued her from a Jewish tenement or something. All this foolishness leads to the great seduction scene, in which Fanny entices the bandit leader in order to find out where the money is hidden. Here Miss Brice is at her absolute best, as funny as we have ever seen her. The audience became weak with laughter. In fact she was excellent whenever the play gave her a chance, which unfortunately was not too often. If Miss Brice has an ambition to do a little emotional acting now and then it is all right with us, but she ought to find a better vehicle for it.

The colored brethren who have been much with us this last year or so in play and novel continue to have a

THE DRAMA SHELF

"Three American Plays" by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings (Harcourt, Brace). A volume containing "What Price Glory", "First Flight", and "The Buccaneer".

"Kings in Nomania" by Percival Wilde (Appleton). A delightful fantasy that may be acted by children alone, or by children and adults.

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vogue which we suspect will last until it is too deeply rooted to be merely faddism. Certainly as a race the Negroes have been firmly established in our economic scheme, and even those who never visit Harlem now recognize that some of them are important artistically. There is at any rate in the entire race a wealth of material that the "discovery" of their spirituals and a few casual novels about their social life have hardly tapped. Frank Harling, a composer who wrote "A Light from Saint Agnes", and Laurence Stallings, who needs no introduction, have tapped a new vein in what was presented by Arthur Hopkins as a native opera called "Deep River". This is by far the most interesting experiment we have seen in several years. Neither opera nor yet musical comedy, "Deep River" fills a position between the two which should bring it wide popularity. Mr. Stallings's play is laid in the New Orleans of 1835 and concerns itself delicately enough with the elegant intrigues between the high born Creole gentlemen of that day and the beautiful quadroon women of the city. Their amours and the rivalry of some intruding Kentuckians are displayed in settings as delightful as one could wish for. The whole production is staged with faultless taste; bursts of applause greeted each new scene. The music, which to our uncritical ear sounded charming, ranged practically from jazz to melodies derived from forgotten voodoo chants. Once or twice an outburst of Italian opera seemed to get mixed up with the score, but every bit of it was exceedingly tuneful. All the voices were good and none of them great. Lottice Howell as Mugette, the quadroon girl in search of a protector, sang her rôle in a clear sweet voice, acted intelligently, and was a dainty, appealing figure. This page taken from a phase of southern life before the Civil War provides an evening of genuine entertainment.

Another performance which deals to an extent with a colored person, and not quite so successfully — although it is hardly fair to compare the productions, so different are they — is "Black Boy" which Horace Liveright, turned producer last winter for "Hamlet" in modern dress, presents. It is a garish and often uncouth drama beginning in the training camp of a white pugilist to which wanders a Negro roustabout, hungry and prepared to be grateful to anybody who will give him two bits to assuage his hunger. Inevitably he knocks out the white man in a sparring bout, and from that by the logical power of his fists rises to be champion of the world. One sees him at the peak of his triumphs, braggadocio, swaggering, two pianos in his Harlem flat, and two dozen friends to drink his whisky. On his defeat at the hands of a white man he crashes from his insecure height; the time of his fall takes only as many minutes as his climb to get there had consumed in years. The friends desert him, robbing as they go. Even his mistress, who had betrayed him, unwillingly to be sure, decamps; and the bitterest blow of all comes when he finds that she is colored like himself, for all her fair skin. It had fed his vanity to believe her a white woman; incoherently he felt that in covering her with jewels he was identifying himself with the race that howled him to defeat. And so he becomes again in the end only a Negro roustabout whose sweet voice might gain him dimes and quarters enough to assuage the hunger gnawing at his belly. Something very

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fine might have been made of this, but Jim Tully and Frank Dazey, the playwrights, do not seem to have brought it off. The trouble, we think, is the emphasis laid on the fact that Black Boy is a Negro, to account for his difficulties. Champions of the Nordic race have been left disconsolate and alone when they failed of the winning punch, and fair weather friends are not characteristic of the Negro only. The play frequently is too vociferous, and we weary of rough words for their sake alone. Paul Robeson, famous for his interpretation of "The Emperor Jones", plays the part of Black Boy with dignity and restraint. Opportunity is given him to sing a little, and his crooning voice held the audience spellbound. An exceptionally talented man. Edith Warren as Irene, the almost white girl, gave a really excellent performance; we could have cheered when she broke into the most intoxicating Charleston we have seen in many a day. The performance was somewhat marred for us by an individual in the gallery who at intervals held a chair over the void and remarked hoarsely that such tripe was not for Paul Robeson. The chair seemed insecurely held. We did not crawl under our seat as might be expected, but our attention was severely distracted from the stage.

The Messrs. Shubert presented Mitzi in "Naughty Riquette", a musical play, but we would rather pass over that experience. Briefly it was laid in Paris and Monte Carlo — a Monte Carlo which might have existed in the imaginations of 1907 but which never remotely resembled the real thing. The costumes were unbelievably hideous, the music insipid, and the lines dull. Stanley Lupino, an English comedian, sprayed Cockney all over the audience and fell on his ear seventeen times in order to get a laugh, but even he could not lighten the dread proceedings much. Mitzi, with her hair flying, skipped around the stage like a sixteen year old, but an atmosphere of age, almost decrepitude, hung over the show for all that.

"Countess Maritza" was better. It is one of those lavish operettas which the Shuberts are given to importing. You will understand at once therefore that it is handsomely presented, that the music — in this case of Emmerich Kalman — is better-than-average stuff, and that a star has been lured from grand opera to sing the title rôle. All of which did not, to our mind, excuse a plot as futile as any it has been our misfortune to encounter. We never could be sure at a given moment with whom the noble hero, disguised as overseer to the countess, was in love. It all depended, we suppose, on which of the two ladies had the next song. But it would have been a kindness on the part of the management to indicate by semaphore the direction of the heroic libido. Yvonne D'Arle, aforementioned diva, sang and moved about vigorously, yet agreeably enough. But Odette Myrtil, she of the violin, as the impassioned gipsy left us cold indeed. Her sobs and hisses reminded us of nothing so much as a performance of "The Heart of Maryland" at the late Academy of Music in the days when it was a ten-twen'-thirt' house to which one stole after school hours. Still, all the rest of the audience seemed greatly impressed by the exhibition of gipsy temperament, so who are we to complain? We did, however, get huge enjoyment from the antics of good old George Hassell, and the eccentric dancing and clowning of Harry K. Morton. Is he, we wonder, an offspring of one of the famous Four Mortons?

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At any rate, we are all for him.

There remains only one more event to glorify. This is "The Jeweled Tree" by Garrett Chatfield Pier, an Egyptologist of note, who put his play in the days of Tutankhamen. It is called an Egyptian fantasy, and is perhaps the strangest performance we have ever seen. It is all about Tut's widow, a venomous person, who sends her new lover on a quest for the fruit of a jeweled tree which shall make her young, although the quest is almost sure death. It was almost sure death for the audience. Believe it or not as you will, after a time the young man and his companion come to a sea of blood. Sirens rise behind the cardboard waves inviting them to come in because the water's fine, but a man with a head like a dog — we think it was a dog — warns them to steer clear of the bloody waters. Then a crocodile pops up on the other side of the set and quacks his jaws at them. As if this were not enough, a ship is hauled across the stage and sundry maidens, who had hung their clothes on hickory limbs to dry, disembark and try to lure the hero. Just as he is about to fall — into a deep sleep — Nutaree appears and saves the day. We are not at all sure about Nutaree. He seemed to be a sort of household god who usefully did one's bidding, but he was clad in silver armor and white gauntlets, looking strangely like a Victorian conception of Sir Launfal. Now and again females appeared and executed elementary dances in a manner which made us doubt their sobriety, so insecure were they. There is a love story mixed up in this somewhere, and the queen gets hers in the end, but the exact story is, we suspect, not at all important. Willy Pogany designed the settings, which are hardly to his credit. It is odd what quaint productions sometimes find themselves on Broadway.

LARRY BARRETTO

AUDIT

By John Drinkwater

WAS it not well on clear December nights
Upon that Kentish road to reach the gate,
See the blue shutters and the golden lights,
Knowing that eager Love was there to wait
His traveling loves, his ministers, his own,
His truants still returning late or soon
To share his kindling logs with him alone,
Warming their lives under a frosty moon?
Was it not well? And of that providence
Behold, our promised land. The year is now
All seasons glad with industry, and thence
What fuller fruit shall come upon the bough?
The year is ours, its pastures, and for us
To prosper Time that makes us prosperous.

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THE LONDONER

" William Clissold " — Stuart Sherman — The Sitwells and the Actors — The Birthplace of Richard Jefferies — A Pepys Treasure — A Book and a Play about Pepys — The Printing of Books — An Important Bibliography — Penalties of Greatness

LONDON, *November* 1, 1926.

BY the time these words are in print, we shall know the best and the worst of the autumn season; but at the moment we are in England in the midst of it, and we cannot see the wood for the trees. I do not think that any particularly noteworthy new talent has made its mark, and I do not know that any major talent has altogether gathered fresh laurels, but the feeling I have is that on the whole the season has been an interesting one. Not above the average, perhaps, but well up to it. The outstanding novel, of course, has been "The World of William Clissold" by H. G. Wells. The English publishers have made the mistake, it seems to me, of issuing this book by instalments — one a month — with the result that it has had a very bad press. Indeed, I think that if the book had been by an American writer, and had received such a press in England, Mr. Mencken would have insisted upon the United States' declaring war at once. But fortunately the book is by an Englishman, and there will be no international complications. As I say, I think a mistake has been made in this country in publishing the book in three small sections, and the fact has aroused adverse comment. Also, the publishers have aroused the indignation of reviewers in precisely that fashion indicated in a note in the September BOOKMAN, where the writer spoke of publishers' blurbs and their effect upon the critics. And, as I thought possible, Mr. Wells's own "note before the title page" has been a red rag to some. As to the book itself, it is before the world, and the American public has had a fine opportunity of making up its own mind. I shall therefore say nothing about it, since my comments would be out of date; I shall only quote the remark of a very sagacious critic of my acquaintance. He said in a letter to me: "It is full of brains, and very provocative and stimulating, and I enjoyed it. If you want to read how positively *good* 'Clissold' is, read a bit of '——'. But I know you won't." This is a point which I should like to mention here for the attention of the discerning. I believe that an author's later works often do not make the impression upon readers that they might do if the author's particular talent had been less frequently illustrated. Perhaps that is a truism, but Mr. Wells is especially a case in point. His most acceptable books of fiction have certainly for most people been such works as "Kipps", "Mr. Polly", and "Tono-Bungay". His earlier studies in social philosophy, such as "Anticipations", created a great sensation, and so did his novels such as "The New Machiavelli". He thus has been one of the greatest formative influences of his time. He has taught readers the very things out of a knowledge of which they now condemn his later work. The critics, or many of them, believe themselves to

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have gone beyond Mr. Wells, whereas Mr. Wells cannot get beyond Mr. Wells. Moreover, Mr. Wells has been so prolific, and so popular, that his critics have read almost every book which he has written. Some of them, it appears, could almost pass an examination in them. And with one accord they seem to be saying nowadays, as so many less strident voices in the past have said, "Give us another 'Kipps'!" Why is this? It seems to me that it is because Mr. Wells's particular approach to the problems with which his mind is most concerned is now familiar. It has not the novelty which made it seem so daring twenty years ago. It seems to me that the quality of Mr. Wells's work has not really deteriorated — or has not deteriorated so much as some of his detractors would claim — but that this quality is now an expected thing. I do not believe anything can be done about it, and I suppose that many writers suffer in the same way as Mr. Wells, but my suggestion is that if a man came first to "William Clissold", and then proceeded to read "Tono-Bungay", he might say of the latter book very much what English critics have been saying of "Clissold". I am inclined to wonder, indeed, whether we do not all make the mistake of thinking that our old enthusiasms are based upon essential qualities, and our later dissatisfactions upon cool and unbiased judgment. Some old books are nothing like as good as our memory of them would suggest. I know many who refuse to reread a book for which they have formerly had enthusiasm, lest the rereading should rob them of a permanent memory of delight. My suggestion is that novelty misleads us, or that satiety misleads us; and that the fault when we begin to speak of an author's decline is often less with the author than with our own inability to preserve that freshness of taste which in the past has raised heroic enthusiasms.

* * * *

I shall seem to be speaking very late indeed of a tragic happening, but I learned the news late, and this is the first opportunity I have had of commenting upon it. Also, the news itself is of such importance that I venture to assume a right to speak of it so late. I refer to the death of Stuart Sherman. I have seen two notices of Sherman's death, both in American papers, and in these there has been, it seems to me, ample and deserved tribute to the loss to American letters which his passing has occasioned. I should therefore like to speak of Sherman's personality rather than of his work. It was one of the most attractive personalities — to myself — that I have ever encountered. Sherman was a very quiet, shy man, who fled from the general society of men; but he was none the less deeply liked and respected by those who came closely into contact with him. The reason for this was in part his modesty, but in part also his extraordinary sympathy. He gave me the impression of being a poet, with a love of beauty which only the very rarest of men possess. I praised here once a little essay of his called "On Falling in Hate", in which the quality of his mind was very well indicated. For the thought below that article was clear, and full of shrewdness, while the expression of it was so charming that anybody who had ever talked to Sherman for half an hour could imagine that in this article Sherman was speaking and smiling as he spoke — which was a constant habit with him. I do not think that Sherman was in the habit of thinking unkind things of anybody. He had a little malice, it is true, but

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only so much as to give an edge to his mind and his thoughts, and to the manner in which he expressed himself. I heard much at one time of his newspaper rows with Mr. Mencken, and I do not know — for I never came across any of these rows — how much dust they may have kicked up. But from my acquaintance with Mr. Sherman, and my still slighter acquaintance with Mr. Mencken, I know that two kinder and more personally peaceable men have never existed. I should like to know Mr. Mencken's view of Sherman, not as a controversialist, but as a man. If my judment is correct, the two of them, having quarreled violently in print (which for some reason, and a good reason, is a very different thing from quarreling in person), could have enjoyed intimate conversation immediately afterward with the happiest results for any who happened to be present. Sherman was not a verbose talker, but he did not strike me as a silent man. With that little smile which he so frequently wore, with the almost lisping, quiet voice which made one instantly at ease with him, with his reserve, his darkness and fineness of feature, he kept an admirable lightness of tone. There was quality in him, and there was delicacy. Impossible, I think, to know him without liking and respecting him — very much indeed — more than one likes and respects most of those who are not one's intimate friends. American letters have lost much, Sherman's friends have lost much, and I, though all told I have had only a few days of his company, feel very greatly the poorer at the news that I shall never again see a man so full of sweetness, wisdom, and the love of beauty.

* * * *

I gather that the British Broadcasting Company's life is one round of difficulties. This is true, no doubt, of all our lives; but such a company as the British Broadcasting Company is in a very unusual position. It has the almost unique task of pleasing everybody at one and the same moment, in just that realm in which tastes most widely differ. If it sets its jazz orchestras going, all the people who dislike jazz hasten to complain. If it persuades folk song specialists to exhibit their highly sophisticated art, all the villagers who like jazz rise up in protest. If it gives classical music, hearers demand tunes. Comedians are vulgar for some, serial stories upon the wireless revolt others. I have already told how the government forbade the broadcasting of Mr. Shaw's anniversary speech. I could tell of other rumpuses which have occurred at other times. And the latest row involves the Sitwell family, who are rapidly becoming red rags to a number of folk who do not care very much for modern letters and modern art. It appears that one night it was intended to give a performance of something in the authorship of which the Sitwells were involved. The original artists engaged for this performance dropped out. Others were announced. Then Osbert Sitwell told an interviewer that the actors and actresses of today were too busy trying to be ladies and gentlemen and golfers to attend to their job. It was an innocent enough speech, one would think. Authors — especially novelists — are used to reading much worse things about their class. If such words had been used of the Sitwells, the Sitwells would not have turned a hair. But the words were used about the most sensitive class of the community. The anger caused by them was tremendous. I suppose that they were in some terrible manner felt to contain the deadly tang

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of truth, for it is undeniable that the actors and actresses of the present day are so accustomed to live among men and women of title as to make them suppose the words "art", "actor", and "aristocrat" to arise from the same root. However, whatever the causes of their discontent, the actors who had promised to pronounce the words written for them by the Sitwells threw up their parts. They could not agree, they said, to say the vile words — words which in any case they could not understand, and therefore thought contemptible — of conceited authors who blasphemed the high gods. More than that. When the B. B. C., instead of rapping the Sitwells over the knuckles and refusing to allow what had been written by these upstarts to be spoken over the wireless, merely engaged other actors to take the repudiated parts, an employer of the angry actors rushed into the fray and announced that in future, as a protest against the baseness of the B. B. C. in not standing by the gods, he would forbid any actor in his employ to perform over the wireless. The performance, I believe, took place, and peace again reigns; but we have had a ridiculous exhibition, and I am sorry that anything so undignified should have occurred. I do not know, of course, what was the incident that led to Mr. Sitwell's interview, but I certainly think that actors take themselves a little too seriously. They have much publicity, but they should not be misled by this into exaggerating their own importance. It is their place to "speak no more than is set down for them". It is not their place to fall into rages because a remark is made about their species. The modern actor is too apt altogether to suppose that he is in some way above the author. Indeed, I once heard the late H. B. Irving tell, as a great joke, how he had been in the box office of his own theatre when a clergyman from the country came in to buy a couple of tickets for a performance of "Hamlet". Having bought the tickets the clergyman was going away, but as an afterthought he turned back. "By the way," said he — greatly to the amazement and diversion of H. B. Irving — "*who is playing the part of Hamlet?*"

* * * *

Authors, however, have a knack of surviving all the slings and arrows of those who think them as a class arrogant and negligible. I see that the late Joseph Conrad — a novelist — is having a monument erected in his honor in the village in which he lived. I do not say that such a monument is precisely the sort of thing that a writer desires, but since monuments are much admired by certain sculptors and others I suppose that we may regard this as an honor. Other authors are being honored — or not, perhaps, so much honored as commemorated — in a style which strikes me as rather more worthy. For example, the Swindon Town Council has just decided to purchase the birthplace of Richard Jefferies and preserve it in memory of him. The council is to convert the twelve acres of land adjoining into a pleasure park. This house, Coate Farm, is the one in which he was living at the time when his work first began to attract public notice; and although Jefferies is not nowadays read as widely as one could wish, he is bound to enjoy a revival in time. In the meanwhile it is excellent that such monuments as these should be raised whenever opportunity occurs. What would we not give for certain other historic sites? I never visit Brighton without going to look at the notice which says that in the house opposite Herbert Spencer

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lived. Owing to some such obliquity of vision as my readers must sometimes have attributed to me, I have never been able quite to identify the house opposite, since there are several houses which might be covered by the small notice; but other observers have probably been more competent than I, and in any case the notion was a good one, and deserves to be followed elsewhere. I am one of those who like to see the places where famous people have lived, just as I like to see their portraits and examples of their handwriting; and I never walk down Frith Street, for example, in Soho, without thrilling as I pass the house where Hazlitt lived; I love to visit the house in Gough Square where the Johnson Museum is contained; and as for driving through Chawton without gazing with great delight at the Jane Austen house, I simply could not do it. Now such as I will be able to see the home of Jefferies, and I am sure we shall all derive much satisfaction from the experience.

* * * *

Another event of a comparable character is the granting to the Samuel Pepys Club by Lord Sandwich, the owner, of a lease of Pepys's house at Brampton, near Huntingdon. The condition upon which this lease is being given is that the Pepys Club will find the money to restore the house and keep it in good repair. Naturally, the condition (like the lease) has been gladly accepted, and the completion of the necessary work is being assured by means of a public subscription. I have never seen this house, which is very frequently mentioned in the Diary, but from the photographs of it which have been published, it should be a charming memento of Pepys. It was here that Pepys's gold was buried when he became alarmed for its safety in London. As Pepys was not able to superintend the burial, he had an account of it from Mrs. Pepys. "My father", says he, "and she did it on Sunday, when they were gone to church, in open daylight, in the midst of the garden; where, for aught they knew, many eyes might see them: which put me into such trouble, that I was almost mad about it." The madness so worked in him that he was not content until he had gone down himself to Brampton and searched for the buried treasure.

> My father and I, with a dark lantern, it being now night, into the garden with my wife, and there went about our great work to dig up my gold. But, Lord! what a tosse I was for some time in, that they could not justly tell where it was: that I begun heartily to sweat, and be angry, that they should not agree better upon the place, and at last to fear that it was gone: but by and by poking with a spit, we found it, and then begun with a spudd to lift up the ground. But, good God! to see how sillily they did it, not half a foot under ground, and in the sight of the world from a hundred places, if anybody by accident were near hand, and within sight of a neighbour's window, and their hearing also, being close by: only my father says he saw them all gone to church before he begun the work, when he laid the money, but that do not excuse it to me. But I was out of my wits almost, and the more from that, upon my lifting up the earth with the spudd, I did discern that I had scattered the pieces of gold round about the ground among the grass and loose earth: and taking up the iron head-pieces wherein they were put, I perceive the earth was got among the gold, and wet, so that the bags were all rotten, and all the notes, that I could not tell what in the world to say to it, not knowing what was wanting, or what had been lost by Gibson in his coming down: which, all put together, did make me mad: and at last was forced to take up the head-pieces, dirt and all, and as many of the scattered pieces as I could with the dirt discern by the candle-light, and carry them up into my brother's chamber, and there lock them up till I had eat a little supper. [October 10th, 1667.]

Reference to this matter reminds me to mention that we have lately had in London another play which purported to deal with the life of Samuel Pepys,

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and which did a good deal less than justice to the character of the immortal diarist. The play was by James Bernard Fagan, and was called "And So to Bed" — a title which, as it has been several times illustrated upon the hoardings, looks as though the advertisement were of Messrs. Heal's famous fourposters. One wit commented upon the fact that the title had a pleasing air of modernity! It is a marvel to me that somebody does not write a real play about Pepys. The Diary gives such a remarkable character perfect life, and so clearly shows Pepys to have been a man who would have furnished a Shakespeare with rich themes, that I cannot understand why we should be condemned to the petty trivial comedies, without truth or imagination, which represent Pepys as an amorist and nothing else. Naturally, the plays about amours are all thin stuff; but I complain also of the gross injustice to the subject of them. He was a very much more interesting man than these feeble little skits make out. A real dramatist would get material, not from the amours alone, but from the relations of Pepys with the men he calls at the beginning of his Diary "the two Sir Williams" (Penn and Batten), with Lord Sandwich, with Coventry, and others, all of which would give scope for good studies. I think the way in which we glean from the Diary those fluctuations of regard which one individual experiences toward other individuals over a lengthy period of time gives the book one of its chief qualities. A unique quality, indeed, and to a novelist or dramatist both a fascination and a reproach. We are hampered by our technique, and so are prevented (even if we had the insight) from indicating clearly and vividly how our attitude to all our associates is constantly shifting and recomposing as in a kaleidoscope. I should like to take this opportunity of expressing the great pleasure I feel at seeing that Arthur Ponsonby is writing a volume on Pepys for the "English Men of Letters" Series. Mr. Ponsonby is a great enthusiast for the diary as a literary form, and recently did good work by editing a book of "English Diaries", which ranged from early days to Barbellion. The Pepys should give him an opportunity to ride his hobby and make a delightful book; but I hope it will also be one of Mr. Ponsonby's aims to make us realize what a man Pepys was apart altogether from the Diary.

* * * *

I see that "The Fleuron", which is the only periodical in England devoted to typography, is in future to be published by the Cambridge University Press. I hope that it will enjoy great success in its new circumstances, for some sort of periodical which will afford a home for theory and practice in typography is very necessary. In the meantime, however, I wonder if my readers have observed a significant and illuminating article in the American "Publishers' Weekly", written by Robert O. Ballou, and entitled "The Plea for Less Sophistication"? If they have not done so, I would urge all who have the production of beautiful books very greatly at heart to obtain the article and take note of its contents. One aspect of the article in particular interests me, but the whole article is of value as pointing out a danger of the present time. This danger is the usual undiscriminating dash of those who follow fashion after what they mistakenly suppose to be "the good". By "the good", too often they mean "the goods". I shall leave the demonstration of Mr. Ballou's thesis to Mr. Ballou, but I shall draw attention to

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the particular point to which I referred earlier. Says Mr. Ballou:

> This process of giving conscious beauty to every line of a type face, of surrounding each page with floriated borders, the intricacy of which tempts one to let his mind wander off on a bean-stalk-climbing expedition that he may peer through the interstices of the highest tendrils and see what is behind them, seems to me not to be bookmaking at all, but another form of artistry more concerned with creating visual beauty than with the difficult task of helping an author in his vision-making experiment.
>
> Giving a book too striking visual beauty, to distract the eye which should be in use as an unhampered tool to take the author's thoughts from the page and project them into the mind of the reader, is like injecting a subtle and lovely perfume into a solution which a chemist must analyze by smell.

I think the application of this saying may be extended into the field of what is called commercial publishing. There is a great tendency — at least in England — at the present time in the direction of putting all books into a self conscious typographical dress. This manner of production is very well for self conscious works, such as the younger authors of the day are producing; but it should not be forgotten that the publisher's plain duty is to give each author a dress which shall not interpose another personality or another convention between the author and his readers. It is not the publisher's mind that I wish to explore when I buy a book, but that of the author. Half the London publishers seem nowadays to believe otherwise. They are by way of regarding themselves as typographical experts, with the result that readers are so bewildered by the sophistications of the typographical experts that they cannot understand what the author is saying. It is a mistake, due to the fact that with publishers, as with others, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. It goes to their heads, and makes them fanatical. Pity the poor authors!

* * * *

I must mention here the approach of what is likely to prove an important and interesting book. This is "A Bibliography of the Works of the [English] Writers and Book Illustrators of the Eighteen-Nineties with Short Biographies"; and it is being prepared under the auspices of the First Edition Club by Mr. A. J. A. Symons, who has been giving much time during the past few years to the study of the period. It is expected that this bibliography will be a definitive one, and the list of writers and artists which it is proposed to treat certainly appears to be exhaustive.

* * * *

Greatness, among its other penalties, has this one, that it gives rise to the strangest rumors regarding the possessors of greatness. I offer two examples, both of which refer to Arnold Bennett. Lord Beaverbrook's evening newspaper, the "Evening Standard", recently announced that Mr. Bennett had completed a new swaggering cloak and sword "costume" play. This story was entirely without foundation. It was contradicted. I myself gave currency — without confirming it, I must admit — to the report that Mr. Bennett's novel "Lord Raingo" was about Lord Beaverbrook. This statement also, I now learn from the author, is entirely false. Will others please note?

SIMON PURE

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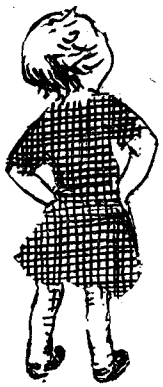
FATHER'S FIRST CHRISTMAS

(After the Ingoldsby Legends)

By Fairfax Downey

Illustrated by Margaret Freeman

WHEN Christmas draws near
A father may fear,
But not ere his offspring attain a third year.
From that age and up, he's in annual danger
From which he is free with a new Little Stranger.
An infant in arms
No bank account harms
And hears no matutinal reindeer alarms.
But fathers beware, when the children make shift
To call out in meaningful tones, "Christmas gift!"



In father's coat closet, the packages fat
Induce young explorers to question, "What's that?"
If A. Washington
Had been asked that one,
I bet he'd have fibbed well to Georgie, his son.
For Christmas, not cherry, trees render just cause
For stories by one who must bat for S. Claus.
A large tree with pretties and presents must droop;
And one on the table will shed in the soup.

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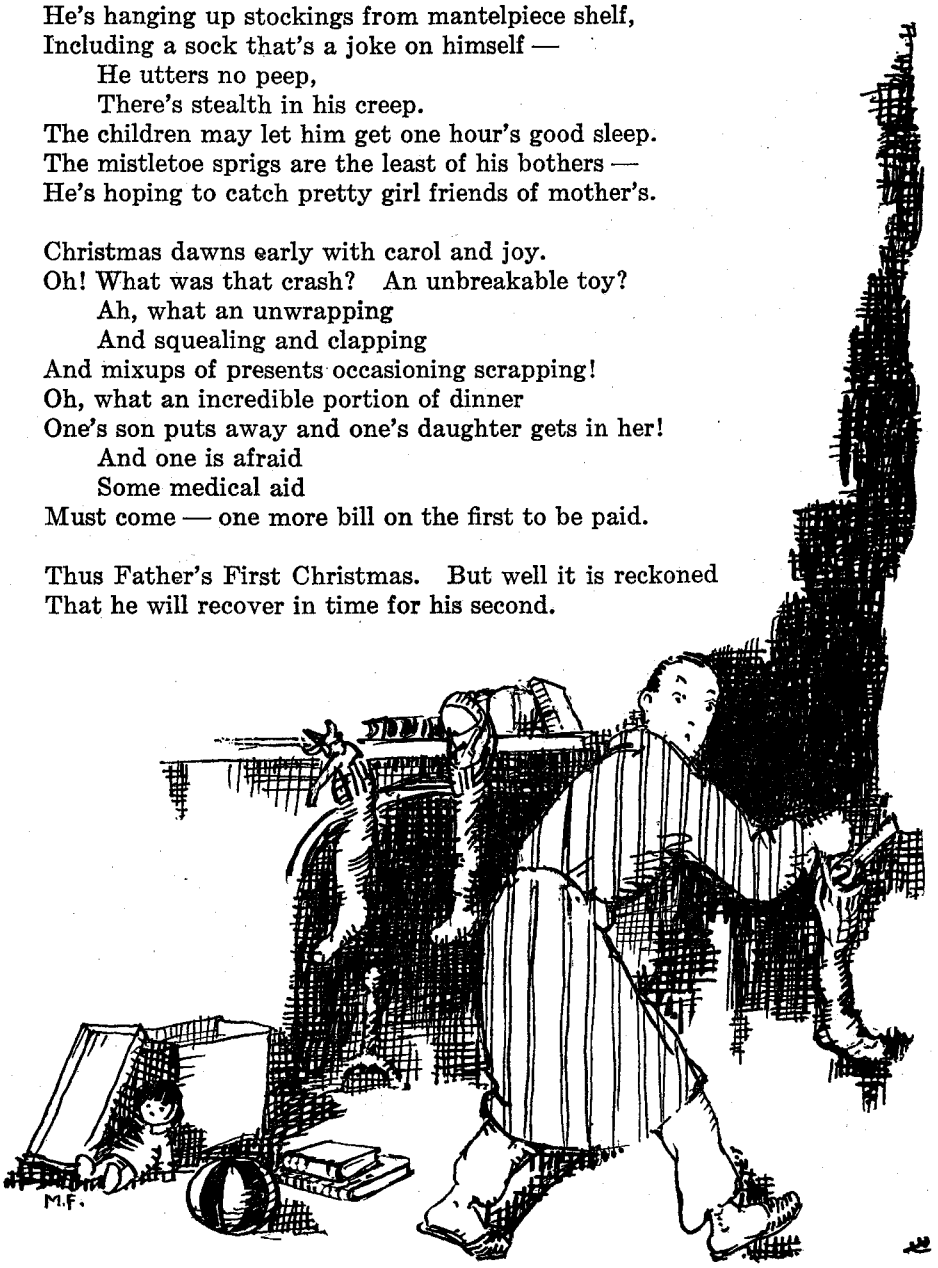
The night before Christmas — to differ with Moore —
A creature *is* stirring. It's father. Till four
He's hanging up stockings from mantelpiece shelf,
Including a sock that's a joke on himself —
    He utters no peep,
    There's stealth in his creep.
The children may let him get one hour's good sleep.
The mistletoe sprigs are the least of his bothers —
He's hoping to catch pretty girl friends of mother's.

Christmas dawns early with carol and joy.
Oh! What was that crash? An unbreakable toy?
    Ah, what an unwrapping
    And squealing and clapping
And mixups of presents occasioning scrapping!
Oh, what an incredible portion of dinner
One's son puts away and one's daughter gets in her!
    And one is afraid
    Some medical aid
Must come — one more bill on the first to be paid.

Thus Father's First Christmas. But well it is reckoned
That he will recover in time for his second.



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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and* THE BOOKMAN'S *"Monthly Score". Such books as the editor specially recommends are marked with a star.*

A WILD GOOSE OF LIMERICK — Achmed Abdullah — *Brentano.* Romantic love and adventure in treacly vein.

THE WOMAN WHO DID — Grant Allen — *Little, Brown.* An "advanced" novel of thirty years ago, reprinted, appears artificial and stilted. Interesting only by virtue of Mr. Boyd's preface describing its reception by a horrified public.

DESERT — Martin Armstrong — *Harper.* The sensual delights of ancient Alexandria versus the ascetic joys of the desert, and the philosophy to be derived from the contrast.

THE BLUE WINDOW — Temple Bailey — *Penn.* The young girl is true to a country lover, even amid the wild sin of Baltimore, but the story is not maudlin.

THREE WOMEN — Faith Baldwin — *Dodd, Mead.* Again the younger generation justifies itself and in ringing tones bears witness to its clear sightedness and honesty.

THE EXQUISITE PERDITA — E. Barrington — *Dodd, Mead.* Covering her exquisiteness both as an actress and as a mistress of royalty. Told in Mrs. Beck's best style.

THE TWO SISTERS — H. E. Bates — *Viking.* The tale of two sisters in love with one man. Its occasional beauty is somewhat marred by over-subtlety.

PADLOCKED—Rex Beach—*Harper.* The father padlocked his daughter's soul but later succumbed to négligées himself; the daughter comes out happier and even purer than the old man.

MEZZANINE — E. F. Benson — *Doran.* A witty, penetrating study of an unequal marriage.

SINGING WINDS — Konrad Bercovici — *Doubleday, Page.* The finest collection of gipsy stories which this prolific teller of tales has produced; exotic, yet marked by masterly simplicity and directness.

HIGHROADS OF PERIL — Alfred H. Bill — *Little, Brown.* Plots, counterplots, swordplay, and murder in the time of the first Napoleon.

RETURN TO BONDAGE — Barbara Blackburn — *Dial.* To prove that the younger generation, in its ardent search for freedom, finds and can find only the same bondage as its elders.

ANN LEE'S — Elizabeth Bowen — *Boni, Liveright.* Skilful and delicate stories of a beauty not too often found.

* THE SUN IN SPLENDOUR — Thomas Burke — *Doran.* Rich, satisfying tale of the rise of two children from the London slums. (*See page 499.*)

THE MAD KING — Edgar Rice Burroughs — *McClurg.* New names for the characters and a few modern touches added to "The Prisoner of Zenda" have not seriously spoiled this old favorite.

* HER SON'S WIFE — Dorothy Canfield — *Harcourt, Brace.* A remarkable character portrait of a strong mother and a weak son.

MY MORTAL ENEMY — Willa Cather — *Knopf.* The span of a woman's life is encompassed in this short novel with its setting of old New York. (*See page 498.*)

SWEEPINGS — Lester Cohen — *Boni, Liveright.* A strong character builds a great store and breaks a family. Interesting for its sidelights on the rise of Chicago.

THE BLACK HUNTER — James Oliver Curwood — *Cosmopolitan.* Historical in its view of French effort to subjugate Canada; romantic in its picture of the soft-stalking Hunter.

GHOST HOUSE — Foxhall Daingerfield — *Appleton.* On the edge of the Louisiana swamps a New England spinster queers all the schemes of a cold blooded native villain.

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SORRELL AND SON — Warwick Deeping — *Knopf.* A fine textbook for national father and son week. Abraham and Isaac with a new twist and the father on the altar.

A BRITTLE HEAVEN — Babette Deutsch — *Greenberg.* Another of the apparently unending series of autobiographical novels, beginning with the birth of self consciousness and ending anywhere from marriage to death.

THE PROPER PLACE — O. Douglas — *Doran.* Gentle and gay tale with a touch of the whimsical.

* GALAHAD — John Erskine — *Bobbs-Merrill.* A far better book than "The Private Life of Helen of Troy". Deserves unprecedented success.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY — John Erskine — *Bobbs-Merrill.* The longest colloquy since the days of Socrates.

AFTER NOON — Susan Ertz — *Appleton.* An engaging person after two trials learns the art of being happily married, but only in the afternoon of life.

* SHOW BOAT — Edna Ferber — *Doubleday, Page.* Magnificent characters against a kaleidoscopic background of American scenery.

MAD RAPTURE — Elizabeth Irons Folsom — *Macaulay.* A sprightly, if rather thin, variation on the carpe diem theme.

ANTENNÆ — Hulbert Footner — *Doran.* Courageous realism in this dramatic story of the intertwined lives and loves of two opposed men.

O GENTEEL LADY! — Esther Forbes — *Houghton Mifflin.* Lanice is a sort of Boston glass niece, but she is as delightful as any glass nephew.

WAYS OF ESCAPE — Noel Forrest — *Little, Brown.* An ambitious chronicle of family life which reminds us that a house built either on rock or sand has its nasty storms.

* THE SILVER SPOON — John Galsworthy — *Scribner.* Good fiction fed from the family spoon of the Forsytes.

THE OTHER DOOR — A Gentleman with a Duster — *Doran.* What escape can we find from modernity? Or do we wish to escape?

* LABELS — A. Hamilton Gibbs — *Little, Brown.* Afterwar moods dramatically and honestly portrayed.

THE ELDER BROTHER — Anthony Gibbs — *Dial.* Ironic and entertaining parable of the good and the bad boys and what it got them.

THE FLAME OF COURAGE — George Gibbs — *Appleton.* How and why Wolfe took Quebec is woven into a splendid story.

* THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS — Ellen Glasgow — *Doubleday, Page.* A masterpiece of humor and drama in the colorful south.

BACKYARD — Gloria Goddard — *McBride.* Aristocracy decays and the proletariat grows colorfully in an old midwestern town with its dirty backyard.

HAND AND RING — Anna Katharine Green — *Dodd, Mead.* Reprinted after fifty years, it is still a good, exciting detective story.

THE CROMER STREET CHRONICLES — Norman Proctor Greig — *Dutton.* The doings and sayings of a group of London slum gamins, conventionally done.

MARCABRUN — Ramon Guthrie — *Doran.* A vivid, colorful, bold tale of a rogue in the twelfth century.

HALF A SOVEREIGN — Ian Hay — *Houghton Mifflin.* A mildly amusing yarn of an improbable yachting trip with impossible people.

* ANGEL — DuBose Heyward — *Doran.* Powerful and beautiful writing of a white girl in the Carolina hills.

FALSE-FACE — Sydney Horler — *Doran.* International intrigue with a thrill in every paragraph.

MANNEQUIN — Fannie Hurst — *Knopf.* The child grows pure as a lily in a cow lot, then the long lost father — But Miss Hurst wrote it.

DEBITS AND CREDITS — Rudyard Kipling — *Doubleday, Page.* Fourteen stories and eighteen poems — all of them the author has been owing for ten years.

THE UNDERSTANDING HEART — Peter B. Kyne — *Cosmopolitan.* The heart is under a chambray gown out where the west ends, but it's the centre of a drama universal in sweep.

WHITE FALCON — Harold Lamb — *McBride.* Another of his successful historical romances of the Don Cossacks.

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THE BIG MOGUL — Joseph C. Lincoln — *Appleton.* About a village mogul who collided with an adamant young woman and lost his tender. Friends helped him back upon the track.

PERELLA — William J. Locke — *Dodd, Mead.* An appealing melody of two English babes in the woods of Italy.

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES — Anita Loos — *Boni, Liveright.* The diary of a young lady of the fashion 1920–1930.

THE BLACK ANGELS — Maud Hart Lovelace — *Day.* Trouping with a merry family of musical Minnesotans in antebellum (Civil) days.

THE QUIET LADY — Agnes Mure Mackenzie — *Doubleday, Page.* A mild and gentle chronicle of a woman's sacrifice of self on the altar of love — more picturesque than convincing.

THE ALLBRIGHTS — Archibald Marshall —*Dodd, Mead.* The jolly doings of an ever so jolly British family.

MRS. SOCRATES — Fritz Mauthner — *International.* An apologia for Xantippe that presents her, with wit and humor, as a likable and much misunderstood woman.

THE PRICE OF WISDOM — Marjorie Barkley McClure — *Minton, Balch.* Marital irregularity provides a talking point for a middling tale of love and money.

KINDLING AND ASHES — George Barr McCutcheon — *Dodd, Mead.* Much the best novel he has ever written, filled with good character studies.

SAVIOURS OF SOCIETY — Stephen McKenna — *Little, Brown.* That favorite British hero, the great statesman and lover, disports himself characteristically in this entertaining first volume of a proposed trilogy.

THE COLFAX BOOK-PLATE — Agnes Miller — *Century.* A clever mystery story told with a dainty touch and a sprightly humor.

IT HAPPENED IN PEKING — Louise Jordan Miln — *Stokes.* The dignity and beauty of old China are in this account of the Siege of the Legations by the Boxers.

JANET THURSO — Alexander Moray — *Harcourt, Brace.* The portrait of a great-hearted woman, her husband and her family, treated fictionally but with more than a suggestion of biography, and somewhat reminiscent of "Margaret Ogilvy".

INDIAN TALES AND OTHERS — John G. Neihardt — *Macmillan.* A collection of moderately interesting stories told in a moderately interesting manner.

HILDEGARDE — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* Poorer and prettier than usual, the heroine achieves love and a career largely by self help.

THE SPITE OF HEAVEN — Oliver Onions — *Doran.* Back to his earlier manner in a complicated novel of love and marriage.

HARVEY GARRARD'S CRIME — E. Phillips Oppenheim — *Little, Brown.* Nothing international about this crime, but the story is as full of excitement as all his others.

BLACK JACK DAVY — John M. Oskison — *Appleton.* How the law came to Oklahoma, then Indian Territory, makes fascinating reading.

*WILD GEESE — Martha Ostenso — *Dodd, Mead.* A Lear of the northwest tortures his wife and daughter and gets his flax burned in the end.

STEPCHILD OF THE MOON — Fulton Oursler — *Harper.* The tale of a second wife's jealousy of her predecessor, told in a humorless style that renders it often preposterous.

A DAUGHTER OF PAN — Cornelia Stratton Parker — *Doubleday, Page.* The oldest god pipes an obbligato to an attractive melody of filial love.

SMITH EVERLASTING — Dillwyn Parrish — *Harper.* The presentation of a talky family, whose loquacity is so well done that it occasionally grows as dreary as if one were actually listening to it.

TO-MORROW'S TANGLE — Margaret Pedler — *Doran.* Woman versus her career and love in the offing.

WITH EASTERN EYES — Ernest Poole — *Macmillan.* Russian inability to understand American reticence furnishes material for a most readable tale.

TISH PLAYS THE GAME — Mary Roberts Rinehart — *Doran.* The humorous lady as much on tiptoe as ever.

LITTLE MRS. MANINGTON — Cecil Roberts — *Doran.* A Texas lady conquers the English aristocracy after a long siege.

DEVIL-MAY-CARE — Arthur Somers Roche — *Century.* Both the plot and the girl are strictly modern, and pleasing to boot.

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THE PEARL THIEF — Berta Ruck — *Dodd, Mead.* Fathoms deep in love, hero and heroine cannot be kept apart by such trivial matters as mystery and crime.

BELLARION — Rafael Sabatini — *Houghton Mifflin.* A soldier of fortune moving in a day when there were real soldiers and fortunes. Powers and principalities form the background for the great Bellarion.

"NONE BUT THE BRAVE" — Arthur Schnitzler — *Simon, Schuster.* A Schnitzler short story, done in the stream of consciousness method and put out as a novel.

SABBATICAL YEAR — George Shively — *Harcourt, Brace.* Urbane, amusing account of a minister who stepped over the traces and enjoyed it hugely.

BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT — Osbert Sitwell — *Doran.* Exquisitely written, brilliant study of quiet English life.

SNOW AND STEEL — Girolamo Sommi — Picenardi — *Appleton.* Vigorous and varied characterization distinguishes these eleven realistic tales of Italy's fighting Alpini in the World War.

THE BRIGHT FACE OF DANGER — C. M. Sublette — *Little, Brown.* A young gallant arrives in Virginia in time for Bacon's rebellion and the Indian wars.

IOWA INTERIORS — Ruth Suckow — *Knopf.* Dutch scenes of the kitchen sink by one whose name fits her for the country scene.

* SUMMER STORM — Frank Swinnerton — *Doran.* As subtle a portrayal of the feminine soul as you will find this season.

THE HOUNDS OF SPRING — Sylvia Thompson — *Little, Brown.* A very young English novelist uses her imagination to reconstruct the war period and its aftermath.

PAGE MR. TUTT — Arthur Train — *Scribner.* Benign, foxy old Mr. Tutt gives us many a laugh as he winds his tortuous way through the mazes of the law.

THE NINTH WAVE — Carl Van Doren — *Harcourt, Brace.* A critic turns novelist to portray a man's spiritual pilgrimage. (*See page 499.*)

NIGGER HEAVEN — Carl Van Vechten — *Knopf.* Gaudy Harlem in all its splendor, but with characters mostly blackface whites or whitewashed Negroes. (*See page 509.*)

HERE ARE LOVERS — Hilda Vaughan — *Harper.* Those inevitable partners, the Welsh peasantry and tragedy, combine in this competent story of an ill starred pair of lovers.

TROPIC DEATH — Eric Walrond — *Boni, Liveright.* Ten strong, heady-flavored tales of Negroes in tropical lands remarkable for novel dialogue.

THE RED-HAIRED GIRL — Carolyn Wells — *Lippincott.* The real criminal is thoroughly concealed almost to the end of an elaborately intricate plot.

BEAU GESTE — Percival Christopher Wren — *Stokes.* Beyond doubt the *beau idéal* of adventure fiction.

* BEAU SABREUR — Percival Christopher Wren — *Stokes.* A new and better Napoleon subdues his enemies single handed, refuses a Spartan death, and triumphs like the American eagle.

* THE ORPHAN ANGEL — Elinor Wylie — *Knopf.* A beautiful book — delicate, dramatic, artfully telling a full blooded story with subtlety and grace. Her most satisfying book. (*To be reviewed next month.*)

CUSTODY CHILDREN — Everett Young — *Holt.* Many marriages and mother love in fast and rather furious New York society.

HEAVEN TREES — Stark Young — *Scribner.* A gently amusing and sentimental record of the author's kinsfolk in the Mississippi of the fifties.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS —

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

1. "The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson" (Little, Brown). A leather bound pocket edition has been published of the work of one of the greatest of American poets.

2. "A Sentimental Journey and Other Pieces" by Laurence Sterne (Boni, Liveright). One of the most delightful men who ever lived — some of his best work reissued under the editorship of Wilbur L. Cross.

3. "George Meredith" by J. P. Priestley (Macmillan). As fine a piece of modern criticism as we could desire. One of the new "English Men of Letters" series.

4. "The Return of the Soldier" by Rebecca West (Doran). With Miss West's return to America, we must not forget this little masterpiece.

5. "The Red and the Black" by Stendhal (Boni, Liveright). This new translation by C. K. Scott Moncrieff furnishes a splendid opportunity for acquaintance with that ruthless figure Julien Sorel.

America's Greatest Woman Author

IT is not often that I criticize a publisher's announcement on a book; for I realize all too keenly the difficulties of presenting a book to the public which is to buy it, and pleasing the reviewers and critics of that book as well. Yet I do think it was dangerous to announce on Willa Cather's "My Mortal Enemy" that it is "the new novel by America's greatest woman author". I shall not commit myself on so dangerous a statement; there are too many ladies who aspire to the same honor. "My Mortal Enemy" (Knopf) is, of course, a book that you will want to read. It is really a novelette; and, curiously enough, so far as size, manner, and subject matter are concerned it could have made another volume in Mrs. Wharton's old New York series without turning so very many somersaults. "My Mortal Enemy" is in the mood of "A Lost Lady". It is sparse, dramatic, beautifully planned. If at the end Mrs. Henshawe does not emerge as radiantly as did Marian Forrester, it is not, I think, Miss Cather's fault but Mrs. Henshawe's. Her character, as skilfully portrayed, is simply not so interesting. A comparison of the book with Mrs. Wharton's "The Old Maid" or one of her other little novels of old New York should give you a fascinating problem in the methods of two expert literary technicians. In the supplying of atmosphere, Miss Cather is far inferior to Mrs. Wharton. In the development of character mood, in the subtle portraying of passions by a sudden beautifying of style, Miss Cather is supreme. "Winter brought no desolation", she writes; "it was tamed, like a polar bear led on a leash by a beautiful lady." Again she employs a younger person through whose eyes we see her other characters; but Nellie to me is a shadowy figure. I suspect that Miss Cather should write full novels instead of short ones. "My Mortal Enemy", rounded out, might have been a masterpiece. As it is, its beauty and worth are so definite that I shall leave it in your hands to think of as you will. Perhaps you will decide that Miss Cather is "America's greatest woman author". Don't, however, forget all the other candidates.

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The Ultimate University

PERCY MARKS, who gained the attention of a large public with "The Plastic Age", speaks for one thing and another in American college life in "Which Way Parnassus?" (Harcourt, Brace). Mr. Marks has conflicted with academic authority, and he has many ideas on the subject. Like most liberals who confront disturbing authority, he wears a chip on his shoulder; but it is not a tremendous chip. I think there is a good deal of sense in these essays of his, and only a small degree of nonsense. I should like to quote an interesting paragraph which will give you an idea of the quality of the book:

> In other words, the greatest need of our colleges is good teachers — not men with their eyes focused on one small bit of human knowledge but men who have taken all knowledge as their province and who have a missionary passion for making it as wonderful to others as it is to them. One teacher climbs the hill of literature to view life, one the hill of science, one the hill of philosophy. Each sees the same thing in the end, but each looks at it from a different vantage point. In the ideal college, every course would be a course in philosophy, but in each course the philosophy would be presented from a particular point of view. Eventually the student would perceive that all knowledge related to him, that all parts were dependent upon other parts, that none of it was absolute, that all of it was literature, all philosophy, all history. He would realize, further, that life from the very beginning converged at last in him, that he was the apex of history, the final link in the human story, that he is because of what has been, and that what he becomes will depend largely on how clearly he understands the multiple forces that have combined to create him. He would find contradictions, disagreements, clashing ideas. It would be his business to select and classify, to make out of the living chaos an order in which he could live. He would find understanding of himself, understanding of life as a whole, understanding of man. Such understanding should be the goal of all teachers in a liberal college. They should be thinkers. At present most of them are at best intellectual mechanics, slaying knowledge with smug complacency. There are many specialists but few scholars, many pedants but few wise men, many wind-bags but few teachers! Knowledge has survived only because it is immortal.

A Critic's Novel

CARL VAN DOREN achieves moments of real beauty in his novel "The Ninth Wave" (Harcourt, Brace). His love scenes and the final story of how his hero becomes a grandfather are excellent; but on the whole the book reads like a philosophical essay. He fails chiefly in not making us see his people; it may be my fault as a reader, but I don't yet know what his hero looks like. In every way this is a careful and a competent novel. Its sparse style occasionally illuminated by rich phrases, its studied plan, its quiet progression, are admirable, but it does not pulse with life, it is shaded grey where it should gleam positively. It has neither real power nor definite and swift movement. Having said this in the negative, it would only be fair to add that as a study of a quiet and moderately successful academic life it is really interesting. As such it will find many readers; but those who appreciate the novel with its glamour and its rich characterizations will have to look elsewhere for their pleasure. As a first novel it is, of course, extraordinary, and it is obviously unfair to expect from the distinguished critic immediate mastery of a new form.

A Novel of Our Own

FOR "The Sun in Splendour" (Doran) by Thomas Burke, which we published serially in a greatly cut version, THE BOOKMAN has, naturally, a special pride. I put aside Frank

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Swinnerton's "Summer Storm" and Du Bose Heyward's "Angel" with regret, for they are both stories which I heartily recommend, in order to consider here Thomas Burke's first long novel, which seems to me in every way a masterpiece. Mr. Burke shows in it that not only is he master of the direct dramatic incident and the brief poignant emotion, but that he can construct a whole gallery of delicious portraits against a fully built in background, highly picturesque, fascinating, yet skilfully subordinated to plot. The London of Thomas Burke is as modern as today, but it takes on the tang and the glamour of Dickens. It lives as houses, streets, windows, doors, lamp-posts. He has that unusual ability of giving places and streets a personality, of making a street corner or an inn sign as definite a part of his story as the pale girl on the corner or the owner of the inn. This is a long novel, yet one in which there is not a dull moment or an unnecessary word. Cutting it as a serial was a thankless task, for it demanded to be printed entire. You will want to read it entire. I have read it, myself, three times, and it grows by the rereading. A beautiful, heart filling, splendid piece of work in every way.

The Persistent Poets

AT the International Convention of Librarians I was assured on all sides that poetry was being read more than ever before in the history of the nation. I hope that this is true. If so, you will welcome a sheaf of new volumes, slender but packed with beauty. Sara Teasdale's authentic gift has been accented with the years. Her new collection of poems "Dark of the Moon" (Macmillan) captures the senses and the heart. These lyrics are deeper with meaning than many of her earlier songs. They are like a still stream of love, after a rushing torrent sometimes too cluttered with blossoms from the mountain bushes. Now her poems have a clearness, an always crystal beauty. They have lost none of their appeal, they have only gained in that austerity which seems to me to mark the really great in poetry.

The sonnets of Thomas S. Jones, jr., are always worthy of attention, and I think his latest volume, "Sonnets of the Saints" (Mosher), is by far his best. These are high in the rank of religious poetry. They are inspired with that mysticism which motivated Blake and Donne, with a rare flame which burns brightly throughout. No book could be a better Christmas card for the devout.

Roberta Teale Swartz is one of those undergraduate poets who really graduate from that rank with swiftness. Her first volume, "Lilliput" (Harcourt, Brace), brings strikingly before the public a talent for the impish and the colorful, a note of lyricism, and a very real sense of honesty in craftsmanship. These gifts may take her far, and this first book is not lacking in artistry as well as popular appeal.

Siegfried Sassoon and Harry Kemp are both excellent poets. Yet in their new volumes, "Satirical Poems" (Viking) and "The Sea and the Dunes" (Brentano), there seems no progression, no particularly striking individual poems. Both are excellent books, and that is about all that can be said of them. Of the two, Kemp's is the better. There are some lovely sonnets, and some beautiful lines hidden in the pages. Sassoon has become so stark in his line, so intellectualized in his image, that his verses seem dry as dust.

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The Gentle Traveler

OF all the writers of casual essays of travel, H. M. Tomlinson is the most consistently graceful, the most constantly successful. His "Gifts of Fortune" (Harper) is a quiet, lovely, companionable book. Generous in proportions, it is a volume to keep by the bedside, to read now and then, to keep for a joyful returning in an odd moment. His "Hints for Those about to Travel" is excellent. His "The Rajah", humorous, kindly, dramatic, is a superb piece of writing. Those who do not know Tomlinson have missed one of the few beautiful prose writers of his time. Witness this:

> Above the litter of picnic-makers the hill rose at a sharper angle. The dry herbage was as slippery as ice. That sharp slope appeared to be a barrier to the holiday folk. Their tide does not rise above it. Above the escarpment the life of the valley never flows; and, looking down from it, the market gardens in the valley bottom, with the tiny mark which was a notice-board adding insult to the injury of the potatoes in a dry season, were seen to be the less significant. They were of no extent. The village itself, even with the bright red rectangles of the villas which betrayed its growth, was obviously incidental. Above the escarpment, too, the wild crops on the down were superior to anything which afflicts cabbages. They knew nothing of a drought. As a cooling breeze passed over the body of the hill the silky herbage stirred like long brown fur. The skin of the earth was soft and healthy. It smelt of thyme and marjoram.

American Criticism

OF the two volumes recently issued by Henry Holt and Company with the intention of giving a survey of American criticism and book reviewing, that entitled "Contemporary American Criticism" is far the more impressive. In this annotated collection of essays by such men as Lowell, Brownell, Spingarn, Mencken, etc., there is much that almost makes us retract the thought that there is no criticism in America. This is a fine, flowing, interesting series of statements. There is a vast amount of good writing here, and a mine for the student of critical theory. The other anthology, "Current Reviews", is quite as interesting, and Lewis Worthington Smith has done a praiseworthy job in putting together his material; but it seems to me he proves that our book reviewing is singularly uninspired.

Herbert S. Gorman's superb "A Victorian American — Henry Wadsworth Longfellow" (Doran) should encourage us concerning American criticism, for in this biography, with its critical comments, we have one of the best volumes of its kind which have come from young America. Mr. Gorman has not only given a generous modern estimate of the great popular poet's work, but he has marshaled his biographical facts in such a manner as to present a story colored with charm and filled with emotion. There will be few lovers of American letters who will care to miss this book. It is as heartily recommended by this department as any general book that has come across the desk in a year or more.

An anthology which should evoke high cheers is "Types of Poetry" (Macmillan) edited by Jacob Zeitlin and Clarissa Rinaker of the department of English literature at the University of Illinois. The editors know verse, and they have given the student and the poetry lover a contrast of various methods of handling special types and forms that has never before been successfully presented. Far and away ahead of most anthologies is this, and although somewhat weighty in format, it still begs for inclusion in the library and demands attention in the classroom. —*J. F.*

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

WASHINGTONIA

By Claude G. Bowers

WHEN Lytton Strachey tore the tinsel covering from about the corpulent form of the once sainted Victoria, he showed how fascinating biography can be made by treating men and women as flesh and blood. It was inevitable that in time the American people, long cold to the rhapsodies of Parson Weems and the hypocrisies of Senator Lodge, would demand the truth about George Washington. The downright necessity for this was partly obviated by the publication of the Diaries, which were a bit shocking to those who prefer myths to men. Yet these have been an incentive to biographers because of the light they throw on one long kept in the semi-gloom of stained glass windows. Thus this season brings us a wealth of Washingtonia, in the biographies of W. E. Woodward, Rupert Hughes, and Joseph Dillaway Sawyer, in the reprint of Paul Leicester Ford's, and in Charles Moore's book on "The Family Life of George Washington". We are beginning to approach a sane conception of the man who was great in his achievements but by no means sanctified or perfect.

Perhaps the most startling of these offerings is that of Mr. Woodward, which fairly scintillates in spots, is good throughout, and, for the most part, sound in its interpretation and analysis of the subject. They who feel that Washington cannot withstand the shock of an unwrapping will shudder at the author's roughness in the process. Many silly myths are dissipated, most of them destroyed by the Diaries. If the truth condemns the hero, he stands self damned by his own pen — but the truth does not damn him, it merely damns the image. Mr. Woodward has rightly summed him up in the statement, "The foundation of his character was his sense of material values." His passion was the multiplication of his possessions, his obsession land; and he sought it passionately, fought for it, and cunningly secured it at bargain rates when old soldiers, unable to press their claims, sold at sacrifices. There is something of hardness in this forerunner of our captains of industry which Mr. Woodward paints, but he really copies from the Diaries.

Thus Mr. Woodward plays havoc with the image. He who "never bought or sold slaves" bought and sold them; who "prayed at Valley Forge" never knelt to pray at all and did not take communion; who "frowned on drink" drank wine, beer, rum, brandy, and made about the best liquor in Virginia; but he was withal honest, generous to the needy, affectionate with children, not a few of whom were educated at his expense. Unimaginative, materialistic, energetic and ingenuous in money making, honest in business, and decent in daily living, scrupulously observant of the conventions and the fashions, he was a model American.

In dealing with his political character, Mr. Woodward keeps within the record. Unlike Jefferson, he was "perfectly satisfied with the social structure in Virginia". In the Constitutional Convention "not a single important feature of the governmental structure was contributed by him". In theory he favored a republic "but an aristo-

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cratic one — where the suffrage and the authority would be in the hands of the well born and the wealthy". In brief, "Washington possessed only ordinary intellectual ability" — his forte was character. Thus it will be seen that Mr. Woodward is an image smasher, but no more so than the Washington of the Diaries.

Mr. Hughes's book throws a vivid light for the first time on the first thirty years, usually slighted by biographers. He has delved deeply into original sources, giving us authorities where Mr. Woodward has unhappily failed. Young Washington emerges from the shadows altogether human, eager, acquisitorial, blundering through the wilderness in Indian warfare, redeeming amazing mistakes by his almost superhuman courage, and making love with a persistency and an approach to passion not realized before. Sally Fairfax, wife of his friend, looms large and teasingly on these pages, as she unquestionably did in our hero's life. Mr. Woodward admits this too, and Mr. Moore concedes that the exquisite lady did much in molding his character but deprecates the idea of a serious love affair. Mr. Hughes proves his theory, we think, up to the point where he would have us believe that Washington would have eloped had the lady been willing. Impossible, surely. He was too coldly conventional. As Mr. Woodward says, "In those days men owned their wives; and to be friendly with another man's wife was not only bad morals but bad manners." And it was Sally who taught him good manners. "Good form" meant as much to Washington as it did to Jas. Hook.

It is in the development of this romance, in the exhaustive study of the charge of "assassination" made by the French because of the killing of alleged emissaries, and in the graphic re-creation of the Braddock expedition, that Mr. Hughes contributes most of interest. His method differs from that of Woodward in that he sets forth his authorities fully, while the former assimilates them and gives his conclusions in a sparkling paragraph. The historian will prefer the one, the layman the other. Where the two touch it is astonishing to find their conclusions similar, or almost uniformly so. They disagree as to the identity of the Low Land Beauty, but that is a minor mystery.

Joseph Dillaway Sawyer's two volume pictorial biography finds its chief merit we think in its more than 250 illustrations dating back to Sulgrave Manor. To those preferring myths, it will serve as a solace for the other two books. It dismisses the Jumonville incident in a few lines, finds nothing to criticize in the location of Fort Necessity, accepts the traditional schoolbook story of Braddock's defeat, and in the wholly inadequate treatment of the Presidency accepts all the Federalist mythology with a straight face.

Like Mr. Sawyer, Charles Moore in his "The Family Life of George Washington" breaks no images; but he has given us the fullest, best written, most entertaining chronicle of the family to be had. Here we follow the fortunes of all the descendants of Martha, thorough aristocrats, with an incurable contempt for democracy and "the people". The numerous illustrations add not a little to the delights of a charming book.

With the "George Washington" of Paul Leicester Ford, published thirty years ago and now reissued, the public has been long familiar. It is a portrait rather than a biography — the first real honest attempt to reduce an heroic statue to a man. It has all the authenticity and scholarship inseparable from

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anything bearing the signature of the Fords.

George Washington: The Image and the Man. By W. E. Woodward. Boni and Liveright.
George Washington: The Human Being and the Hero, 1732–1762. By Rupert Hughes. William Morrow and Company.
George Washington: A Pictorial Biography. By Joseph Dillaway Sawyer. Two volumes. The Macmillan Company.
The Family Life of George Washington. By Charles Moore. Houghton Mifflin Company.
George Washington. By Paul Leicester Ford. J. B. Lippincott Company.

TWO PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY

By Gerald Carson

THERE is a fierce partizanship among admirers of eighteenth century English literature for which one can find no parallel, unless it be in the esoteric raptures of the defenders of Ambrose Bierce and Katherine Mansfield.

If it is true that this golden age of wit and sense was less urbane and "elegant" than is often supposed, the fact is incontestable that it is rich, various, and attractive for the splendor of its literature, the grace and intimacy with which it practised the less formal branches of writing, and the picturesqueness of its society.

The candidacy of Horace Walpole to be the mirror of the eighteenth century has not ever been fully exploited, because the materials on which his reputation is based have not been readily accessible. The present letters were abstracted from nineteen formidable volumes. The two volumes are beautiful in format and typographical arrangement and admirably edited by W. S. Lewis. The letters included represent a choice of one hundred and fifty from the nearly thirty five hundred that have been published. The text has unimpeachable authority, being based upon that of Mrs. Paget Toynbee. The volumes are generously illustrated with collectors' items, and both the illustrations and the text are annotated.

In selecting his letters the editor desired "to show a few great moments in the century and a few of its most characteristic people through the eyes of its wittiest character". The whole of this brilliant scene, as Mr. Lewis says, Walpole, in turn, took as an artist's material for illuminating himself. One cannot be certain at all times that Walpole *is* a mirror of the eighteenth century, or that the moments are great ones. His capacity for uncomplimentary personal history makes one feel that what he gives is a *rear view* of the eighteenth century.

We may hear Walpole himself upon his purpose and point of view. In introducing an account of "a party of pleasure" into a letter to his Eton friend, George Montagu, Walpole says: "I shall relate it to you to show you the manners of the age, which are always as entertaining to a person fifty miles off as to one born one hundred and fifty years after the time."

They are all of that.

Horace Walpole was born in 1717, a son of the distinguished Sir Robert Walpole, the great Whig prime minister under the first two Georges. Eton and Cambridge followed, as they do with well bred English youths, and Walpole made the customary "grand tour" in the company of Thomas Gray. Returning, he entered Parliament, spoke before the House, and in 1747, having succeeded to his father's property, he took up the pen, never, one might say, to relinquish it. To speak exactly, he

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began to publish in 1747; the nib had already been in his fist for many years.

I am not going to carry the biographical record further, and have introduced it only to remind that Walpole was born and situate where society and politics and the polite world could pass, a gay processional, before his sharp eyes. Here in two volumes is the quintessence of sixty years of observation upon princes and lords and ladies. Here is Her Ladyship who all the town knows is mad over a certain noble lord, and will go nowhere to dinner. Here are adventuresses of high degree and lady rakes of lower station about whom the fashionable world laughs and makes epigrams. Here noble men and women play brag, and mince chicken while a reputation falls into tatters every five minutes.

Here, for a change of tone, is a solid eighteenth century cleric poet, the Reverend William Mason, whose mediocre works Walpole praises while he makes a vigorous onslaught against literary personalities he dislikes — Johnson, Thomson, and such of the lesser romantic fry as Blackmore and Dr. Akenside. In these pages we meet the literary ladies — Miss Hannah More, Mrs. Delaney, Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Vesey, and that profound and erudite Grecian, Mrs. Carter. "Lady Mary Wortley is arrived; I have seen her; I think her avarice, her dirt, and her vivacity are all increased."

For all their sparkle and amusing wit, the letters are not easily quotable. Walpole wrote with unstudied grace, and there is so little in them that is composed or rounded off that it is impossible satisfactorily to ladle off passages which show his quality. It is all touch and go. "Sir William Yare, who has been extinct so long, is at last dead." "General Braddock has not yet sent over to claim the surname of Americanus." Amid some pleasantries about the American Indians, he makes a characteristic oblique cut at the venality of British politicians. "They are in particular great orators, with this little variation from British eloquence, that at the end of every important paragraph, they make a present; whereas we expect to receive one." Commenting on George Edwards, author of books upon natural history, Horry says: "But what struck me most were his dedications; the last was to God; this is to Lord Bute, as if he was determined to make his fortune in one world or t'other."

A Selection of the Letters of Horace Walpole. Edited by W. S. Lewis. Two volumes. Harper and Brothers.

IRRITATING AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By John Carter

WE are only now beginning to understand how calamitously the Yankee conquest of this country miscarried, but we are still far from knowing why it failed. One man's guess is as good as another's, and when the anonymous author of "'The Great American Ass'" expounds the Nordic débâcle in terms of "the land lust of the Old Testament" and "our venerable constipation", he is sure of some attention. However, this attention will not be fortunate for narrative of "Roy Bradley", the heir of John Alden, "the Yankee cub nursed on the milk of Massachusetts legend . . . reared up to roar the Yankee triumphs". For — to be brutal — "'The Great American Ass'" is written by an ass for asses, an almost perfect illustration of how not to approach a subject.

The limits of this subject — how the Yankees, intoxicated by too much read-

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ing of the Scriptures and too few green vegetables, attempted the feat of indefinite biological expansion in the free lands of North America — have already been indicated by two recent books, which, standing at right angles to each other, demand only an hypotenuse to complete the figure. M. R. Werner's "Brigham Young" shows how the Mormons, freed from the incubus of monogamy and bullied into sound economics and sanitation by a Yankee Moses, flourished in an area where the "Gentiles" of the same stock made their dismal and vociferous failures. Daniel Chauncey Brewer's "The Conquest of New England by the Immigrant" tells the end of the Yankees in their original habitat. Between the Mormon solution and the Puritan failure is clearly indicated a third serious study, which should bear a perfect proportion to the implications of the other two.

This relation is clearly indicated by our geometricians. The process of making the intellectual leap involved is known — aptly enough — as the Bridge of Asses. On this bridge, "The Great American Ass" stumbles, and — to strain our metaphor — the two sides of our triangle become a gallows from which dangles the squirming, gagging victim of an unlucky experiment with vital material.

Roy Bradley approaches his subject with the sublimated introspection of a murderer. Self pity reeks from every page of his turgid narrative, none the less contemptible because it seeks to avoid sentimentality. He tells of his early life in Wilber, Nebraska, and later in Harrow, Kansas; he tells of how John Bradley, his father, followed the traditional Yankee habit of crushing his family with work and abuse. He tells of days at Kansas University, newspaper work of various sorts, and then launches into an account of newspaper work in New York. This portion of the book is marred by a vicious animosity against F. P. A., of the "World", discourteously camouflaged as K. I. K. of the "Letter". The saga ends with Roy Bradley fleeced by real estate operators in Charleston, South Carolina, but cheerfully predicting that the predatory gentry of that locality will make hash of the Babbitts with whom they combined to gobble up this unlucky Puritan.

His book is egocentric to a degree. The author has a persecution mania of appalling dimensions. Thus he contends that it took a World War to make him lose his job on the "Letter", and the Draft Act to teach his brother Tom to eat cabbage.

It is a pity. One feels that when "The Great American Ass" is on the trail of dietetics it would have been better for him to stick to cabbage and not be tempted by thistles. The land lust of the Yankees is a subject of engrossing importance:

> We swarmed onto a woodland, felled it, soured the land and moved onto a prairie, plowed it, and were ready if it soured to swarm onto new and sweeter territory.

But, according to his own record, when he had a choice between a farm of his own and journalism, he turned cityward, making no effort to stem the tide of Poles, Germans, and Bohemians who were inheriting his birthright.

The style of the book is turbulent and occasionally effective, though vitiated by rancor of the most irritating variety. When he says, "The Nordic race thinks itself Napoleon when it nails others to the cross, and Christ when it gets nailed itself", one feels a sense of acrid pleasure in the exactitude of the author's introspective clairvoyance. But there is a good bit of repetition. Education is labeled "tribal propaganda" on various occasions, and diatribes are the order of

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the day. A little variety is achieved by such passages as this, without acknowledgment to Thomas Beer:

> When I was in my third year . . . Buffalo Bill was decimating the last herds of buffalo, a man from Buffalo named Cleveland was capturing New York for the Democrats, the War had been over some eighteen years, the word Mugwump had been used once in a political connotation in the New York "Sun". A Bostonian named Sullivan had his picture in the saloons at Wilber and the boys at the livery barn had bought a set of boxing gloves.

"The Great American Ass" fills over three hundred pages with his inky bray, but when all is said and done he has only intimated that "there is no health in us", and that the author, instead of chronicling a racial catastrophe, is merely stating a personal grievance.

"The Great American Ass", An Autobiography. Anonymous. Brentano's.

FIVE MEN

By C. Hartley Grattan

ALL of the biographies under review are written with the express purpose of revealing their subjects to a curious world. Each one, in its own way, betrays serious study on the part of the author, but the method of presenting results and conclusions is different in each case.

"Darwin" by Gamaliel Bradford is a marvelously finished piece of work by an old hand in the field. It is not a heavy exposition of the theories of this so famous scientist, but rather a careful exposition of his personality and mentality. In Darwin we have one of the finest examples of the scientific spirit, and one of the most gracious and charming of men. It is indeed exceedingly ironic that so charming a man should be a major hobgoblin of the age. Darwin was astonishingly magnanimous and modest. In spite of the fact that he suffered from ill health all of his long life, he was never irritable or bitter. And with this saintly personality, he combined a passion for science that enabled him to enunciate doctrines that are pivotal in the history of biology and in the history of thought generally. Darwin was enormously diligent, exquisitely accurate, and had a capacity far beyond the ordinary for recognizing and meeting objections to the theories he announced after careful study of all the evidence he could assemble. His scientific spirit and his genuine humility allowed him to accept the findings of others even when they were destructive of his own conclusions. Yet when convinced that he was right, he never scrupled to announce his theories to the world. What a storm his major theories produced is very well known, and Darwin's personality allowed him to take the vast avalanche of vituperative criticism without becoming arrogant, callous, or embittered. Although his personality was so admirable his passionate devotion to science caused the atrophication of several qualities of mind indispensable to a rounded existence. He lacked, in later years for example, all susceptibility to music, poetry, and the higher types of creative literature generally. It would almost seem that unusual success in one field implies limitation in another, did we not remember that Einstein, in spite of the fact that he has devoted so many long years to cosmic physics, still retains a love of music and an interest in the novel, particularly the works of Dostoyevsky. Mr. Bradford's book wisely leaves a technical exposition of Darwinism to the scientists. His sketch of the effects of Darwinism on thought and upon personality is generalized and intelligent, but the value of the book inheres in the excellent portrait of Dar-

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win's personality and mentality, a mentality that typifies the scientific mind.

"Ignatius Loyola" by Paul Van Dyke and "Mohammed" by R. F. Dibble both deal with a quite different type of mind, the religious, Mohammed representing the sort of mind that founds a religion, and Loyola the type that actively defends a creed once and for all delivered unto the saints. Mr. Van Dyke's book is a solid piece of scholarship, and in its careful presentation of documents, particularly the "confessions" of Loyola, marks itself as a biography of the old school. Nevertheless those genuinely interested in knowing an extraordinary man will find the book of the sort most worthwhile. Loyola in founding the Jesuit order impressed himself on the history of civilization in a way that will not allow his being forgotten in a hurry. Yet he contributed nothing to the advancement of thought, and only sought to restrain advance by an active defense of the status quo. Loyola's mind was that of the stern disciplinarian, hardened to its task by the conviction that its ends were those of God. How this man, born to aristocratic living, for years a soldier, came to devote himself to the service of God and the established church is a story of the most extraordinary sort. The religious mind is more likely to be misunderstood today than at any time since the eighteenth century, and Dr. Van Dyke's exposition of the career of Loyola is notable for its care and restraint. Mr. Dibble, on the other hand, had no concern beyond producing an entertaining book. He saw the life of Mohammed as an occasion for irony and fun making. The result is that his study has no particular solid merits, but has very considerable value as entertainment.

One will find neither fun nor instruction in Clemenceau's study of Demosthenes. The French politician has written a rather oratorical defense of Demosthenes which is alleged to be allegorical. It is supposed to be a defense of his own career. I do not think that the key to the allegory will be found in seeking correspondences for the figures of the study, but rather Clemenceau's apology is to be found in the underlying idea. M. Clemenceau has taken the life of Demosthenes and turned it into an apology for nationalism, the vaunting of the superior merit and importance of the country in which one happens to be born. Demosthenes, under the apprehension that he was seeking to arouse the Athenians from the lethargy that made them imminent victims of Philip of Macedon, was the force that made impossible the union of the Greek city states. M. Clemenceau's idea seems to be that in Demosthenes he has found a figure who foreshadows the modern political nationalist; and therefore, it is presumed, the greatness of this predecessor justifies his own nationalistic course. This fact seems additionally clear when one notes that Clemenceau, like Demosthenes, ignores and deprecates the more sane, international program of Isocrates.

The fifth member of this arbitrarily assembled group of notables is Benjamin Franklin, subject of a biography by Phillips Russell. This study is rather grandiloquently subtitled "The First Civilized American". That, briefly, is bunk. But nevertheless the book itself is not without merit, though its merits are rather overshadowed by the lack of coordination in the handling of the material, and lack of analytical powers and knowledge of history on the part of the author. Mr. Dibble's book is an extraordinary example of compression. Mr. Russell's, though it is not long, is extremely diffuse. So far as my

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knowledge of Franklin goes, this biography does not in any sense present a new view of the man, and in several particulars misses a chance to be a really revolutionary biography. Mr. Russell did not grasp, for example, the full significance of this passing observation: "It was a gospel [Poor Richard's] peculiarly suited to small tradesmen who were becoming employers and to farmers who wanted to grow out of tenantry into proprietorship." We have instead the same old Franklin who led a gay youth and a gay old age with a period of sober industry in between. We have the man who drew up schedules of virtues and violated these very virtues in his own conduct. And we have the man with endless schemes for benefiting the public, the skilful politician, the ingenious publicity man, the elegant trifler; in fact the usual Ben Franklin. If Mr. Russell had taken all of these qualities and welded his materials into a firmly integrated book, he would have written a book of high value. But I do not find that he has contributed anything to the better understanding of Franklin. He has simply handled already well known material with a more honest emphasis. And I think I am justifiably suspicious of the scholarship of a man who repeats schoolbook myths about major episodes in American history. Mr. Russell's account of the Revolution is perilously near twaddle, and his account of the personality and activities of General Braddock may profitably be compared with the careful studies of the same gentleman in the biographies of Washington by Woodward and Hughes, to name current books. The modern life of Franklin is yet to be written.

Darwin. By Gamaliel Bradford. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Ignatius Loyola. By Paul Van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE SOUL OF HARLEM

By Ellen Glasgow

IT is unfortunate that a southern reviewer must approach Mr. Van Vechten's fine novel by that literary valley of humiliation which lies between the inaccessible peaks of Uncle Remus and Uncle Tom. For in a country where the burlesque still holds the balance of power, the caricature of Uncle Tom, as its shade slants over the southern scene, has plunged in the gloom of pathos even the historic figure of Uncle Remus. Only by dismissing these ancient influences are we able to approach the throbbing heart of a book that is devoid alike of burlesque and condescension.

It is true that these tormented inhabitants of Harlem are far removed from those cheerful yet fatalistic images that peopled the romantic fields of our childhood. It is true that the dialect is too difficult for a Virginian without the convenient glossary at the end of the book. Yet this strangeness is the result of a barbaric simplicity, of a barbaric color and life. Unlike the other novels by Mr. Van Vechten, "Nigger Heaven" borrows little from that flattering gloss of dilettantism so dear to the innocent and envious pursuers of "Sophistication". For the roots of this book cling below the shallow surface of sophistication in some rich primitive soil of humanity.

The drama of Byron and Mary is one of those human comedies which are more terrible because more sardonic than tragedy. It is a triumph for Mr.

Mohammed. By R. F. Dibble. The Viking Press.

Demosthenes. By Georges Clemenceau. Translated by Charles Miner Thompson. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Benjamin Franklin: The First Civilized American. By Phillips Russell. Brentano's.

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Van Vechten's art that he should have been able to reveal the souls of these pathetic hybrids as completely as he has revealed the physical convulsions that passed for the souls of Campaspe Lorillard and Ella Nattatorrini. That the book attempts to prove nothing, that it does not masquerade as ethnology in the fancy dress of a novel, that it points no moral and preaches no doctrine of equality — this absence of prophetic gesture makes "Nigger Heaven" only the more impressive as a sincere interpretation of life.

A thrilling, a remarkable book. There is a fire at the heart of it.

Nigger Heaven. By Carl Van Vechten. Alfred A. Knopf.

OUTLINE OF EVERYTHING

By Charles W. Ferguson

IF "The Art of Being Ruled" had been written by a midwestern professor, I should readily acclaim it the most uninteresting book since Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians. Perhaps I came to it in a bilious mood, or perhaps my system has been spoiled by the cereals of Drs. Robinson, Thomson, Browne, Martin, and others who write too simply upon difficult subjects. All the same, an intuitive dislike prompted by the bunglesome introduction never wholly left me, though it was from time to time dispelled temporarily by the author's perspicacious treatment of Nietzsche, his picture of Gilbert K. Chesterton, or his squints at the sexual deficiency of the feminists. The book speaks an English in which American words appear occasionally in italics, and a language most Americans will find hard to comprehend without a more prodigious effort than they are accustomed to give. The title is by far the happiest feature of the book, and it should have been reserved for a more pertinent essay or bequeathed to some National Committee for use on a campaign pamphlet. Some such title as "A Passionate Potpourri of Opinions on This, That, and the Other" would have been more accurate.

However, the long suffering student of government and politics will find Wyndham Lewis's table d'hôte a rare delight. His work is cyclopædic in scope; he treats of everything from man and shaman to action and reaction, and he is, of course, always searching and goading in his analysis. His views are always as independent and unpredictable as those of a precocious child. That he has written his book for no definite audience the author makes as clear as he makes anything. His book is, so to say, a microphone. Into it he speaks his mind in the hope that some members of the great invisible throng will listen in. Those who will listen in are, I suspect, pedagogues whose minds are as virile as they are alert, thinkers who prefer philosophic utterances to the sayings of columnists, and those souls who still believe that great ideas must be ferreted out of a thicket of abstruse language.

Mr. Lewis is everywhere aware of the impact of science and industrialism upon our political thought. He shows a knowledge to be measured only in fathoms of the movements and tendencies of which he treats. He seems to have read as much philosophy as Will Durant. He has bayed upon the trail of virtually every idea that has escaped into the modern world. The very enormity of his resulting volume inspires a certain awe. Yet I do not believe he has done as well as our compatriot, Thorstein Veblen. I doubt that he shows as much originality in thinking,

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and I am sure that he does not write so entertainingly.

The Art of Being Ruled. By Wyndham Lewis. Harper and Brothers.

MORE POE BIOGRAPHY

By Lorine Pruette

THE final publication of the Valentine letters, together with increasing study of the Ellis-Allan correspondence in the Library of Congress, has permitted the clearing up of a great many mysterious parts of Poe's career. The biography by Hervey Allen comes nearer than any other to covering fully the details of the poet's life. Through its two volumes we advance step by step, leisurely, intimately, from the moment that a small orphan boy is taken home by Frances Allan to the final and still unexplained death scene in Baltimore. The impressive documentation bears witness to the author's scholarship and patient research; the care with which he distinguishes between authenticated details and the imaginative reconstruction, whether by himself or by others, of uncertain points, is evidence of his sincerity.

The author sets out to give Poe a background, temporal, physical, and cultural; he succeeds in making Poe a reasonable figure. Here is no mysterious creature, actuated by dim, fantastic desires beyond the understanding of ordinary men; rather here is a youth, sensitive and gifted, exposed to a series of unusual misfortunes, some growing directly out of his own nature, many due entirely to the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed. The disgraceful and heart breaking conditions of authorship a century ago are made quite clear; in the light of Mr. Allen's exposition it seems amazing that America should have developed a literature of any sort.

John Allan, too, becomes a comprehensible figure; his little vanities, his financial worries, his pride in his final position, his niggardliness, even his tortured sensuality, take on the aspects and characteristics of a genuine person. His comparative indifference to the welfare of his own illegitimate children makes his neglect of young Edgar all the more understandable. Indeed, although the biographer does not directly suggest this, it is more than possible that John Allan's conscience reproached him for taking more of a fatherly interest in this child of actors than in his own offspring; and that this pricking of his conscience, together with his undoubted concern for Edgar, occasioned some of his bitterest outbursts. The author makes the point that John Allan and Edgar Poe had entered into a veritable father-son relationship, and that this explains the unfailing capacity of each to hurt the other.

The America of the first half of the nineteenth century is recreated in many important phases in the effort to present Poe as a part of his time and place. This conception is contrary to the dogma of the early biographers who sought to put Poe out of time, out of space. The author emphatically declares that "Poe often found his material in the life and the place about him, and worked only in a secondary and indirect way from literary sources." The influence of Poe's stay in the Carolinas is revealed very strikingly by an analysis of some of his stories.

For half of his short life Edgar Poe was more or less a sick man. Congenital heart trouble, a highly "nervous" temperament, privation and starvation, contrived to put him in a state where even the briefest nepenthe from alcohol or drugs was a valued release. We no

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longer care whether Poe drank much or little. It is probable that he was much more temperate than most of our esteemed forefathers, but it is certain that his drinking was more than usually disastrous. Similarly the flock of cooing and idiotic women who swarmed about him, whatever his condition, was also disastrous. A full understanding of the bitter years of economic failure and growing delusions of greatness may yet reveal the saintly devotion of poor Aunt Maria Clemm as more harmful than all the severities of John Allan. Toward the end Poe unquestionably required the ministrations of some devoted woman, but there is a strong probability that earlier in life a more robust atmosphere would have been helpful. Mrs. Clemm's manœuvres to bring about the absurd marriage with Virginia, in spite of the protests of the entire family, constitute one striking evidence of her unfortunate influence. However important the sickly Virginia may finally have become as a protection to her husband, the choice of a thirteen year old girl as a mate was surely not calculated to increase Poe's chance of a satisfactory adjustment to life. As a boy Edgar had shown himself capable of both calf love and passion. Something happened to change him into a man whose sensuality was definitely perverse and abnormal. Psychoanalysis is now revealing case after case of the most appalling nature developing out of the repressions and maladjustments due to marriage with a cold or inadequate mate. Virginia may easily have been part cause as well as symbol of Poe's condition, and the thwarted sexuality of John Allan and his foster son show some interesting parallels as well as important differences.

New light is now being shed on the relation between Edgar Poe and his brother, William Henry Leonard Poe. It is clear, from the little book called "Poe's Brother", that the two boys enjoyed a mutual exchange of adventures and dreams, and some of Poe's gorgeous lies about foreign experiences may well have been based on adventures borrowed from Henry. The few poems surviving from the older brother show that Edgar's gift had at least a considerable hereditary background.

Israfel: The Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe. By Hervey Allen. George H. Doran Company.

Poe's Brother. By Hervey Allen and Thomas Ollive Mabbott. George H. Doran Company.

A HISTORY OF SEX

By Edith d'Alby

"WERE I to tell as much of the truth as I know about sex, society would frown at me, the postal authorities would forbid its printed circulation, some self-constituted censor would hail me before a tribunal, and were I dependent upon patients for a livelihood, want would soon stare me in the face."

This sentence appears upon the first page of Dr. Collins's latest book, in which he "looks at love and life" squarely and sanely. How much he does tell of the truth he knows is difficult to say, but he tells more than any author, not writing for a specialized public, has dared tell, and does it with the power, sincerity, and lucidity which have gained him repute in letters. Those who have read his previous books know that this statement needs no superlatives.

Dr. Collins is not particularly interested in us when all is right with our world; his mission is neither to chant of love as the blissful gift of God, nor to echo Dr. Pangloss's philosophy of life

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that "all is for the best in this best of possible worlds". His mission is not to set the world right, but to erect danger signals, warn us of abysses; to tell us why we so often make a failure of love, and how we can live full, useful, and happy lives. And, because he has a heart, he does it with the wisdom of indulgence and the understanding of tolerance.

He has read much, and thought more. His preoccupation with fundamental truths, his long association with nervous and mental ills, have convinced him of the tremendous part that hidden emotions and repressed instincts play in causing such ills. These are discussed frankly and dispassionately in the first part of the book. From onset to complete fulfilment, it is a history of sex. The author tells us why matrimony is so often a failure, and he apportions the blame equally between the sexes. He does not enter into the ethics of the question, or the moral issues. His claim is on the physiological side. If some of his argument disturbs and ruffles the sensibilities of the class Dr. Collins disregards, the bigot and the puritan, the majority of readers will admit that, virtually, he is right. The question whether sex equality, sex enlightenment, and sex consciousness can be made actual is not difficult to answer: modern methods of education prove that they can.

Young people in love and those who are out of love, prospective and actual parents, husbands and wives, old and young, ought to read "The Doctor Looks at Love and Life". They will learn something from it and it will make them take thought. Perhaps, indeed, it may start them on a new path where hypocrisy and conventions have no place and where sex is, once and for all, divorced from sin.

Dr. Collins lives a life of books, and his gospel of life is woven closely of what he has read and thought, observed and experienced. Therefore it is not astonishing that we should find, in the "Life" part of the book, a chapter devoted to the behavior of fictional characters and their relationship to real folks. It is a general survey of the latest novels which is most readable and diverting.

In a chapter on "Adult Infantilism" Dr. Collins tells us of our childishness as a nation; he makes a psychological portrait of William Jennings Bryan to illustrate his idea of infantilism in an individual, and he discusses the "adult-children" of literature. In a severe and somewhat scorching chapter entitled "Voices Crying in the Wilderness" he denounces bigotry, Ku Klux Klanism, religious narrowmindedness, wilful ignorance, our colossal prosperity and pitiful spiritual bondage. A clear exposé of Freudianism and the new psychology warns us against groundless enthusiasms and tells us what to accept and what to reject in the doctrine of the Austrian Doctor. And the book ends on a note of encouragement to reach real education "via leisure and libraries".

It may be safe to say that, despite the church, Dr. Collins is religious; despite politicians beholden to civic duties and despite his deep knowledge of human infirmities, an idealist at heart. He will not suffer fools; he will not have ignorance considered a virtue, fear a means of education. Contrary to many men of science, he deplores the apparent incompatibility existing between science and religion, and he believes that these two important things in the life of every man can be reconciled. More understanding, intelligent tolerance, and above all open-mindedness would bring about a world in which it would be more delightful to

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live, where everyone would be more happy and efficient.

The subject is of such a nature that it is difficult to handle it to everyone's taste; but it would seem that Dr. Collins has succeeded in making an abstruse theme clear and intelligible to the ordinary layman. He goes at his point with a firm determination to carry it through; he does not wander in bypaths or allow anything to deter him from his goal. And this goal of the author's we conceive to be the harmonization of life with conduct.

He may not always leave us with a song on our lips, but at least he does not remove the hope from our hearts; he is not embittered by man's failure to live up to God's image. "What time, what circuit first?" he asks not, but he believes that "In some time, his good time, I shall arrive."

Thought, and yet more thought, is his refrain. All channels are good which develop thought in individuals; libraries are better than colleges, intelligent bringing up more desirable than sermons, and sane sensibility more effective than fear and standardization.

The Doctor Looks at Love and Life. By Joseph Collins. George H. Doran Company.

THIS ADMIRABLE MAN

By H. C. Barrowes-Donald

POSEUR supreme,
This agile, glib tongued master
Convolute in a dream
Against disaster.

Itinerary laid
In one derived estate;
Drum major on parade,
Equivocate.

Dreams may depart.
Rendition is the task
Ordained to cool the smart
Behind a mask.

They never learn
(The Lady and the rest)
How certain things return
To claw the breast.

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

MERELY a name, if that, to the upspringing generation of readers, Edgar Wilson Nye was a personality and a household name in the Republic of thirty five years ago. The days when his appearance on the lecture platform, often shared by James Whitcomb Riley, of some country town was a red letter event, are recalled by the publication of "Bill Nye, His Own Life Story" (Century), with continuity by his son, Frank Wilson Nye, and a foreword by Melville A. Stone. Now his humor seems almost as archaic as that of "Sam Slick". Yet the three million words of it published were written in response to an imperious demand, and when he died in 1896 the newspapers deplored editorially the passing of one who had come to be accepted as America's humorist laureate.

"Prohibition in the United States" by Dr. D. Leigh Colvin (Doran) is a vitally colorful history and survey of that cause throughout the nation. Beginning with the first efforts to foster prohibition, the book continues up to the present day. Unfortunately, however, it is not without its prejudice, for Doctor Colvin is frankly in favor of the eighteenth amendment. A great many of his statistics, furthermore, are meaningless. For example, he gives figures on arrests for drunkenness in the years 1917 and 1920, his purpose being to show the decline under the new law. The years which he has chosen, however, are far from representative. In 1917 the United States, together with its young men, was engaged in war with Germany, while in 1920 prohibition, being a novelty, was far more effective than it is today. Another book on the same subject, however, and one in which prejudice is reduced to a minimum, is "Prohibition at Its Worst" by Professor Irving Fisher of Yale (Macmillan). Although Professor Fisher does not take up the history of the movement as does Dr. Colvin, he corrects a number of statistics and arguments presented by both sides. His ultimate declaration is that prohibition, if enforced, can be of national benefit, but that unenforced it is a tremendous evil.

"It is not enough to be wise; one must be charming as well", said Ninon de Lanclos, and therewith this most fascinating woman laid bare to the world her philosophy of life. Charming enough to have been a personality in that time of personalities, the reign of Louis XIV, she had the wisdom to choose in that difficult age to live her own life without fear or repentance. She was the first of modern women. She saw that men had all the best of things and she determined to live with the freedom of a man. She played her part brilliantly and is indissolubly connected with her age. In "Ninon de Lanclos" (Holt) Emile Magne has written a spirited and sympathetic account of this original and captivating woman.

Anything of which Eugene O'Neill is the subject and George Jean Nathan the dedicatee would apparently promise to be interesting material. Strangely, however, the book entitled "Eugene O'Neill" by Barrett H. Clark (Mc-

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Bride) is void of any stimulant to the thought. Its failure seems to lie in the fact that the author is not primarily a critic but a strong adherent to the cause of that foremost American dramatist. Indeed, he would like to feel that O'Neill is perfect, but now and then, catching himself with the realization that this is impossible, he finds some trivial point to criticize. Aside from these brief interspersions, Mr. Clark is far too gentle, while his array of sympathetic gestures frequently approaches a colorless sentimentality.

Ferdinand Ossendowski, who unlike many another traveler has a receptiveness to the impression of the moment and an imaginative exuberance which work overtime, gives them free rein in "The Fire of Desert Folk" (Dutton), the account of a journey through Morocco in 1924. Learning and happy levity travel hand in hand in the pages, and the historic *aperçu* and Latin which justify the author's title of "Professor" alternate with little romantic tales and legends which some Moor or Arab appears to tell *viva voce* with suspicious aproposness at the psychological moment. The "Fire" burns vividly, romantically, with richly hued flames, and Lewis Stanton Palen's English text reads like an original. Incidentally, the author, we are told, "analyzes with deep insight the political and religious situation" in Morocco and the Riff country. In view of his warm note of acknowledgment to the Polish Foreign Office, the French government, Marshal Lyautey, etc., this analysis cannot help but be one-sided. Yet if we discount propaganda for the exploitation of oriental races under the name of "civilization", the book makes highly entertaining reading.

On first examination, this little volume of the Home University Library, "Eugenics" (Holt), seems to be taking on an exaggerated importance, considering the difficulties of working out its author's ideas. But very soon we are led to admire quite earnestly the deep knowledge of the subject, the range and scope of A. M. Carr-Saunders's culture. He has managed to give in very condensed form an amount of information that should enable even a tyro in scientific lore to grasp the principles of heredity. Necessarily, technical terms have been employed that may dash the enthusiasm of persons who take up the book without much desire to work; to think. But thinking is, we say frankly, a preliminary to any scientific subject; and it is indispensable to the book in question. The work spent upon it will pay the reader well.

Ralph Waldo Emerson's "Blotter-Book" and "Wide World" jottings from 1820 to 1875, issued in ten terror striking volumes, 1909–14, by Edward W. Emerson and Edward Waldo Forbes, now reach us in tabloid form as "The Heart of Emerson's Journals" (Houghton Mifflin), sponsored by Bliss Perry. Proof of the vitality of the old poet-philosopher lies in the fact that even an aging professor couldn't entirely edit "the heart" out of "our most distinguished American writer" — not by a long shot! Preface, and biographical introductions to each section now substituting for one of the recent ten volumes, and captions on every other page announcing "Webster", "Everett", "Self-Examination", "Landor", "Carlyle", "Visit to Wordsworth", "The Scholar's Freedom", "Lonely Revolution", "Alcott", "Thoreau", "Hawthorne", "Boston Christianity", "The Saturday Club", "Joy of Youth",

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"Books", "Death", etc., creep back here to annoy men's minds. Thanks for every shove that sends even one of us back to the wisdom and sincerity of our best native savior of youth, our pithiest "representative man", opinionated old Ralph Waldo!

To some of the heedless younger generations the Civil War may seem "old stuff" indeed; and there are those who, like the Chicago drummer, ask: "What are them old guys?" when they glimpse a remnant of the Grand Army of the Republic at a civic celebration. But we are here, politically speaking, as the greatest of world powers, not because we are here but because of the Civil War. Walter Geer in his "Campaigns of the Civil War" (Brentano) has given us a story of the great conflict in a single volume which, for the layman at all events, covers the ground as adequately as do histories in four, five, and six volumes. It is well written; carefully documented; there are maps of the greater battles; there are appendices; and — there is no bias. In fact, if the general reader wishes a history of the Civil War this would seem to be the one he should own.

In his collection of essays and addresses, "Fallodon Papers" (Houghton Mifflin), the English statesman, Edward, Viscount Grey of Fallodon, discourses sedately on the pleasures of reading, outdoor nature, and fly fishing, on his water fowl, on his impressions, in retrospect, of public life, and on Wordsworth's poetry. That one of the group which possesses vitality and interest not shared by the others is the author's memory of a brief walking tour through the English countryside on which, in 1910, he was the companion of the late Theodore Roosevelt. Apart from it, the volume seems to be undistinguished, monotonous and dull, a typical example of the scholarly but unimaginative mind's limitations.

Dr. Horace Carncross calls himself a disciple of Freud, but in his excellent treatise "The Escape from the Primitive" (Scribner) he evinces a common sense and moderation that the passionate Austrian lacks. The first and latter portions of the volume are somewhat superior in tone and matter to the middle part, which runs almost too much to the theoretical. But the gist of the book is distinctly useful to all intelligent, progressive people who desire to get out of the narrowness of petty self, into the broader, higher life of humanity. The chapter termed "Crying for the Moon" is strong and original. Dr. Carncross accuses ordinary persons of greed, of extreme stupidity in their mad efforts to subordinate all conditions to their own whimsies, instead of remembering that in nature there is no such thing as what men call justice, and that it is essential to put ourselves in the right relations with our environment in order to survive. This is a well written, interesting, and valuable treatise upon the philosophical attitude toward modern life.

Two recent books by circus folk complete each other in a decidedly interesting manner and should serve to convince casual readers that the recollections of three-ringers may be as entertaining as royal memoirs, actresses' biographies, and prima donna reminiscences. In "Seventy Years a Showman" (Dutton), "Lord" George Sanger covers in a humorous and amusing way the Victorian Age in the circus world and does so with the authority inherent in one who may claim to be the greatest English show-

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man of his time. As he reverently says: "I was the last entertainer to receive a present from Queen Victoria, and I valued the splendid gift accordingly." A happy *bonne bouche* accompanies the Sanger reminiscences in the shape of Kenneth Grahame's introduction ("Sanger and His Times"). Closer to the American heart, however, are the recollections of Josephine De Mott Robinson, "The Circus Lady" (Crowell). Her progenitors were French and her story begins with a charming and well nigh incredible tale of how the Emperor Napoleon I of France rode one of her greatuncle's horses in the Paris Cirque in the latter's stead, while "the great crowd that rose to him never knew the circus rider they had been applauding was the Little Corporal himself!" Less conscious, perhaps, than the Sanger memoirs, "The Circus Lady's" story calls up with the most unaffected and enjoyable directness the vanished days of the old cross country circuses, small town parades, tents, animals, sideshows, *et al.* Between the two no reader can help but gain a fair idea of nineteenth century circus life on both English speaking sides of the Atlantic.

In "The Face of Silence" (Dutton) Dhan Gopal Mukerji tells with great charm and in the manner of a devotee the story and legends of Shree Rama Krishna, a spiritual leader of India, who died a generation ago. "He did not preach a religion", says the author. "He lived such a life that it verified the inner reality of all religions." And as a final estimate he quotes one of the laws of his subject's monastery: "He who believes Rama Krishna to be a mere holy man is just as right as he who calls him an Incarnation of God." Mr. Mukerji's research and his acquaintance with those who knew Rama Krishna have enabled him to reconstruct the various stages of his spiritual progress and to describe his relations with his followers, the best known of whom in the Occident is perhaps Vivekananda. In lighter vein is the tale of the partial reformation of Girish Ghore, the Hindu dramatist, of whom we are told that "under the influence of liquor he wrote two religious plays that ran for five years". Mr. Mukerji's book has the continuous interest of first rate biography.

It would seem curious at first glance, if one were to compare the relative levels of culture and of social organization in the case of two such ancient peoples as the Iroquois Indians and the Japanese, that the position of women in the former weaker society should be exalted so far above the established social relation of females in the latter. Yet the fact is, the Iroquois state stands out as the exception in the evolution of society, while Japan is only an extreme manifestation of the rule. Dr. Allen K. Faust, in "The New Japanese Womanhood" (Doran), a summary of the relation of the Japanese woman to the society of her land, traces the relationship from its sources in Confucianism and the custom of ancestor worship down to the present readjustment which is being worked out in the modern Japanese woman's movement. The generality of Japanese women at present are about where our Puritan grandmothers were in relation to modern times. Dr. Faust makes the story less like a table of facts and more of a human narrative in the telling, with the aid of a sprightly sense of humor.

Harry K. Thaw exhibits his wounds and misdeeds with evident sincerity, pride, and truthfulness in his auto-

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biographic volume "The Traitor" (Dorrance), which tells of the lurid events that provoked him to kill Stanford White and of his first trial for the crime. The "Traitor" of the book's title is the unnamed lawyer who, ostensibly employed in the defense of Thaw, actually betrayed him to the friends of the dead architect. Although in the text there is considerable quotation of newspaper reports and court records, the more objectionable passages have been, for obvious reasons, deleted. The author prefaces the main event of the book by one hundred odd pages relating to his early life as a society man at home and abroad.

The rampageous tolerance of "The American Mercury" has been put into convenient form for college students by Grant C. Knight, who has compiled "Readings from the American Mercury" (Knopf). It should be noted that the editor of this excellent selection of essays is associate professor of English at the University of Kentucky, the state which shares with Tennessee almost equal honors for intolerance. The papers are wide in scope and should provoke the undergraduate mind to more than the routine interest which most collections of essays demand. In his concise and sensible introduction, Mr. Grant points out that "composition in college is not so much a preparation for the 'life out in the world' that he [the student] hears mentioned awfully, as it is a part of life itself." The nature of the prose pieces included in the volume bears out this thesis admirably.

It is a relief, after all the books on the life of Byron which have recently sprung into being, to find no attempt at a critical estimate of his work in "Allegra: The Story of Byron and Miss Clairmont" by Armistead C. Gordon (Minton, Balch). Here is a straightforward story of the eventful and ever romantic life of the poet. Making no pretensions to authority or new knowledge, the book is extremely readable. It is, as one gathers from the title, largely concerned with the period of Byron's life which touched the lives of Shelley, Mary Godwin, and Clare Clairmont.

In this last volume of his essays, "Rambles and Reflections" (Putnam), the late Arthur Christopher Benson reveals himself, as always, a graceful and charming as well as a varied and interesting writer. Among the essayists of his generation he was never, perhaps, preeminent; but few of them maintained a higher level. More than anything else he wrote in a tradition. These papers look backward, not forward, for their inspiration, and they look backward, principally, for their subject matter. There are reminiscences of people and places, descriptions of scenery and of great English houses, discussions of friendship, illnesses, conversation. The book might almost as well have been called "Rambling Reflections", except that in his work Dr. Benson always showed a fine sense of order.

Probably few books have ever possessed so varying and unusual a content as William Roughead's "The Fatal Countess, and Other Studies" (Dutton). Presenting a detective story, a romantic tale, "A Gossip on a Novel of Galt's", together with numerous studies and portraits, the author has indeed given us an innovation, and one born, it would seem, of the lotus leaf. Mr. Roughead is leisurely, almost lazy, in his writing, with the result that he allows the reader a more than pleasant

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opportunity to relax. On the other hand, his light and entertaining irony, together with a knowledge of Scottish history reminiscent of Andrew Lang, acts as a gentle and entertaining stimulus. The book has been admirably bound and printed.

To the long list of Anatole France's bibliography two interesting volumes have been added. They are Nicolas Ségur's "Conversations with Anatole France" and Michel Corday's collection of France's later miscellaneous writings brought together under the title, "Under the Rose" (Dodd, Mead). Both are authorized translations, done into English by J. Lewis May. M. Ségur's book is the more absorbing of the two, since it records the days and hours spent in the Master's company and the flow of anecdote and opinion which came out of them. The "Conversations" are full of that charming fantasy which was so characteristic of France, but they carry for ballast a considerable amount of his serious observations on the life of antiquity and of his own times. The book shows restraint from maudlin sentimentality, but the picture that it gives of France's old age is piteous and affecting. The fragments from Anatole France's notebooks and unfinished writings annotated by Mr. Corday demonstrate how conscientiously France labored to the very end of his full life. The book is an ardent tribute from a disciple to his master. Here we have analyses of methods of writing, stray dialogues on religion, sex, and war, and a summary of the plans and projects which Anatole France had formulated before his death. The author's spirited defense of France against those who, he says, defamed the great man's memory by publishing trivial and satiric portraits of him is a fiery, typically French piece of writing, and probably justified. But it is also probable that these two books, absorbing as they are, could not possibly tell the whole story of Anatole France.

In "The Survival of the Democratic Principle" (Putnam), Perry Belmont vigorously defends the faith that is in him. According to historical fact the Democratic Party has had a longer life than any other political party in the Republic; according to Mr. Belmont, the survival of its principle is essential to the perpetuity of free institutions — if free our institutions may be designated. The book is by way of being an apologia for General McClellan, although the political results of Antietam have never been questioned. It is, moreover, an apologia for Thomas Jefferson, and a plea for what is termed "Jeffersonian Democracy". The hurdle that Mr. Belmont takes from McClellan back to Jefferson and the Makers of the Constitution is poorly arranged, chronologically, for an average reader. However, crowded as it is with long extracts and letters, this book is in no event designed for an average reader; but for the few, interested possibly beyond a plane of argument, in whatever may be the ultimate cause and effect behind specialized politics.

The death at thirty of "W. N. P. Barbellion" (Bruce Frederick Cummings) whose peculiar genius is critically analyzed in an able study by Richmond H. Hellyar (Doran), limited his published work to three volumes, "The Journal of a Disappointed Man", "Enjoying Life", and "A Last Diary", the last issued posthumously. Though slight in quantity, these books have founded an enduring, if modest, fame for the pain racked, indomitable spirit

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who labored to produce them. In them is the record of his intellectual life and of that intensely individual philosophy of living which transformed this slowly dying invalid into one of the most virile artists of his time. For those who are still unfamiliar with the works of "Barbellion", no better preparatory aid to his appreciation is obtainable than this worthy and penetrating tribute.

Keats the philosopher rather than the "versifying Pet-lamb" is the subject of Clarence Dewitt Thorpe's "The Mind of John Keats" (Oxford). He would prove that the poet was profoundly moved by the "necessity for sympathy with and deep understanding of humanity"; that the ecstasy of creation was far from justifying him in his own eyes. There is plenty of textual evidence of this, all carefully gathered together by Mr. Thorpe. There is also evidence in the letters, which reveal Keats the thinker to his friends and, eventually, to posterity. Keats speaks of the knowledge which feeds the imagination and of his own intellectual deficiencies. To Mr. Thorpe, Keats saw nature as she is and wished above all things to understand the reasons for the pain and cruelty here on earth. It was this thirst for understanding which dominated the thought life of Keats, which made him, in the eyes of this and other critics, philosopher as well as singer.

It is a pity that William Chislett's "George Meredith, A Study and an Appraisal" (Badger) is limited to only five hundred copies. It is a book that all Meredithians (and there must be many more in America than this number would seem to indicate) should own. Including as it does a study of almost all phases of Meredith's prose and poetry, as well as a perusal of the main threads of criticism that unwound themselves from his work in all directions, it becomes a source book, not only for the student of English literature, but for all lovers of Meredith's writings. It is immensely informative and revealing, especially since it shows us Meredith in the company, respectively, of Henry James and Stevenson, as well as of his critics and commentators. Much of the controversial matter in the book will not interest the lover of Meredith as a novelist. It is for the painstaking tabulation and the sincere appreciation of Meredith's writings that we have Mr. Chislett to thank. This amounts to a labor of love, with none of the fallacy of over-enthusiasm which such studies usually exhibit.

Volume II of J. Arthur Thomson's "The New Natural History" (Putnam) easily maintains the high level of text and illustration set by the first of the three projected parts. Its twenty chapters dealing with animal behavior from pole to pole have been composed with that rare combination of charm and authority which is notably Professor Thomson's. There are, in addition to a generous number of color plates, hundreds of photographs which should please and profit the student of any branch of the subject, whether he choose to concentrate for the moment upon the fiddler crab, the tuberculated iguana, the hamadryad or snake eating cobra, the crested newt, or perchance upon the common or back fence kitten. Though each stately volume may be regarded as complete in itself, in accordance with the author's original plan, it would be a strangely cold customer who would care to separate the first two numbers or to give to any other contender the place on the

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shelf reserved for the forthcoming third.

It not infrequently happens that the best critical appreciation of a country's literature comes from a foreign land, for the reason that a far off observer may be gifted with a detachment and a freshness of vision denied to the native. And so we find that "A History of English Literature" (Macmillan) by Emile Legouis not only is a comprehensive and thoroughgoing work, but displays a fine critical judgment and independence of view. It has, moreover, the merit of presenting English literature not as a series of disconnected phenomena, but as "a chain of facts and ideas". The present volume takes one from the Anglo-Saxon beginnings to the year 1660; the second volume, by Louis Cazamian, will bring the story down to the present day.

In his "Fielding the Novelist: A Study in Historical Criticism" (Yale), Dr. Frederic T. Blanchard, professor of English, University of California Southern Branch, through 655 pages of detailed, detached (but not too detached) literary criticism, biographical crossfire, and social flux twixt 1742 and the present day, attempts to unravel the skein of moralistic and other "criticism" which the author of "Joseph Andrews", "Tom Jones", and "Amelia" flung out to set (once more) blinking the eyes of a consistently hypocritical world. This "Study in Literary Reputation", model of scholarliness as it is, strains at every gnat to disgorge camels of unexpected consequence. Told in the words of a hundred wise men and a thousand wits (quotations), it is a thesaurus of social as well as critical comment.

The third volume of Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer's "A History of the United States Since the Civil War" (Macmillan) covers the period from 1872 to 1878. It is by no means less interesting than its preceding volumes. Clear and direct in style, impartial in judgment, the author gives us the human as well as political facets of the Greeley presidential campaign of 1872; the panic of 1873; the St. Louis "Whisky Ring", "Indian Ring", and other governmental scandals of 1874-1875; the final ousting of the carpetbaggers from the despoiled south; and the Hayes administration. Of special interest in the chapter "On the Plains and in the Mountains" are the vivid accounts of the Indian wars and the Custer Massacre. And — in accordance with the broader ideal of writing history — there is a really illuminating concluding chapter on "Letters and Arts". From our less immediate past as the author reveals it, the average American, were he more in the habit of reading worthwhile books, could draw some valuable deductions regarding our present.

"Chinese Culture and Christianity" (Revell) by James Livingstone Stewart, professor of philosophy and comparative religions, West China Union University, is China revealed in her thought life. Dr. Stewart has had a quarter of a century in China, studying systematically and sympathetically her present day methods, her psychology and philosophy. There is an absence of confusing technicalities in this book, but apparently no loss of accuracy. One can hardly afford not to read such an informative book in this day of seeking to understand world neighbors.

Annice Calland's outstanding gift in "Voodoo" (Vinal) is her descriptive power. She is mainly descriptive and many of her poems read like

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prose. She depends too much on fantastic subject matter, the tropics and burro bells on the desert. For the most part she does nothing significant or original with this fantastic subject matter. Her lyrics have a juvenile rhythm, "Sing far and low where the salt winds blow." The title poem, "Voodoo", obviously influenced by the "Congo", is the most distinguished one in the collection. The Vinal binding, as usual, is in good taste.

Truly the editors of Lafcadio Hearn are fortunate in their profession. In "Editorials" (Houghton Mifflin), containing some eighty four short pieces written for New Orleans newspapers during the ten years beginning in 1878, Charles Woodward Hutson has assembled a volume worthy to stand beside "Fantastics", "Leaves from the Diary of an Impressionist", and "Creole Sketches". Dr. Hutson's expert judgment will convince most reasonable persons of the origin of these unsigned productions, which, indeed, are in subject matter and style mostly of a Hearnian flavor recognizable to readers of the other compilations. Here are pages ranging from discussions of the science of the day and the public weal to remarks upon shoemakers, books, and myopia — all eminently readable. Hearn compounded his editorials of learning and charm in equal parts, whether holding forth upon the nature of sea serpents or recalling those times and places in which gentlemen have preferred blondes. The marvel is that this volume of all but forgotten sketches is continuously first rate. Hearn thrives upon these excavations to which he continues to be subject.

Professor C. K. Ogden of Magdalene College, Cambridge, in "The Meaning of Psychology" (Harper), has succeeded admirably in his endeavor "to deal in the simplest possible language with the subject in the light of the most recent advances". Those who are approaching psychology seriously for the first time will find in this clear and concise volume the tools for grappling with the study of the mind on their own account, as well as many lucid chapters upon contemporary developments. The author first provides a background of terms and methods essential for an understanding of the psychology of the schools, and goes on to illuminating outlines of such comparatively new items as behaviorism and psychoanalysis, while a chapter on "The Mentality of Apes", based upon Wolfgang Köhler's experiments, serves as an introduction to comparative psychology. Fairness and a total absence of fury distinguish this volume, which points at the end toward the "need for increased conscious control of the machinery of life".

Thomas Gray is remembered for the "Elegy" and the lines

> Where ignorance is bliss,
> 'Tis folly to be wise.

"Gray: Poetry and Prose" (Oxford) is a collection of his poems together with selections from his letters and some of the more important writings about him. Of the last, Samuel Johnson's "Life" has generally been regarded as the worst of the "Lives of the Poets". At any rate, Macaulay said so. Nevertheless, posterity has confirmed the opinion of the critic who could praise only the "Elegy". A reading of this volume in the Clarendon series of English literature reenforces the judgment. Once in his life, and once only, Gray's hands waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

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Stokes have recently issued an autobiographical refutation of the popular conception of a sailor's life during the past century, in the form of a naive tale, "Sam Noble, Able Seaman". The life that Mr. Noble followed in the seventies, as pictured in his account, was so idyllic and unadventurous and peaceful and innocuous, that one is reminded of the recent discussion in the New York "World" anent insidious propaganda on the part of the navy. The author of this simple record, however, was a member of the British navy, which has always considered that morale was as valuable an asset as the best of ships and armaments. At any rate, Mr. Noble's four years afloat seem to have been more or less a prolonged vacation. But the author confesses indirectly to over sixty years — forty three since his naval experiences — and it is probable that much of the unpleasantness of his seagoing life has faded from his mind, as such things are wont to do. Certainly the story is interesting, and a refreshing relief from the harrowing tales of seagoing brutality.

While one need not fully credit the publisher's confident assertion that Muriel Stuart is "the greatest English woman poet now living", an examination of her "New Poems and Old" (Mitchell) should convince one that she at least belongs to the limited group of the better British poets of the day. Unfortunately, her work resembles that of many of her contemporaries in that it is very uneven. At its poorest, it is unimpressive and commonplace, but at its best it is distinguished by a poetic fervor, vividness, and beauty such as one but rarely finds in current collections. There is no denying that Miss Stuart has a genuine lyric gift, and that, moreover, she is a poet whom no follower of contemporary literature can afford to overlook.

On November 21, 1864, President Lincoln wrote Mrs. Lydia Bixby of Boston a nobly expressed letter of condolence on the loss of five sons who "died gloriously on the field of battle". This letter is "The Beautiful Blunder" (Bobbs-Merrill) which gives its title to an exhaustive monograph by William E. Barton, author of "The Life of Abraham Lincoln". Of the five sons, two were killed, the third served out his enlistment, and two seem to have deserted to the enemy. Lincoln had written under a misapprehension. The monograph illumines every angle of the affair with scholarly thoroughness. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about it is that even the late President Wilson, wishing to write a similar letter to the sorrowing mothers of four American marines killed in the Mexican disturbances, April, 1914, "read Lincoln's letter to Mrs. Bixby and gave up the attempt". He used Lincoln's letter with a note, and Lincoln probably never received a greater compliment.

The science of psychology is making such rapid progress that it is necessary to present its results to the layman in less technical terms. This is skilfully done by Benjamin Christopher Leeming in his book, "Imagination: Man's Dominant Power" (Schroeder). He illustrates many laws of mental science by brief résumés of short stories by Maupassant and O. Henry. His book is frankly inspirational in its aim, and he uses a very simple and vivid language to interpret the doctrines of Freud and other investigators.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

When is a work of fiction not fiction? Apparently, when it is as true a picture of life as some of the books included in this month's score. No less than seven librarians, for example, classified "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" as non-fiction in making their monthly reports to this department. Talk of holding the mirror up to nature! And half a dozen others maintained that "Nize Baby" should also go into the general rather than the fiction list.

Since it was pointed out last month that Bruce Barton's two books are appearing simultaneously in the list of those most in demand, a distinction accorded to few authors, it is only fair to note that the author of "Beau Geste" and "Beau Sabreur" has reached that coveted goal this month. The phenomenon is even rarer in the fiction than in the general list. — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	Show Boat	*Edna Ferber*	DOUBLEDAY
2.	The Silver Spoon	*John Galsworthy*	SCRIBNER
3.	The Private Life of Helen of Troy	*John Erskine*	BOBBS
4.	An American Tragedy	*Theodore Dreiser*	LIVERIGHT
5.	Gentlemen Prefer Blondes	*Anita Loos*	LIVERIGHT
6.	Beau Sabreur	*Percival C. Wren*	STOKES
7.	The Blue Window	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
8.	Beau Geste	*Percival C. Wren*	STOKES
9.	Her Son's Wife	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
10.	The Exquisite Perdita *	*E. Barrington*	DODD
11.	Sorrell and Son *	*Warwick Deeping*	KNOPF
12.	Wild Geese	*Martha Ostenso*	DODD

GENERAL

1.	Why We Behave Like Human Beings	*G. A. Dorsey*	HARPER
2.	The Man Nobody Knows	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
3.	The Story of Philosophy	*Will Durant*	SIMON
4.	The Book Nobody Knows	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
5.	Abraham Lincoln	*Carl Sandburg*	HARCOURT
6.	The Mauve Decade	*Thomas Beer*	KNOPF
7.	Our Times	*Mark Sullivan*	SCRIBNER
8.	The Arcturus Adventure	*William Beebe*	PUTNAM
9.	Microbe Hunters	*Paul de Kruif*	HARCOURT
10.	The Revolt of Modern Youth	*Lindsey and Evans*	LIVERIGHT
11.	Jefferson and Hamilton	*Claude G. Bowers*	HOUGHTON
12.	The Royal Road to Romance *	*Richard Halliburton*	BOBBS

* This title has not before appeared in the Monthly Score

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THE SEVEN SEAS

The Tauchnitz Editions—The Berlin Publishing Season—A Defense of Cosmetics Which is a Paris Best Seller—Rumors of More Memoirs—Capek Pirated Again—Books Published Abroad

THE refusal of certain American and English authors, notably Sinclair Lewis and W. J. Locke, to have their books published in the Tauchnitz Collection raises a point of considerable interest. The ordinary American and English editions circulate abroad, and it is claimed that the cheaper Tauchnitz production deprives the author of royalties accruing from this continental source and by no means reimburses him to the same extent. There is no doubt some truth in this assertion; but it is surely a mistake to consider the question from a merely financial point of view. In any case the money to be derived from continental sales is relatively small.

The Tauchnitz Collection is moreover a peculiar institution. Inclusion in the series has come to be regarded by authors generally as something of an honor; and the réclame is worth a good deal, even if reduced to the lowest term of cash. Publication in Tauchnitz is directly valuable in attracting inquiries for translation and even motion picture and dramatic rights, and in the long run is without doubt commercially sound from the author's standpoint.

The fees paid by Tauchnitz have been the subject of criticism, but it should be remembered that those responsible for the selection of titles take a decidedly catholic view of literature and that many of the authors represented in the series have no claim to exceptional remuneration. For unusually popular authors Tauchnitz is always prepared to pay proportionately; it cannot therefore be argued that the terms offered authors generally are a rigid minimum — which is precisely what some critics of the edition appear to believe.

The principle which governs the Tauchnitz fees is logical enough. The author is offered a sum which, according to the publishers' experience, should amply compensate for any loss which may directly arise owing to the fact that the number of copies sold of the ordinary English or American edition may be reduced in consequence of the Tauchnitz publication; and the extent of such reduction is the basis of calculation. The Tauchnitz people do not admit that the author loses his continental sales altogether; on the other hand they contend that although temporarily decreased (and in any case not decreased to the extent that disgruntled authors and other publishers maintain), the author's foreign sales are bound to benefit in the long run through the publicity afforded the author's name by association with the Tauchnitz imprint. Instances are cited of books which sell simultaneously both in the original and the Tauchnitz edition, the one deriving an impetus from the other.

I think I am right in saying that W. J. Locke was the only author of consequence who declined publication in Tauchnitz before the war. His present attitude has therefore the

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virtue of consistency. But it is difficult to see how an author can determine the relative advantages and disadvantages when he has never had a book of his published in the Tauchnitz edition.

The English or American publisher's objection to Tauchnitz which occasionally finds expression is of course easier to understand, for he does not usually share in the author's proceeds and is thus not recompensed to any extent for the damage which may be done to his own edition abroad. But the long sighted publisher recognizes that the inclusion of the author in Tauchnitz is pretty sure to exert a favorable ultimate influence on the author's reputation and books as a whole. More directly to the point is the experience of an English publisher of my acquaintance who carefully analyzed the effect of Tauchnitz publication of a certain author's novel on his own edition, comparing the sales with those of another novel by the same author which was not published by Tauchnitz. The difference in the continental sales was negligible.

The fundamental importance of the Tauchnitz collection in an author's eyes has of course nothing to do with the minor consideration of dollars. So long as Tauchnitz preserves its unique continental reputation authors will be tolerably certain to appreciate the honor of inclusion between its famous buff covers. Tauchnitz has at any rate recovered its old prosperity. I hear that the number of books submitted for inclusion is increasing every month and is far greater than in prewar days.

* * * *

The German publishing season is renewing its customary activity toward the end of the year. Several early arrivals are worth notice. Thomas Mann's new "Pariser Rechenschaft" (Fischer, Berlin) is a record in diary form of the author's nine days' visit to Paris at the invitation of his literary friends. It is an interesting personal document, one of its comments at least being curious. Mann declares that American newspaper men are the most remarkable feature of Parisian life today.

Stefan Zweig is represented by "Verwirrungen der Gefühle" (Insel Verlag, Leipzig), which can be freely translated as "Mixed Feelings". The volume contains three long short stories, the first of which is an interesting study of an elderly woman living on the remembrance of the solitary passionate adventure of her youth.

Sudermann's new novel "Der Tolle Professor" (J. G. Cotta's Nachfolger, Stuttgart and Berlin) is of course a notable contribution. It is the story of the vicissitudes of a young professor of philosophy in the University of Königsberg under the Bismarck régime, with a political background.

Among the memoirs of importance due for publication this season are Dr. Stresemann's book on Germany's foreign policy since the war, and the papers of President Ebert (edited by his son), which are expected to shed new light on the progress of Social Democracy in Germany.

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The best sellers in Paris include Pierre Frondaie's "L'Eau du Nil" (Emile Paul), and the indefatigable Paul Morand's new book "Rien que la Terre" (Grasset). Over twenty five thousand copies have been sold of an unusual book called "Embellissez-vous" by Lucie Delarue-Mardrus. One of the scientific discoveries of this age, declares Mlle. Delarue-Mardrus,

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is the prolonging of woman's youth. For local color the author has gone to the beauty salons of the rue de la Paix, Bond Street, and Fifth Avenue. She approaches her important subject in no frivolous spirit. On the contrary, she holds out a significant warning to those who would drink of the fountain of youth indefinitely. She draws a horrid picture of a former beauty after her two years' assiduous devotion to massage, face lifting, severe diet, false teeth, wig, throat slit and sewn up again, chicken bone in nose, and other unsavory details. Mlle. Delarue-Mardrus protests against this extremism. But she is all in favor of the adornment of youth and beauty. "To be beautiful, even if one is a Saint, is an enormous advantage. . . . On this poor earth woman's intelligence never receives its greatest reward unless her outward appearance gives sign of her inward grace."

Artifice, after all, needs no defense. What else are clothes but artifice? Man, from whom the spasmodic protest comes, is as much a slave of fashion as his mate. Why should he look askance at an Eton crop and the plucking of eyebrows when razors and shaving soap are his daily uses?

Anyway, according to Mlle. Delarue-Mardrus, the proverb about beauty unadorned is out of date. Having put up a spirited defense on behalf of powder and paint generally, she goes on to deal in interesting detail with the various accessories of the toilet table: the mirror, rouge, pencils, orange sticks, collyrium, eye black, and so on. The importance of the eyes as the chief jewel in the crown of feminine beauty is carefully stressed; and the setting of the jewel receives detailed attention. Into the details of these intimacies we cannot go; but the popularity of this little book in France testifies to the prevailing importance of the subject in general and the charm and authority of Mlle. Delarue-Mardrus in particular.

Joseph Caillaux's "Ma Doctrine" is a selection of his past speeches which will no doubt find its way into English before long. From the same publishers (Flammarion) come Abel Bonnard's novel "La Vie Amoureuse d'Henri Beyle" and Claude Farrère's "Le Dernier Dieu". Jean Giraudoux's new novel, "Elpinor" (Emile Paul), will probably repeat the success of "Bella". It has ancient Greece for setting.

* * * *

Rumor is once more busy with the Pope's memoirs, but there is no evidence that this potentially important book will ever materialize. Many volumes of diary notes are said to exist, and it is well known that the present Pope is of a literary turn of mind — foundation substantial enough for any rumor.

The belief that Mussolini is engaged on his memoirs is much more likely to have solid foundation, though here again there is no definite confirmation of the report.

* * * *

Karel Capek's novel, "Krakatit", has, I hear, been pirated in Russia and published under a false name. His famous play, "R. U. R.", was similarly stolen and published in mutilated form as an original Russian play. The distinguished Czech author will probably be undisturbed by this victimization. He is indifferent to the outside world — in some respects, I venture to say, too much so, for some of his shorter pieces have found their way into the wrong hands and have been vilely translated into English and offered to English and American editors.

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The ex-Kaiser's autobiography, to which I have already referred in these notes, is attracting considerable interest throughout Europe. Arrangements have been made for its publication in serial and book form in France, and Denmark, Norway, and Sweden will have their own editions of the book. Among authors whose success in translated form is notable are now to be numbered P. C. Wren, whose "Beau Geste" and "Beau Sabreur" are blazing a best seller trail across Europe, and Martha Ostenso, whose new book "Dark Dawn" is having an enthusiastic reception abroad, especially in Germany, in which country the same author's "Wild Geese" was very popular.

* * * *

One of the best known Dutch publishers, H. P. Leopold, of Leopold's Uitgevers of the Hague, has just sailed for New York on his first visit to the United States. By the time these notes are in print his mission, which is to see as many American authors as possible, will have been fulfilled. Mr. Leopold is the publisher of Fannie Hurst and of Ossendowski's travel books, which have been a conspicuous success in Holland. Perhaps his visit will serve a useful purpose in drawing the attention of American authors and publishers to the anomalous copyright situation which exists in Holland with regard to American books — a situation which does not seem to be fully appreciated.

* * * *

It is notable that Germany is buying fewer books from other countries, but this tendency is counteracted to some extent by the better prices which are being paid for the books that are bought. The popularity of "big business" books continues, ranging from the type of business autobiography describing romantic progress from shoeblack to millionaire, to manuals on efficient salesmanship.

O. Henry's "Whirligigs" is published by Gustav Kiepenheuer (Potsdam) under the title "Bluff". Two more Jack London titles, "Burning Daylight" and "The Sea Wolf", are issued respectively by Grethlein and Company and Deutsche Verlags A. G. The Insel Verlag, who are D. H. Lawrence's German publishers, have issued "The Fox". Cardinal Newman's translation of "The Dream of Gerontius" is also announced, by Matthias Grünewald Verlag.

Various translations from German into English are scheduled, one of the most interesting being "The Letters of Richard Strauss and Hugo von Hofmannsthal", recording in intimate detail the collaboration between the composer and the poet in the production of the operas "Electra" and "Der Rosenkavalier". Paul England has made the translation, and the book will be published in England under the imprint of Martin Secker.

"The Second Empire — and Its Downfall: The Correspondence of the Emperor Napoleon III and his Cousin, Prince Napoleon, now published for the First Time", edited by Ernest d'Hauterive and translated by Herbert Wilson, is announced by Hutchinson for autumn publication in England.

A book of "Family Views of Tolstoy", translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude, is to be published by Allen and Unwin. Its chapters, written chiefly by members of Tolstoy's own family, deal with him in relation to music, humor, the land, Dickens, and other subjects, and include the first precise account of his "Home-Leaving and Death".

MICHAEL JOSEPH

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

THE Gossip Shop has incorporated. On Gossip Shop Day the machines rattle and ring and bang out news of the authors so that you can't hear yourself think. Our associate editor says she'll have to get roller skates to carry her from desk to desk, snatching the copy as it shoots off the rollers. I am at the moment playing a duet with the assistant red haired Gossip Shop editor (oh, yes, we all have red hair — didn't you know?). His hair reminds me that recently I stood like a quiet mouse in an elevator, an eye on Sinclair Lewis, who was on his way to his publishers'. I got off at the same floor, waited fifteen minutes, and had to retreat before Harrison Smith, the busiest publicity gentleman in the city, could come out. A literary agent I know who was waiting, too, related an anecdote about Harrison Smith. A wag approached her one day in the Algonquin and was told that she was waiting for Harrison Smith. "Don't you know", he said in an awed tone, "that all over the city, in hotel lobbies, in dining rooms, in publishers' offices — in fact, all over the world — there are millions of people *waiting for Harrison Smith?*" And mentioning the Algonquin, James Stevens tells a roguish story about himself and Jim Tully. "Jim and I think this is a great world", he chuckled, "for the other night we had dinner at the Algonquin and first Jim bawled out the head waiter [George, of course] for not crossing chicken broth off the menu when they didn't have it, and then I bawled him out and told him how it would be done in a hash house; and then we laughed and laughed. There we were, an ex-bum and an ex-lumberman, bawling out the head waiter in the Algonquin." It was rather an achievement, at that! The squat, red headed Jim Tully appeared at the Ambassador for Colleen Moore's tea, accompanied by the managing editor of "Vanity Fair". He was in town for the opening of "Black Boy", having just published "Jarnegan". "I'm going to Europe in the spring", he said, as delighted as a small boy. I congratulated him on his "Vanity Fair" articles concerning motion picture actors, which, to me, are the fairest, squarest, and most distinguished sketches of that type that are being written during this craze for Spotlights. He said the writing of them had taught him a lot, for he had never before been able to express himself in short thousand word articles. As for Spotlights, if you have liked the series of "Profiles" in "The New Yorker", you'll be glad of a book of them, titled "Time Exposures", from the poison pen of "Search-light", another Mr. Anonymous. Why not come out in the open, Search-light, and accept blow for blow in Mr. Tully's fashion? Colleen Moore, grave and wistful, managed her pink tea with the worried solemnity of a lady of ten. Florence L. Strauss, who "confesses" in these pages, surrounded by Polan Banks, the Talmadges, etc., etc., was the gayest and loveliest person there, and the fashion editor asks me to mention that, in lieu of the chanel red which has infested this metropolis, Mrs. Strauss wore a costume of American beauty. Fannie Hurst, our reporter notes also, strolled down Fifth Avenue in the late afternoon, wearing brown, and topped

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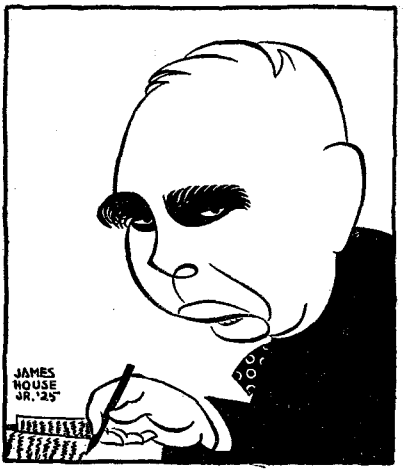
with her own variety of beret which she chose many seasons ago, before this type of headgear became the vogue. At the opening of "An American Tragedy" that authoress appeared in red velvet, with cherries in her hair. There, too, was Hugh Walpole, wearing a checked beige vest. But, of course, the important thing is that Mr. Walpole is in this country again, and that the writing of "Harmer John", started long ago, was interrupted when he had the idea for "The Old Ladies".

The International Librarians' Convention, as I call it, the A. L. A. Convention expanded, was a most impressive affair at Atlantic City. Some twenty five hundred librarians were there from every corner of the globe, including Ireland and Siam. The Irish delegate was perfect. He radiated cheer. The Siamese delegate I did not see. Perhaps he radiated gloom. Here was Marjorie Dowd, efficiently taking me in charge; Anne Carroll Moore, breathless in the lobby, having just come from the Sesquicentennial; Dr. Bostwick of St. Louis, and Mrs. Bostwick, quite the wittiest lady I have met in years; George Dana Smith, the librarian who used to scold me when I kept books overtime back in Vermont days; and Forrest Spalding, who encouraged me in my evil poetic ways years ago. Carl Milan and Miss Miller of the A. L. A. were very busy and proud of their new publications — the series of adult education pamphlets, the survey of adult education among the libraries of the country, and many other features. They may well be. The publishers were largely represented along the boardwalk, too. It was good to see Herbert Jenkins of Little, Brown, Henry Huntting, Phil Hodge, and others. Atlantic City is better than I thought it would be. My wife and I were disappointed in the aquarium, but we liked the sand artist and the taffy, and the music and dancing



THEODORE DREISER

From "Time Exposures"

were excellent. My favorite librarian wasn't there; but now she has heard that I said she was more charming than efficient — which out of its context sounds a bit odd — so all the pretty compliments I paid her go for naught.

Perhaps it is age coming upon me, but it seems to me that New York was never so filled with people, that the streets were never so crowded with traffic, that there was never so much rush and furor in an opening season as there is this year. People come and go with surprising agility. First nights at the theatre tread fast on each other's heels. The most exciting to me was that of "Broadway"; for there is nothing more satisfying than a comfortable, enjoyable evening in the theatre, accompanied by the enthusiasm of a first night audience which spells a hit. At the brilliant "Juarez and Maximilian" one saw all the

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world. There were Hugh Walpole and Somerset Maugham — together, as a matter of fact. In front of them was Sidney Howard, the playwright, whose wife played magnificently the rôle of Carlotta. With him were Fannie Brice and John Cromwell, the actor. Just back of us was the beautiful Martha Lorber, whose Ziegfeld "Follies" dances are memorable. Not far away, May Lamberton Becker. And so it goes. At the opening of "An American Tragedy" I sat between Somerset Maugham and Mary Swinnerton, and had a grand evening in spite of all the gloom on the stage. Saw Fannie Hurst for the first time since her return from Italy, and Elinor Wylie — whose new book "The Orphan Angel" has just this minute come onto my desk — looking more beautiful than ever. I couldn't help speculating on the numbers of copies of books which that particular box party represented in point of sales. Edna Ferber was there, Alice Duer Miller, Hugh Walpole, Frank Swinnerton, Charlie Towne, to say nothing of the fair editor of the "Cross Word Puzzle Books". Mr. Schuster, of the Simon and Schuster firm, seen briefly at the Woman Booksellers' Association not long ago, informed me that "P" was their lucky letter — "Puzzles", "Philosophy" — and I really believe he's superstitious, for now they've issued the first numbers of "The Pamphlet Poets" series. Here, at twenty five cents apiece, are finely printed pamphlets giving a good taste of the work of Carl Sandburg, of Elinor Wylie, Walt Whitman, Nathalia Crane, etc. Hughes Mearns is the general editor of the series. Other volumes (it seems a bit odd to call a pamphlet a volume) will follow shortly. A complementary series of pamphlets of the British poets is being published simultaneously by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, entitled "The Augustan Books of Modern Poetry". Met the jolly, urbane Will Durant the same evening, together with his dark eyed wife. Like most authors suddenly become great best sellers, they are still charmingly like children with new toys.

In these days of scandalous reflections on the character of George Washington, it was appropriate to weekend in the famous headquarters at Dobbs Ferry with the Messmore Kendalls. I have never seen an old house so perfectly redecorated. It is the sort of house that every New Englander dreams some day of owning, even if it is in the state of New York. Here the ghost of Washington stalks nightly, and if he wants to read there is a huge library, sparkling with rarities and with new books as well. One thing I discovered about Neysa McMein that I hadn't known before, and which adds greatly to her already great charm in my estimation, is that she plays tennis just enough better than I do to make the game interesting. How well that speaks for my game, you will have to seek out the charming artist to know. She had just bought some land on Long Island, and the last I saw of her she was trying to persuade Harry Burton of "McCall's" to buy a piece nearby. Met Deems Taylor at Edna Ferber's one evening; he is much excited over the opening of his opera this season at the Metropolitan. He talked of it only when urged, but we urged; for I cannot imagine a more tremendous experience than writing an opera, than having it produced at the Met., than having the libretto prepared by Edna Millay, than having Johnson, Easton, and Tibbett in the cast, than having the scenery done by Urban. I suppose the mere writ-

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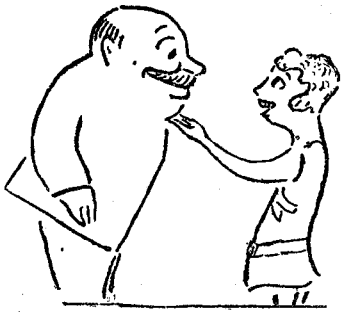
ing of the score, the orchestration itself, is a Herculean task. I forget how many months Mr. Taylor told us it was taking him. Then, there are rehearsals. All for a few performances — but how well worth it! Don't you agree?

Henry van Dyke's "The Spirit of Christmas" is as attractively gotten up as a Christmas postal card, and the Doctor's narrative powers seem not to have lost their compulsion. It is written in the form of a dream story and has more appeal than the majority of Christmas stories. After all, it is asking a little too much to require excitement over Christmas or any other holiday in this sophisticated age. Holidays mean most at the time of their institution, for then they are holy days, but it requires an immense straining to attach much meaning to subsequent anniversaries except as needed occasions for recreation. For the man who has the recreational view of holidays, I can think of nothing better than Don Herold's "There Ought to be a Law", in which he is both Nye and Opper. I have not been so completely devastated by pleasant nonsense since I read Nye's immortal essay on "The Garden Hose in the Hands of a Cross-Eyed Woman". If Herold ever loses his ability to write pishposh he ought still to be able to scare the wolf from the door with his drawing. I don't know but that it has a good deal of the oldtime, hilarious spirit of Christmas in it. The sketches of Clarence Day, jr. in Florence Guy Seabury's "The Delicatessen Husband" (what a whale of a difference a good title makes!) remind me of those done by the lyceum artist who came to our town in 1910. He was the first to introduce me to impressionistic art, for well do I recall his rendering of "A Soldier Entering a Door Followed by a Dog": it was all done with one line. There must be a trace of the Eskimo in Mr. Day, for he gets



A MAN LOVES TO BE TOLD HE IS A PERPETUAL BOY.

From "The Delicatessen Husband"

great results with few lines. On a baby rattler the Eskimos often represent the pursuit of a seacow by a whole tribe in kayaks, as it were. Mr. Day gets the whole evolution of the race into some of his pictures, and with only a little visible effort.

I had the honor the other day of sitting on the skin of a tiger, used as the cover of a chair, which had been shot in Africa by Wynant D. Hubbard, author of "Wild Animals". We had tea in his small apartment in Gramercy Park, and I listened to his accounts of life in Africa and his efforts to build a laboratory for the purpose of curing a certain sickness among the animals there which as yet seems incurable. Mr. Hubbard immediately gained my sympathy when he said that no animal, under ordinary circumstances, should be blamed for hurting a man. If the man has treated him with perfect understanding, he will not harm him. That is, Mr. Hubbard said, the main thread of his book, which has been called a treatment of animal psychology but which the au-

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thor declares is merely an account of his experiences with animals and his observations from those experiences. East Side psychology, on the other hand, is the province of David Freedman, whose novel "Mendel Marantz" has been dramatized and is to be produced by none other than Eddie Cantor (would that he were to act in it as well). Not content with one play, Mr. Freedman has turned out a musical comedy also. According to latest reports, "Mendel Marantz" is a best seller in Moscow. But since the Soviet is no respecter of copyrights, Mr. Freedman must thrive on glory alone as the reward of this popularity.

Perhaps the most conspicuous turn which the adult education movement has taken is in the "Do you know?" feature. Besides a volume of questions which one enterprising publisher is bringing out, designed to take the place of bridge in the drawing room after dinner, practically every newspaper and syndicate today conducts some sort of examination for its readers. One such newspaper recently prefaced its daily quiz with the statement, "If you are *well educated* [the italics are mine] you should have little difficulty in answering these questions." Then it proceeds to ask, "Where was Charles Chaplin born?" "Who played with Norma Talmadge as her son in 'The Lady'?" and so on. I suppose I ought to feel more contrite than I do for not knowing either of these important items. Certainly it is as disgraceful not to be "educated" today as it was to be sinful thirty years ago. We Americans are developing the obligation to know — and not to know who writes the copy for the advertisements of Johnson and Johnson Baby Powder is as inexcusable in some circles as the failure to know the facts of sex. We are developing a hankering after the unimportant akin to that of folk who sedulously study 1,000 Bible Questions. Such folk ask you something about the "book" of Hezekiah and look upon you as spiritually illiterate if you confuse the utterances of the apostles Paul and Peter. But as for my part, I enjoy the questions — particularly if I can answer them. I am astonished that Heywood Broun did not know the environs of the motto, "Chases dirt." I got a great deal of satisfaction out of being the only one in a company of three to know who wrote "The Woman Thou Gavest Me". I suspect that most of the information we enjoy having serves no great purpose save an occasional pedantic one. But even at that it is worth having for recreation, especially if the game of After-Dinner Questions replaces bridge.

Earl Derr Biggers has just spent a little less than a year in Europe, showing his son over the grounds. By this time he is back in Pasadena where he has bought a home. He was buying it by Western Union — at least so he said the afternoon I waited half an hour for him in a hotel lobby while he sat three feet away waiting for me. I'm not good at celebrity spotting, and I had never before seen him. Most fortunately, however, I have known Julian Street for some time, and so did not miss having a word with him while I waited for the elusive Mr. Biggers. It was the first time I had seen Julian Street since the death of his wife, and I wished that I might have been meeting him again under less tragic circumstances; for if ever there was a man for whom I would wish the best things in life, it is Julian Street, whose graciousness and unfailing friendship one can always

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depend upon. Mr. Biggers says he writes detective fiction because he writes that well — or well enough; at least people buy his books — and so he doesn't see why he should attempt to write what Floyd Dell calls "gloomy" fiction. He would like to do a novel, I gathered, similar to "The Old Wives' Tale" or to that neglected and splendid work of Kathleen Norris's, "Certain People of Importance". If he is itching to do so, he no doubt will have to in order to get any peace — and his short fiction proves that he *can* do so. The golf and the tennis of Pasadena lure him from his writing, though, and it does seem a shame to write if one can play out of doors in the winter. The author of "Seven Keys to Baldpate" finds himself tempted again to flirt with the theatre, although he swore off five years ago. I left him at the Harvard Club, whither he was retiring to finish a stint on "Americans in Europe" which he had promised an editor. And with respect for an author who keeps his copy date, I returned to the hotel lobby to lie in wait for Rex Beach.

Rex Beach is described by a certain charming publicity lady as "a big, outdoor fellow". Of course he would be, for he likes to shoot rapids and climb mountains and drive all over the United States. He has never been to Europe. Why? He really has never had any curiosity about it. But it's beginning to attract him — now that he's seen about all there is of America. He doesn't like museums and he hates sightseeing, but he likes scenery on a grand scale. Just like our travel editor, who daily unfolds the plans for her West Indies tour. Mr. Beach took his family to Florida during the recent gold rush there, "to find out what it was all about". I suspect that his discoveries form the backbone of his next book. "Thousands of automobiles on the road", he said. "Fords with mattresses on the roof, baby carriages on the fenders, ironing boards on the rear. All of boiling, shifting America coming to the top and going under. Pell mell. Since we really have no 'classes', everyone is trying to better

Georges Clemenceau, whose new book "Demosthenes" is reviewed in this issue

himself in some way, and the result is this marvelous quicksilver population. You don't find that in Europe!" George Barr McCutcheon, at the Hotel Weylin where he and Mrs. McCutcheon have settled for the winter at least, recalled the time Rex Beach brought him his first story. "It was raw, you know, but he had the stuff." Mr. Beach hadn't been much of a reader until he got hold of some of Jack London's stories while he was up in Alaska. He thought those stories were great, and so he began for his personal amusement to write his own stories. Now he finds writing less amusing, as is usually the case with the conscientious author. Mr. McCutcheon says he can write anywhere, but not at any time. When he was city editor he acquired the habit of

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working at high speed between twelve and three, and that period of the day is still his most productive one. He could if necessary sit surrounded by Sanger's Circus and do his chapter, so great has the habit of concentration become with him. "There are better things to do than reading", he said. "I like to go down to the Coffee House Club and talk to my friends — a few literary men, some artists, actors, all sorts of interesting men. We sit around for a couple of hours after lunch and talk over things. I like that." It is easy to believe of the author of "Graustark". I can see him, in Shakespeare's time, going from one inn to the next because he likes old friends. He never tells anyone the plots of his novels until he has completely finished the writing. Even Mrs. McCutcheon doesn't know what he is creating for months at a time. A superlatively restrained lady, I should say. Sometime I am going to ask her if she doesn't ever just glance at the manuscript when Mr. McCutcheon leaves the house for an evening at his club. She cannot be more incurious than he is, though, for he has seen only one of the many pictures which have been made from his books. That was a Norma Talmadge picture, and "she was very beautiful in it", he said.

The gossip we get these days comes to us via Paris or via Hollywood — anywhere except New York. No one, no one at all, is here and the autumn is upon us and we weep in our soup at the possibility of a cold winter with no literati around to make things warm. Steve Benét likes his Paris apartment, likes the maid's cooking, likes the weather and the bright gold sunsets, and finds the French courteous. But who would not be courteous to Stephen Vincent Benét and the gentle Rosemary, not to mention Stephanie and her brand new brother? Carl Brandt was to go up to Switzerland for a few weeks and is probably now on the way home, having sold the English rights of "Spanish Bayonet". Elinor Wylie has been in England. Steve's letter mentions also Robert McClure and Scott Fitzgerald. Irwin Edman is just back from Italy. Charles G. Norris writes from California that he despairs of ever getting back to New York, since he had counted on doing 50,000 words of his new story during the summer and he hasn't done 15,000. Visitors to the Bohemian Club of San Francisco have been distinguished and talented: the Crown Prince of Sweden, Gabrilowitsch, John McCormack, Mischa Elman, Clarence Whitehill, Marc Connelly, Irvin Cobb, Lord Astor, etc. Thomas Beer is in Palo Alto with his mother and brother, and his writing plans are alluring. The only time we ever get any news of Mr. Beer is when he goes away from town. Of all writers he is the most retiring and he never writes letters — it might be fairer to say, he never answers them. Esther Forbes is reported to be running barefoot among the Pyrenees, while her husband solaces himself by growing a beard. Archibald Marshall writes from the Island of Malta to say that he has decided to summer there hereafter instead of at Alassio, Italy, where he has been living. In his new novel "The Allbrights" he reverts to his old style which won him so much good will when he was doing the Clinton series. William J. Locke from his home in Cannes sends word that no book in years has afforded him so much joy in the writing as has "Perella". If there are not more authors returned by the time the January Gossip Shop goes to press we shall have to give up the publishing business, I fear.

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Robert A. Simon came wandering into this office on his return from Nantucket. He is trying to do another detective novel to follow "The Week-End Mystery" and to break 120 on the golf course. He says he doesn't know which is the more difficult. Personally, I think golf. And anyone who comes upon the golf score hidden under my desk blotter will feel for me. Bob's publisher cousin, Dick Simon, must spend his odd moments — when he is not at the piano — translating from the German, for we have a new Schnitzler in the office today, "None but the Brave", translated by him. Bob Simon did the translation of Schnitzler's "Fräulein Else". Translators, like collaborators, are likely to be left out in the cold, so we might mention Louis Durant Edwards, whose first important piece of translation was "Hands Around", the love cycle by Schnitzler. He is now translating "The Panorama Man", a philosophical drama by Dr. Emanuel Lasker, chess champion of the world. "The Panorama Man" undertakes to give the entire history of man from prehistoric times to one thousand years in the future (page Mr. Wells) when, Dr. Lasker believes, man will have learned toleration of life in its essential quality of incompleteness — whatever that means. Mr. Edwards received his education in the University of Göttingen, later taking courses in Berlin and Vienna. He was at one time editor of the "National Geographic Magazine" and is now a New York newspaper man.

The new "Who's Who" is here, bigger and more indulgent than ever. It containes the names of 27,000 men, women, and children, including the proprietor of the Jewish restaurant where I sometimes eat, several of my degenerate relatives, and quite a host of youngsters I taught in Sabbath School. Notability, like every other art, is fast becoming profaned by overcrowding. The time is almost ripe for an exclusive "Who *is* Who" which will limit inexorably, like the Cycen Fjodr of our college days, the number of celebrities admitted each year and leave the residue to hired shirt stuffers. However, what the present "Who's Who" has lost in social dignity, it has gained in comprehensiveness, for it contains "5,000,000 words, or six and one-half times the number in the St. James (sic) version of the Bible, which contains only 774,746 words". But there are those left who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of numbers. The colony at Woodstock, New York — where my typewriter came from, curiously enough — has emerged with another annual "Hue and Cry", bigger than ever, it is true, but confining itself to the work of members of the colony. I confess, tactlessly, that I am more of a Philistine than Goliath, and as a general thing Briggs stimulates me as much as Whistler. But I like "The Pilot" of Judson Smith and "Twilight in Charleston Harbor" by Birge Harrison and "Jonah and the Whale" by Kaj Klitgaard and the "Woodblock in Four Colors" by Paul Rohland, and a whole gallery of others which the approach of lunchtime forbids my mentioning. In fact, I believe that three or four issues of "The Hue and Cry" would almost make me intelligently appreciative of the new art. I defy anyone to say anything more laudatory. I don't know why I think in this connection of "Sex", the new magazine which has recently embellished many a drab newsstand. A friend of mine bought one the other day and I am

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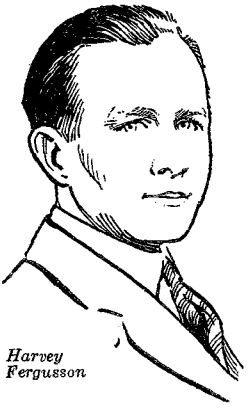
honest in saying that it was the reading matter which interested me most. It has a platform, run in among the pictures, that makes the literature of purity leagues seem smutty and salacious. I got the impression from reading the avowals of its eminent editor that "Sex" is bent on emasculating the race and enthroning virtue by using all the nudes fit to print. All this may be a mere legal smoke screen, but I gravely suspect the editor of sincerity. I wonder how "The Chicagoan" is going by now. The issue I have seen looked as good as "The New Yorker", if due patriotic allowance is made for the two cities. New Yorkers, and Chicagoans as well, have a way of saying that the full appreciation of the subtleties of these journals depends upon some knowledge of minutiæ in the cities they represent. But I do not think so. It is true, of course, that only a New Yorker can appreciate fully the roguish face of a taxi driver such as our local caricaturists draw, for there are no such taxi faces elsewhere. But I can easily imagine that these sophisticated weeklies would have a good sale in the smaller centres where most people like to live in New York at least vicariously and appear wise to its ways and means. If the state of either paper gets precarious, let it circularize the shoppers and vacationists who visit Gotham or the city of packers semi-annually.

I found the author of "Hot Saturday", which has caused so much discussion of late, a most delightful conversationalist. We had a pleasant chat the other afternoon, during which he told me many tales of New Mexico, his home, and of his career as a journalist. When I asked him if he is writing anything at the moment, Mr. Fergusson said that he is finishing a novel which he has been trying to complete for seven years. It will be, I believe, his fifth novel. With seven years' preparation and thought, it should surpass even his latest. It is to be, he said, a novel of life in New Mexico. Whether it will have the sophistication that we find in "Hot Saturday", I do not know, but it will be another attempt, as was



Harvey Fergusson

this last novel, to abolish journalism from novel writing, as Mr. Fergusson expressed it. He wishes, he said, to keep description only in so far as it is description from the point of view of a character, and as it affects the person. As a result of this elimination, and of his attempt to keep motion as the predominating feature, "Hot Saturday" makes very quick reading. While we were talking Langston Hughes came in. I was entranced by his stories of the customs of Mexico, where he spends a great deal of his time. He also told about working his way around the world. He started out with one dollar in his pocket and ended up, I believe he said, with seven cents. Mr. Hughes is a young Negro poet who has recently made a name for himself by winning a prize and publishing a book. He is most interested, he said, in the Negro

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blues and folk songs, and he intends to go south and take up a study of the old spirituals. Although quite a bit of material has been unearthed of late about the blues, I am sure more will be eagerly welcomed.

Sovkino, together with the Film Arts Guild, recently gave the first showing in this country of the long heralded film "Potemkin". An audience full of the best known first nighters was gathered by special invitation for the event. The purpose of the gathering, apparently, was to win an expression of opinion from these *cognoscenti* on how to get this picture by the censors. The story told is that of a mutiny of the crew of the Russian armored cruiser "Prince Potemkin" off Odessa in 1905. It is told — praises be — without heroine or love story, with the simple directness of a news reel. But it has in it more pattern, beauty, and drama than any of the "epics" that the cinema has known. A few weeks later the Guild gave a subscription audience the opportunity to feast eyes and emotions on the German movie called "The Treasure". Instead of money, the creators have used imagination, taste, and artistry, and produced more beauty and thrill than a whole army of extras or a couple of diamond ballroom scenes could have accomplished. The story is set in a weird old house in Austria, lived in by a bell founder, his wife, daughter, and half witted assistant, the latter enacted by Werner Kraus, whose fame increases with every foreign picture imported. Legend says that there is treasure hidden somewhere in the house, and the film discloses how the finding of the gold debauches the seekers. On the whole the film is as perfect as "Variety", though the theme of gold lust may not be as understandable and exciting to the mass movie audience as was the eternal triangle dished up so skilfully in the Emil Jannings picture. On the same program was a novelty in the form of a Chinese movie which unfolded "The Legend of the Willow Pattern Plate". It is a Chinese tale done by Chinese players — though not professionals, the program insists — and produced in Shanghai, with charming naïveté.

As for homemade pictures, our self appointed movie critic, the fashion editor, reports that "Beau Geste" is excellent, its theme the love of three brothers for — not "The Girl", but each other. A brave story of the Foreign Legion — as all you know who have read Sir Percival Wren's perennial best seller — with striking desert shots. There is no screen "property" more pictorial than sand. I could not decide at "The Son of the Sheik" which seemed the more enchanting, the sand dunes or Vilma Banky's beauty. Valentino as the father certainly won the honors from Valentino, the son. "Beau Geste" the novel has an unusual sales history, shaped by the fortunes of the motion picture. Published in February, 1925, it was never on our Monthly Score even though its sales were good. After a bit the publishers, deciding that it had had its run as a best seller, released it for a cheap reprint edition. But at the news that Famous Players were engaged in making the picture, with Ronald Colman ready to step into Valentino's stirrups, the sales rose again. Since its first popularity it has sold 150,000 copies. And last month it turned up among THE BOOKMAN'S first twelve. Which appears to prove that the popularity of a book is increased by the motion picture and that the popularity of an

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actor is increased by his appearing in the screen version of a best selling book. Cecil B. DeMille announces that before the new year production on "Porgy" will be started. DuBose Heyward and his wife have come to New York to watch over the destinies of both the picture and the play, the latter to be called "Catfish Row". They will live at a hotel bearing a southern name, so as not to become completely estranged from the Carolinas.

A reading of the first batch of essays submitted in our Children's Book Week Contest has given this editorial staff cause for wonder. Is it true that wartime laxity and self expression are giving way to a generation of children embodying self effacement and golden rule tactics? By far the majority of girls chose as their "Book Chum" the saintly Pollyanna, and declared as their reason for desiring her as a companion that "she is kind and good". We suspect foul play in the form of teacher influence. It is cheering, however, to note that the boys lean toward Tom Sawyer and his kind, and that most of their stories have to do with playing hooky and setting off on murderous adventures. The names of all prizewinners, and the first and second winning essays, will be printed in the January BOOKMAN. Meanwhile, here are the two most interesting papers received before October 10. We print them exactly as they were written:

MY BOOK CHUM

By Josephine Miles

Age 15

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Martin Pippin came strolling down the road to Adversane with a gay feather in his cap and a gay song in his throat. The feather was made of the gladness that on this day, at least, that foolish lad, Robin Rue, would not be waiting for him weeping in the turnip field. And the song was, perhaps, because it was a spring morning, which is as good a reason as any.

Imagine, then, the tragedy for Martin Pippin when he found me swinging my heels astride his favorite stone wall and crying quite bitterly because I was not an heroic youngest son like Peterkin and couldn't set out to seek my fortune!

"Lookit here, Martin", I complained, "how does it happen that you get all the fun on this mad morning while *I* have the Cicero? Martin it's not fair that you go up and down the world when all a poor girl is expected to do is to stay home and study "How long, pray, Cataline". Please, Master Pippin, tell *me*, as you told the six milkmaids in the Apple Orchard, a Story That Has Never Been Told Before!"

"Well, tears won't start me," Martin Pippin said, "but I don't think, young lady, that you're wanting stories anyway. Let us be red and purple gypsies and visit the Eater of Clouds or some such animal, on the other side of the river and up a couple of stairs."

(By this you will see why Martin Pippin is my chum instead of a golden haired prince or Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy, who must be kept quite busy, anyway.)

By the time I had realized what Martin had proposed, we were already in India, talking to Kim in a grove of cypresses. This was not the modern Kim, who was nearly called Mississippi, but the jolly young fellow who sniffed with suspicion when a certain white stallion was mentioned. Kim was always just a *little* too clever to make a good chum, but he was a very strange and beautiful young man, and a great deal of fun when he forgot his age. "Pouff!" said Kim, "I am a fat old man, or a talkative woman, or an Irish priest, whatever you will!" He became an Irish priest on the spot, and Martin and I wished very hard and left the grove quickly, because we remembered, as you must too, that cypress grove above the grave of Jennifer Lorn, where an old Irish priest kneels often.

"Sadness is not for today," Martin said, "and mayhap Jennifer is dreaming now of white roses and herons' feathers. So come along, lass, to — where was it I said? Yes, to visit the Eater of Clouds, on the other side of the river and up a couple of stairs."

Again we were side tracked, Martin and I, coming out on the great gold plains, where the blue mesas are, and Spanish Johnny sings his low songs all the long days. This was a favorite place of Martin Pippin's, for he had known the girl Thea who sang with a lark's song and loved this desert land. We sat in Herr Kohler's garden that steamed with moisture and

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greenness while the desert lay very warm and still below, and the bees droned so sleepily, peacefully, for such a long time that I thought surely there was nothing in the world except sun and silence.

We saw no person there, only the deserted garden and the far hills, but we went on and stopped again on that gay farm in Nebraska where Antonia lives, and walked through the sweet green orchard with her, joking with Leo, "the fresh", and teasing the little children. A quiet day, in the way of excitement perhaps, but a beautiful one for me when I thought of the old stone wall, and my envy of young Peterkin, and Martin coming so calmly there to take me over the wide world on adventure!

When Martin Pippin and I came up the road to Adversane at twilight time, we had been among the mystic people of India, and the blue shadowed mesas of the west, and the gardens of the Khan in China, where Marco Polo is very old now, and more gentle than once.

"This is just another of our gypsy days," Martin Pippin said, "and I'll meet you again, lass, next time you get stuck in your Cicero!"

Great luck to have a chum like Martin and go up and down the world, seeing everyone there is to see, excepting only the Eater of Clouds who lives across the river and up a couple of stairs!

MY BOOK CHUM

By Clark Dennis

Age 15

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

David Balfour is my book chum. He appeals to me because he is about my age, he came from the lands of my ancestors, and his adventures were real and interesting.

One day, it being disagreeable outside, I decided to read a book. I had hardly started reading when the doorbell rang. I ran to the door and quickly opened it. I recognized him at first glance from his description. It was David Balfour. In my life David Balfour was no fictitious character but a real living being. Not that I really believed he was living, but he was alive in his actions; so, of course, I expressed no small amount of amazement when I saw him.

"Are you really David Balfour, or am I dreaming?" I asked him.

"I am really David Balfour, and you are not dreaming. I came to see you because I heard you were so much interested in me."

"I thought you were just a fictitious character?"

"Oh, no. My adventures in 'Kidnapped' are true. I came to see if you would come on a cruise with me. My friend, Alan from 'Kidnapped' and another friend, Tom, are going with me. We are leaving as soon as you can be ready."

In one hour we were putting our fishing nets, spears, and so forth on Dave's fishing schooner. Alan, who was much older than the rest of us, was to be the skipper. The storm had retreated, and it had turned into a nice morning.

About twelve o'clock the wind turned in our direction. We set sail, and by two in the afternoon we were out-of-sight of land.

We set out our nets. In a little while we got enough small fish to use for bait.

At five o'clock the next morning a storm came upon us. In a very short time a northwest wind started blowing fiercely. The rain came down in torrents. The wind changed to a hurricane blowing about sixty miles per hour due east. By mere luck the boat was not blown to pieces. For four days this hurricane kept up, relaxing slightly the third day. Early the fourth day we sighted land. We knew well it was'nt America, for we were going east, and America was west. It was either England or Europe.

Along about noon a violent wind came up. The boat ran upon some rocks and was smashed to kindling. By good luck none of us were hurt. We all tried to swim to shore which was about a mile away. I arrived at shore first, and Dave came a close second. Alan soon came along, but Tom was nowhere to be seen. After waiting a little while we decided he had drowned for he was a poor swimmer.

We went in shore a short distance and came to a road. We saw some people not far from us. We went to them and asked them in clear English where we were. No answer. They didn't seem to understand. Alan asked them in French. All they said was that they couldn't speak French. Dave having a slight knowledge of Spanish, asked them in Spanish. They answered in clear Spanish that we were in Spain. They were asked what was the closest port. They named a town of considerable size about ten miles away. We started right then for the town and arrived the next morning. To our great luck we found Tom in town. He had swum to shore. After a long struggle and missing us he found his way to town. We also found that a ship was leaving for New York that very afternoon. By helping the captain we were given free passage across the Atlantic. We arrived in New York five days later. We borrowed some money to get home, and we felt none the worse for the trip.

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All these laudatory references to *Dr.* Lewis Browne have recalled to me the time when, as plain "Lew" Browne, he used to startle the freshmen of a certain middle western university by his habit of wearing a brown corduroy suit to classes. He was, I believe, getting part of his rabbinical training at an affiliated college, and dabbled in such graduate and undergraduate work as took his fancy. One felt as if some painter from the Quartier had strayed into the halls of that exceedingly "regular" college. He always smoked a pipe, and his glance, over the blue smoke clouds, was distinctly quizzical. My impression persists that, during this particular interlude, he looked on the collegiate world with something of the same tolerance and swift analysis which shows through his writing in "This Believing World". He had one weakness — college dramatics. No play was too trivial or sophomoric for him. He threw himself into a Washington Square one act with the same delighted interest that he has since shown in the religions of mankind. This interest in the theatre apparently still persists. When I saw him at a first night not long ago I was sorry to observe that the corduroy had given place to formal evening dress; but he has grown a brown goatee which makes him look like one of Rembrandt's doctors. In spite of his brilliant accomplishments, Dr. Browne is still a very young man.

With the opening of the opera and the concert season, a deluge of music publications is upon us. I gladly welcome "The Second Book of Negro Spirituals", especially since it contains "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child" which Paul Robeson is wont to sing so charmingly. There is also a volume of "Spanish Folk-Songs of New Mexico" collected by Mary R. Van Stone, with foreword by Alice Corbin Henderson. It contains twenty three hitherto unpublished songs and has been given a decorative format by Ralph Fletcher Seymour. If you have doubts about your ability to do justice to these lyrics you might have a look at a new first aid book called "Singers' Difficulties: How to Overcome Them". It contains practical suggestions, and helpful X-ray pictures and photographs. Then there's the new magazine "Singing", on whose editorial staff appear such well known personages of the music world as W. J. Henderson, Walter Damrosch, Henry Hadley, Frederick H. Martens, and Robert A. Simon. It furnishes reviews of new books and new songs, and a deal of information and advice. Harriette Brower's "Modern Masters of the Keyboard" is a series of interviews in which Rachmaninoff, Cortot, Moiseiwitsch, Elly Ney, and others talk on various aspects of their art. For operagoers who take their librettos in tabloid form, Paul England has described the plots of "Fifty Favourite Operas". The frontispiece represents — yes, you've guessed it — Caruso in the rôle of Pagliacci.

Perhaps you are too busy managing the household to bother about music other than that which the radio is able to transmit above the din of the children's playing. If so, then you will be more interested to hear of the new magazine "Children" which, as the title suggests, is intended for parents. Parents in the plural, mind you: the very first issue contains "Inside Tips for Fathers". Among the contributors to this issue are Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Hendrik Van Loon, and Dr. Helen T. Woolley. A regular

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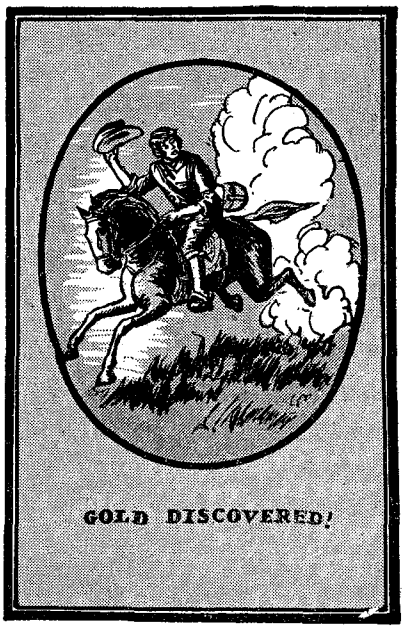
feature of the magazine will be the publication of programs for women's clubs and parent-teacher associations, prepared by the Child Study Association of America. Altogether it looks like a worthwhile venture, and the parents of my acquaintance who have seen the periodical are loud in their praises. I earnestly hope that it comes to the notice of Donald Ogden Stewart's Mrs. Haddock, for it is high time that her little Mildred got a dose of parental discipline. A perusal of the adventures of "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock in Paris, France" reveals the fact that the *enfant terrible* is, if possible, more irrepressible than ever. And the child's language will not bear repeating in these family pages. You'll have to look up the book yourself.

It is less difficult for me to believe that Beowulf was a real person than to believe that Johann August Sutter actually lived and formed the amazing character Blaise Cendrars gives in "Sutter's Gold". But I suppose I must regard the evidence and accept Sutter as historical. None the less, "Sutter's Gold" is the most incredible story I have seen since "The Exploits of Elaine". General Sutter was once king of a vast domain in California and it was on this domain that gold was discovered by one "Mr. Marshall of New Jersey" in 1849. The old king knew what that discovery meant. For a time it was kept secret. Then the news spread, his men deserted him, his luxuriant fields fell into ruin through neglect, his thoroughbred cows died of swollen udders, and there fell upon his estate an army of Yahoos and cutthroats as devastating as the inhuman Hun of George Creel. What followed is one long tale of woe. Sutter was alternately acclaimed in California and subjected to the most astounding indecencies. His mind left him, but he kept the illusion that the federal government would one day right the wrongs he had suffered. And he died a joke upon the steps of our



From "Sutter's Gold"

Capitol building when a mischievous newsboy brought him the false news that his claims had been recognized. That such a story has heretofore escaped capture in America and has at last been captured by a Frenchman, is as unbelievable as the story itself. It would be no more amazing if the season's lists contained Irvin S. Cobb's "Maid of Orleans", translated into French by Brousson and published for the first time.

James Stevens, on his first exploration of New York, had just received his publisher's congratulations on "Maddock", the second of his trilogy of the western American, and he was

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as smiling and pleased as if he had never written about Paul Bunyan or had never done "Brawnyman". He confessed that the moments elapsing between the time of giving one's publisher a finished manuscript and the publisher's final decision on that manuscript are ones of apprehension and terror. "Maddock" is a war book, in a way, and Mr. Stevens has endeavored in it to explain the mental process which makes reforming in this country the favorite sport. He has been slumming in more than a literary way, however. According to him, the real poverty which is seldom found in New York's East Side exists near the wharves on the Jersey side. Mr. Stevens's enthusiasm for New York and his appreciation of its grandeur made me feel that he might be the person to write that tremendous novel of this great city for which I am always hoping. He'll probably do it one day, after he has finished his saga of the west. "It's provincial enough", he explained, "to live in the west all one's life and write of the west; but it's more provincial, I think, to live in the east and write of the west all one's life. When I have finished with the west, I'm coming east to live and I'll try to write of the east." He has never been in our Vermont, but he intends to go to New England on his way back to Tacoma. Perhaps he'll write a novel about Vermont. If he does, he'll do it with understanding, beauty, and in the spirit of a native. That's the test.

I saw Robert W. Chambers for a few minutes this fall while he was in town from Broadalbin, his country home. We discussed the possibilities of a moving picture in his latest book "The Man They Hanged", and I discovered that Mr. Chambers has a real enthusiasm for Captain Kidd. "I hated so to see the man maligned", he said, "that I tried to uncover to the public his true nature." His success is unquestionable, in my opinion. Mr. Chambers is working on another book, he confessed, but where, what, or why, no one knows or will know until he decides to divulge his secret. I am sure, however, that we all hope he will follow his last and return for good to the historical type of novel. This famous author told me how he took up writing when he decided that people liked his novels better than his efforts in drawing and painting. He had studied art in France for quite a few years, he said, but seemed to be making only a moderate success at it, so he gave it up as a profession and since then has employed his crayon or brush only for pleasure. His chief delight is making caricatures of his friends.

Another writer who started life as an artist is Robert Cortes Holliday, walking stick essayist, who not so long ago occupied the august editorial chair of this magazine. He spent part of his last summer's vacation visiting his home town, Indianapolis, but has returned to take up editorial duties again, this time in Boston. Mr. Holliday is now director of the Department of Authorship at the Mawson Editorial School. In a leaflet entitled "Jail or Cathedral: Wedding Cake or Beef Stew" R. C. H. says: "There are more people who can write reasonably well than there are people who can do any other one thing at all. There are, however, fewer people who have any notion of what they are about when they set out to write than there are persons engaged in any other occupation, except possibly deep-sea diving." To which our weary reader of manuscripts nods a vigorous Amen.

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